NINE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
MERCHANT OF VENICE : AS YOU LIKE IT
TEMPEST : RICHARD II : HENRY V
JULIUS CAESAR : HAMLET
MACBETH

WITH INTRODUCTION, PREFACES
AND BRIEF NOTES

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INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon on April 23, 1564. His father was a prosperous tradesman there and a person of some importance in municipal affairs; but about 1572, when his eldest son, William, was eight years old, he fell into financial difficulties that withdrew him gradually from public life. This would not prevent his son from obtaining a sound elementary education at the free grammar school of Stratford, from which he probably carried away a working knowledge of at least the Latin language. His father's reverses seem to have occasioned his removal from school about his thirteenth or fourteenth year, and his apprenticeship to some trade. When we next hear of him we find him married, at eighteen, to a wife eight years his senior; and a year or two later, if we may believe a likely enough story, prosecuted by a neighbouring landowner and magistrate for poaching on his estate. His position was scarcely enviable. There was little prospect of a livelihood in Stratford; his father, far from being able to help him, could not help himself; and he had a wife and three children to provide for. It was probably at this time, towards the end of 1585, that he left Stratford and set out for London to try his fortunes.

At the time when Shakespeare was born, what we call the Elizabethan drama had not begun. It was not till 1584, when Shakespeare was twenty years old, that John Lyly began to produce those plays that first pointed the way to the new Romantic Comedy; and Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, which fixed the type of tragedy and of tragic blank verse

for all beginners, did not appear until two or three years later, in 1586 or 1587. It was a moment for genius to profit by.

Shakespeare, on his arrival in London, soon obtained a post in one of the theatrical companies, and set himself to learn the trade of acting. He continued to act till near the end of his life, but his other abilities were quickly recognized, and he proceeded to work at the adaptation of plays for his company. It was about 1590 or 1591, when he was in his twenty-seventh year, that he began to write those plays which we know as his. He was soon marked by the older playwrights, all young men, as a serious rival, and could not escape altogether the enmity that attends success. He began by writing comedy and historical tragedy, being influenced in the one chiefly by Lyly, and in the other by Marlowe. The conceits and word-play of the dialogue in comedies like *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Two Gentlemen*, the love-disguises of which he became so fond, and his use of songs are open signs of Lyly's influence. In tragedy, on the other hand, as we can see plainly from his *Richard III*, less plainly from his *Richard II*, and to some degree even from the later *Merchant of Venice*, he was a pupil of Marlowe, then at the height of his great reputation.

By 1593, however, a change took place in the ranks of the playwrights. Lyly's last comedy appeared in 1592. Greene died in the same year, and Marlowe in the next. Shakespeare, now a journeyman of his art, had a free field. But in 1593 he chose to appear in a new character, as the author of the *Venus and Adonis*, and, encouraged by its success, published in the following year another love-poem, the *Lucrece*—both dedicated to that generous patron of letters, the young Earl of Southampton. They were received and read with enthusiasm, so that for a number of years afterwards Shakespeare was better known as a love-poet than

as a dramatist. His *Sonnets*, which were nearly all composed by the end of 1594, and which soon became widely known in manuscript, confirmed and extended this reputation. He grew to be intimate with the noble playgoers of the time and a favourite dramatist at the Court. This favour may have had something to do with the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was very probably written to celebrate some noble marriage, and it contains the famous compliment to Queen Elizabeth, the 'fair vestal throned by the West' (II. i. 157 f.). This play was possibly followed by the two comedies *All 's Well* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, and in 1597 he went back to English history, producing the two parts of *Henry IV*, and soon afterwards, what was almost his last play of the sort, *Henry V*. The superiority of these over the earlier historical plays, in maturity of observation, in strength of diction, and variety of character, is apparent to every reader. Shakespeare had found himself.

All this time his reputation was growing both inside and outside the theatre, and his worldly position was becoming more secure. His good fortune he shared with his family, raising it from poverty considerably above the position it had held in Stratford some thirty years before. He bought a good house and some land there, procured a coat of arms for his father, and began regularly to visit his native town.

In 1599 he became a shareholder in the new Globe Theatre. This healthy interest, which he never lost, in the substantial rewards of life, extorts the admiration even of those who never read his plays. It was about this time (1598–1601) that he wrote his three best comedies, full of the geniality of well-being—*Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. The change which presently began, of which *Julius Caesar* (1599) is the light prelude, has led bio-

graphers to entitle this the beginning of his 'tragic period': a dubious way of intimating the striking fact that from about 1601 until the production of *Cymbeline* in 1610 Shakespeare's work was almost entirely in tragedy. Besides his two other Roman plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, and the grim comedy of *Measure for Measure*, he produced in close succession his four great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*. It is futile to look for an explanation of this in unknown facts of his life. The obvious fact is that Shakespeare, then approaching middle life, at that point rose and grappled with the sternest problems of human existence—problems which youth and high spirits could no longer shirk or solve with banter. The strain of those few years must have been enormous; and it is pleasant to find him, in his three latest plays, *Cymbeline*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, returning to romantic themes, and investing them with that calmness of meditative fancy which fits the close of an active life. His active life was over. In 1611, the year probably in which *The Tempest* was produced, he retired to Stratford, and lived quietly there until his death, in 1616, at the age of fifty-two. His best epitaph is still his friend Ben Jonson's eulogy, and the expressed love and affection of his fellow actors.

II. ORDER OF THE PLAYS

No one order has satisfied everybody, and this is due to the nature of the evidence, which is not exact enough to give more than probable conclusions. But though critics differ about the probable date of this play and that, on the general order or grouping of the plays they are fairly well agreed. The evidence on which they proceed is of two kinds, external and internal, and we will consider them in turn, referring for more

detailed examples of their use to the short prefaces prefixed to the nine plays.

(i) External Evidence.—There is not much external evidence, and still less that is worth anything. What there is may be roughly classified under three heads: (1) date of publication or of entry in the register of the Stationers' Company; (2) references to the performance of the plays in stage or other records or diaries; (3) other references in contemporary works.

(1) *Date of publication, &c.*—This applies only to the sixteen plays which were published in Shakespeare's lifetime. The rest, including four of the plays in this volume—*As You Like It*, *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*—were not published till seven years after his death. The year of publication, of course, need never be also the year of composition; but the dates of publication of a series of works by the same author will usually give at least the order in which they were composed. It is not so here, and the reason is simple. A play became the property of the playhouse authorities for whom it was written, and publication of their repertory was not as a rule what they desired. When they did dispose of plays to the publishers it was for business reasons of their own, and at dates determined by the vicissitudes of the playhouse. What they had to fear was the pirate, the procurer of surreptitious manuscript, and the too complaisant publisher who asked no questions: though this obscure conjunction of piracy and complaisance was probably rarer than is sometimes alleged. What is clear is this, that the publication of a play at one date rather than another was largely a matter of luck.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company in London are very useful for our purpose. Every work, before it could be set up in type, had to be licensed by two suitable

persons, and after licence was usually entered in the registers at Stationers' Hall. These notes and entries are particularly valuable because the dates they give are sometimes much earlier than the dates of actual publication. Innumerable causes might delay the issue of a book long after the process of licensing and registration; indeed, this very process was sometimes used by playhouse managers as a weapon of defence against premature or piratical publication. A manager who had influence with the supervising authorities could sometimes induce them, in registering a play, to add an injunction 'staying' or arresting its publication. The check on the printer in such cases was not the law, but the displeasure of the Company; and it does not seem to have been very effective. On August 4, 1600, for example, *Henry V*, *Much Ado*, and *As You Like It* were all prohibited in this way; yet the first two were printed and published very soon after.

(2) *References to performance.*—The evidence here is drawn from such sources as the records of the Master of the Court Revels or of the Inns of Court, the diary of Philip Henslowe, the theatrical manager, or of Dr. Forman, the playgoer, &c.

(3) *Other contemporary references.*—One of the most useful sources of information here is Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (1598), a dull treatise which contains a list of Shakespeare's plays up to date. We profit also by the not entirely friendly interest which led the playwrights of the time to allude to passages in each other's plays. Ben Jonson, for example, jeers at Calibans in *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), and Beaumont parodies Banquo's ghost in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611).

The sorts of evidence we have considered, taken singly, are unsatisfactory, as giving only outside dates for composition. Taken together, however, they correct each other, and narrow very considerably the limits of time within which

a play can have been composed. In using them some caution is necessary. We must be careful not to regard all references to plays of a certain title as references to the same play. There were a number of plays of the same name, either quite different plays on the same subject, or different adaptations of one original. For example, there was a *Julius Caesar* as early as 1589; yet Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* was probably composed not earlier than 1599. There was a *Hamlet* as early as 1589, and one is mentioned in 1594 and 1596. But we cannot infer that any of these was Shakespeare's *Hamlet* as we have it; we cannot even prove that the *Hamlet* of any one of those years was the *Hamlet* of any other. The same diffidence is necessary in dealing with a contemporary reference to a character or situation familiar to us only from one of Shakespeare's plays; for it may be a reference not to the play, but to some well-known novel or chronicle from which Shakespeare himself drew. Finally, it must be remembered that topical passages were often added to plays in their later appearances. This is too often forgotten, even in the limited number of cases where the fact can be proved.

(ii) Internal Evidence.—The data here are more satisfactory and much more instructive. They are open to any reader of the nine plays in this volume. These are arranged in the traditional classes of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, but within their classes their order is chronological, and they include specimens of Shakespeare's work at every important stage of his development.

The evidence may be classified under three heads: (1) choice and treatment of subject; (2) style; (3) versification. Before examining these, however, we will look at a fourth head, which is similar in kind to the external evidence already considered, viz. datable allusions in the plays to contem-

porary persons or events, or borrowings from contemporary books of known date. It is of great use to us in dating *Henry V*, for example, to find in the Prologue to Act v an explicit reference to Essex's Irish expedition of 1599, or in dating *Macbeth* to discover, in the vision of the 'two-fold balls and treble sceptres' (IV. i. 121), a reference to the triple sovereignty of James I. So we are helped in dating *The Tempest* by finding that Shakespeare's conception of his island was much influenced by the reports of a certain expedition which was driven on the Bermudas in 1609, and we get another date from the discovery that Gonzalo's picture of an ideal commonwealth owes most of its features to Montaigne, whose essays appeared in Florio's translation in 1603. All evidence of this sort, however, must be used with great caution. Titania's picture of the disordered seasons, for example, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (II. i. 88 f.), which is usually said to refer to the bad seasons of 1594 and 1595, may equally be imaginary. Further, it is proper to remember, what has already been pointed out, that in the constant adaptation of plays at this time a topical allusion may always have been inserted at some later appearance, and not even necessarily by the author.

(1) *Choice and treatment of subject.*—In one striking case Shakespeare's choice of a subject gives quite exact conclusions, as when he chose to work up the history of Macbeth and the Scottish crown, with an eye to James I, a descendant of Banquo. The general value, however, of this part of the inquiry is that it gives material for a more or less convincing scheme of Shakespeare's dramatic development. How it does this may be seen to some extent from the latter part of the preceding Life; and more profitably from an intent and rapid reading of the plays. We find him choosing in his early years subjects of light comedy or of unmixed historical tragedy, as in *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream and *Richard II.* As he grows older, his subjects for comedy and history, and his treatment of them, become more humorous and imaginative. In *As You Like It* he leaves the business of towns and courts, and shows us the heartiness of life without its disguises; in histories like *Henry IV* and *Henry V* he admits us not only to splendid battles of rhetoric and arms, but to a view of all the humours of man. When English history gave him no more subjects to his hand, he turned to the ampler history of Rome, and with the help of Plutarch produced his best work in historical tragedy —*Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. Of these three plays the first was written at the beginning and the others just after the close of that period of six or seven years within which the great tragedies were composed; and this is abundantly evident from the way in which their subjects are conceived and handled. The subjects of his latest plays are, as a rule, no guide to their date. They are in essentials the ordinary subjects of romantic comedy, such as he had used before. It is his treatment of them that tells us when they must have been written.

(2) *Style.*—Just as we can trace the development of the dramatist in the choice and treatment of his subjects, so we can trace the ripening of his style from the eager, whimsical exuberance of the early plays, when he was still an apprentice to his art and under the influence of other men, into the rapid, intense, sometimes feverish and hasty writing of plays like *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, where all the resources of his language become almost too slow and dull for his thought. His latest work is full of passages where the thought seems to struggle against the obstinacy of the fixed forms of speech, and all the sweet fluency of his early diction is gone. There are great faults and great beauties in the impatient style of writing, as managed by a man of genius; but, though the question is interesting, we will not discuss it here. We are content

to discover, on grounds of style, the impossibility of reading *The Tempest* without seeing that it is a late play, or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* without seeing that it is early.

(3) *Versification.*—The tests of versification are in a certain sense surer than these others, since they are more mechanical. The verse in the successive groups of plays becomes more supple, and more adequate to dramatic expression; and these modifications can be to some extent tabulated. When Shakespeare began to write, blank verse was still a new fashion. We need not be surprised, therefore, when we read an early play like *Richard II*, to find, first, that large parts of it are not in the new blank verse measure, but in the familiar form of rhyming couplets; and, second, that the blank verse lines betray at every turn their association with these couplets. They tend to run in pairs like their neighbours, though unprovided with the proper justification of such a tendency, which is rhyme.[1] In this way the chief dramatic advantage of blank verse was lost, viz. the freedom which it gives of continuous speech, the power to go on or to pause with the sense, unharassed by thought of the rhyme on which, at every line end, the voice must rest. To gain this advantage, to shake off the bondage of the couplet, took Shakespeare some years. Constant variation of metrical pause, however, and the running on of the clause beyond all couplet limits, completely altered, in time, the character of the verse. The disuse of rhyme was a natural part of this change: it is very seldom used in the later plays except for special purposes, such as to mark the end of a scene. We begin, besides, to have much more prose, which was found to be useful for various and, at first sight, contradictory purposes: not only for lowering

[1] All these remarks are illustrated in *Richard II*, I. iii. The poet passes from blank verse to rhyme, and vice versa, almost unconsciously, so similar in their construction are the two kinds of line. See especially, in the scene cited, ll. 59–77.

the dramatic pitch, and for expressing the rich colloquial ease of Shakespeare's later comedy of character, as in *Henry IV*, but for expressing, in a way impossible in the regular structure of verse, the wild and broken language of frenzy or madness, as in *Othello* and *Lear*. In *Hamlet* the vigour and loose-jointedness of prose were found to fit it for the very highest flights of the imagination. The same desire for the subordination of the forms of verse to dramatic requirements produced other variations which may or may not be called irregularities: frequent extra syllables, for example, not only at the end, but also within the line, as in *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 30, 33; *Tempest*, I. ii. 141, &c. In such a play as *The Tempest* we notice the common use of trisyllabic feet (e. g. I. ii. 301). This is a mark of lateness, and is part of the general loosening of the verse which Shakespeare effected. His fondness for 'weak endings' in his latest plays—that is, for accented unemphatic monosyllables, such as conjunctions or prepositions, at the end of the line—is due to the same cause. *The Tempest* has many examples of this use (e. g. III. i. 5, iii. 32, &c.), and the result is the assimilation of the verse, as far as its form will possibly permit, to the rhythm of emphatic conversation.

Of course it must always be remembered in using these metrical tests, first, that verses are often scanned differently by different people, since a line may be fluid and admit of more than one scansion which satisfies the ear; and second, that no mechanical test of what is not a mechanical product can be relied on to give absolute truth.

For the convenience of readers, and as the natural conclusion to this section, we print here a list of the plays and poems of Shakespeare in their supposed order of composition. Few of the dates assigned are certain, but most can be shown to be approximate; and the order, though conjectural, is based

upon reasonable evidence. The abbreviated titles in brackets are the titles used in the notes of this edition.

I. ? 1589–1595

Titus Andronicus (*Tit. Andr.*)[1] ? 1589
First Part of Henry VI (1 *H. VI*)[1] . . . . . ? 1590
Comedy of Errors (*C. of E.*) } 1590–1
Two Gentlemen of Verona (*T. G. of V.*) . . } 1590–1
Love's Labour's Lost (*L. L. L.*) 1591–2
Venus and Adonis (*V. and Ad.*) 1592
Second and Third Parts of Henry VI (*2, 3 H. VI*)[1] . } 1592
Richard III (*R. III*) . . } 1592
Lucrece (*Lucr.*) . . . } 1593
Richard II (*R. II*). . . } 1593
Sonnets, mostly written by } 1594
King John (*K. John*) . . } 1594
Midsummer Night's Dream (*M. N. D.*). . . . } 1594
Romeo and Juliet (*R. and J.*) 1595

II. 1596–1600

Merchant of Venice (*M. V.*) } 1596
All 's Well that Ends Well (*All 's Well*) . . . } 1596
Taming of the Shrew (*T. of Sh.*) 1597
Henry IV (*H. IV*) . 1597–8
Merry Wives of Windsor (*M. W. of W.*) . . . 1598
Much Ado about Nothing (*Much Ado*) . . . 1598–9
Henry V (*H. V*) . . . } 1599
Julius Caesar (*J. C.*) . . } 1599
As You Like It (*As*) . . } 1600
Twelfth Night (*Tw. N.*) . } 1600

III. 1601–1609

Hamlet (*Ham.*) . . 1601–2
Troilus and Cressida (*Tr. and C.*) . . . } 1602–3
Measure for Measure (*M. for M.*) . . . } 1602–3
Othello (*Oth.*) . . . 1604
Lear 1605–6
Macbeth (*M.*) 1606
Timon of Athens (*T. of A.*)[1] 1607
Antony and Cleopatra (*Ant. and Cl.*) . . } 1607–8
Pericles[1] (*Per.*) . . } 1607–8
Coriolanus (*Coriol.*) . . 1609

IV. 1610–11

Cymbeline (*Cymb.*) . . 1610
Winter's Tale (*W. T.*) . 1610–11
Tempest (*T.*). . . . 1611
Henry VIII (*H. VIII*)[1] . ? 1613

[1] Only in part by Shakespeare.

III. SHAKESPEARE'S LANGUAGE

The diction of Shakespeare is essentially the diction of his time. But he stands apart from his contemporaries by reason of a power of invention and manipulation that is only his. The Elizabethan age was conspicuously an age of adventure and experiment, and this is true of its language as it is of its other modes of activity. The Elizabethan freedom in the use of words and constructions is of an almost infinite variety; it reaches its height in the writings of Shakespeare, because in him medieval exuberance, having as it seems its last fling, comes into play with the new linguistic wealth amassed under the Tudor dynasty. With what proportion of new words and new meanings he enriched the literary language of England we can never exactly know. When we find that the word *dwindle*, for example, is not known before his date, we begin to see what are the possibilities, and an examination in the light of the evidence collected in the *Oxford English Dictionary* will show how much our language owes to his creative and acquisitive power even in this one field.[1] In this section this element of his diction will be first dealt with, and afterwards some points will be set out which may in the main be brought under the grammatical categories.

§ 1. The free transference of words to other than their original parts of speech is one of the features of the period in which Shakespeare lived.

In the dark *backward* and abysm of time (*T.* I. ii. 49.)

Here we have an undoubted example of Shakespeare's daring in this kind. Another is his use of '*vast* of night' (*T.* I. ii. 327), whatever may be its exact signification.

There are many instances of the conversion of adjectives

[1] The evidence has been made more accessible in the *Oxford Shakespeare Glossary*.

or verbs into nouns which are now obsolete or unfamiliar, but which were current English of the Elizabethan era. Such are *exclaim* = exclamation (*R. II*, I. ii. 2), *commend* = kindly greeting (*R. II*, III. i. 38), *in few* = in short (*T.* I. ii. 144, *Ham.* I. iii. 126), *by small and small* (*R. II*, III. ii. 198).

§ 2. Certain collective uses of nouns, or adjectives used absolutely, with the definite article, were admitted more freely in Elizabethan times than in ours. Two of Shakespeare's deserve special attention: *the general* = the general body of the people, the public, the multitude (*J. C.* II. i. 12), which he was the first to bring into currency; and *the subject*, a collective singular = the people of a state (*Ham.* I. i. 72, I. ii. 33 *his subject*).

§ 3. In his use of **epithets** Shakespeare allowed himself all the liberty that the linguistic genius of his time would sanction. Occasionally he comments upon a usage, as in the famous passage in *Ham.* II. ii. 109–11 where Polonius carps at the word *beautified*. It seems as if the old man is objecting to a newfangled term that had come into vogue recently and was regarded by the older generation as an affectation.

Adjectives now normally capable only of a passive sense were in Shakespeare's time freely used with active force. This is most frequent with words in *-able*, *-ible*. Thus *defensible*, which now means only 'that can be defended', is used by Shakespeare in the sense of 'capable of making a defence' (*H. V*, III. iii. 50). Similarly *tuneable* means tuneful, musical, in

> More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear (*M. N. D.* I. i. 184.);

disputable = disputatious, contentious, in *As*, II. v. 35, and *deceivable* = deceitful, in *R. II*, II. iii. 84. The word *artificial* belongs to another category. Though its current modern sense of constructed by art is used by Shakespeare

and perhaps gained its vogue from him, he employs it also in the active sense of constructive, creative:

> We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Have with our needls created both one flower
> (*M. N. D.* III. ii. 203–4.)

On the other hand, adjectives now capable of active force only, such as those formed with the suffix *-ive*, may have passive meaning. Thus, *unexpressive* is used for inexpressible (*As*, III. ii. 10), and *insuppressive* for unsuppressible (*J. C.* II. i. 134). *Plausive* in the sense of plausible is peculiarly Shakespearian; with the '*plausive* manners' of *Ham.* I. iv. 30 may be compared the '*plausive* words' of *All's Well*, I. ii. 53. Adjectives in *-less* come under the same head; thus *sightless* has the meaning of invisible twice in *Macbeth* (I. v. 50, I. vii. 23); this may be exactly paralleled by *viewless* in

> To be imprison'd in the *viewless* winds
> (*M. for M.* III. i. 122.)

Similarly, *careless* = uncared-for in *M.* I. iv. 11, and *cureless* = incurable in *M. V.* IV. i. 142.

Among the adjectives in *-ble*, the word *sensible* needs to be considered apart. Its history dates back to Chaucer, and its double meaning, active and passive, is already illustrated in his writings. Shakespeare uses it in at least five ways, which all occur in the plays included in this volume. Besides the current modern meaning of abounding in good sense, there are the following uses:

(1) Capable of physical perception, endowed with feeling or sensibility, sensitive, as in *T.* II. i. 181, *M. N. D.* v. i. 184, and (construed with *of*) *J. C.* I. iii. 18.

(2) Involving one of the senses, as in

> the *sensible* and true avouch
> Of mine own eyes. (*Ham.* I. i. 56–7.)

(3) Exhibiting emotion, as in *M. V.* II. viii. 48 (affection

wondrous *sensible*). With this goes the use of *sensibly* in *Ham.* IV. v. 149.

(4) Perceptible by the senses, *M.* II. i. 36; and so, tangible, substantial, *M. V.* II. ix. 89.

§ 4. There is an important class of adjectives formed on nouns with the suffix *-ed* (= full of, abounding in). This use of *-ed* is still abundant in modern English, but mainly in adjectives formed on nouns of concrete or physical meaning. In earlier periods the formation was less restricted, and here we have the following formations based on abstract nouns: *guiled* = treacherous (*M. V.* III. ii. 97), *grac'd* = gracious (*M.* III. iv. 41), *valu'd* = containing the values of each (*M.* III. i. 95), *wonder'd* = abounding in marvels (*T.* IV. i. 123), *enchanted* = full of enchantment (*T.* V. i. 112); cf. *disdain'd* = disdainful (*1 H. IV*, I. iii. 183).

A peculiar use of some ordinary participial forms in *-ed* when compounded with *un-* is exemplified by *unavoided* = unavoidable, in *R. II*, II. i. 269, and *unvalu'd* = invaluable, in *R. III*, I. iv. 27.

§ 5. An epithet may express a state or a quality of the subject that may be expected to result from facts or actions described or implicit in the context. Examples are:

> where often you and I
> Upon *faint* primrose-beds were wont to lie (*M. N. D.* I. i. 214-15.)
>
> Oppress'd with two *weak* evils, age and hunger (*As*, II. vii. 132).
>
> The expectancy and rose of the *fair* state (*Ham.* III. i. 161.)

§ 6. A favourite device is the **composite adjective**, in which the first element has an adverbial force; such are *active-valiant*, *valiant-young*, *senseless-obstinate*, *deep-contemplative* (*As*, II. vii. 31), *gentle-kind* (*T.* III. iii. 32), *honourable-dangerous* (*J. C.* I. iii. 124). To be distinguished from these are such real compounds as *mortal-breathing* (*saint*) = breathing like a mortal (*M. V.* II. vii. 40) and *mortal-*

living (*ghost*) = one who is but a ghost condemned to live as a mortal (*R. III*, IV. iv. 26). The effect usually obtained by the composite adjective is sometimes produced by joining two adjectives by *and*, as in

the *fatal and neglected* English (*H. V*, II. iv. 13.)

where the meaning is probably fatally neglected, neglected with fatal or destructive results to us; cf. our modern 'nice *and* fine'.

§ 7. *Verily* appears to be an adjective in *T.* II. i. 329, and, if so, has a parallel in a solitary instance of *veriment* similarly used in the late sixteenth century; but the case is not free from doubt. On the other hand, the adjectival use of *often* (*As*, IV. i. 20) has a long history from the middle of the fifteenth century onwards; it occurs for example in Tindale's rendering (1526) of 1 Timothy v. 23 'Use a lytell wyne for thy stommakes sake, and thyne *often* diseases'. Shakespeare has also an instance of *oft* so used, in Sonnet xiv.

§ 8. There is a use of **adverbs** in which the adverb replaces the corresponding adjective, with the result that it gains contextually a pregnancy of meaning that is not inherent in it.

If a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do *sinfully* miscarry upon the sea (*H. V*, IV. i. 157.)

Here *sinfully* is equivalent to *sinful* in the predicative relation, but, as an adverb, it must be rendered: in a sinful condition, in the midst of his sins. Similarly,

Things *unluckily* charge my fantasy (*J. C.* III. iii. 2.)

where we may explain the adverb as = with ill omen. In

the funeral bak'd meats
Did *coldly* furnish forth the marriage tables
(*Ham.* I. ii. 180–1.)

coldly is equivalent to 'with cold entertainment'.

§ 9. Euphony sometimes plays a part in determining **inflexional forms.** For example, in the genitive singular

and the plural of nouns ending in a hissing sound, the inflexional *s* may be absorbed in the final sibilant of the word; this usage is familiar in the well-known survival 'for conscience sake', and 'for thy righteousness sake' of our English psalter. So we have

> Did not great Julius bleed for *justice* sake? (*J. C.* IV. iii. 19.)

The corresponding plural usage is now no longer familiar even as an archaism; but Shakespeare has several examples:

> and here
> Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
> Than other *princess* can. (*T.* I. ii. 171–3.)

Here, as in *As*, I. ii. 177, the First Folio has *princesse*; both this and the sense required seem to make it unnecessary to read *princes* (plural of prince); but *princes* would not be unidiomatic, because in Shakespeare's time the word *prince* was of common gender. In the same scene (l. 338) there is a less certain instance of the reduction of sibilants:

> The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren *place* and fertile.

But the following are clear cases:

> Your *mightiness* on both parts best can witness (*H. V*, v. ii. 28.)
>
> and that great men shall press
> For tinctures, stains, relics, and *cognizance*.
> (*J. C.* II. ii. 88–9.)

§ 10. There was formerly great freedom in the use of **adjectives as nouns**—a use now restricted mainly to plural instances like *the poor and the rich, rich and poor*. The following is typical of a singular use with the definite article:

> And never see day that *the happy* sees. (*R. II*, v. iii. 94.)

Compare:

> 'Tis not enough to help *the feeble* up,
> But to support *him* after. (*T. of A.* I. i. 108.)

Among the adjectives most commonly used as nouns in the singular is *fair* = a woman, especially a woman beloved, as in 'speak, my fair' (*H. V*, v. ii. 176). But Shakespeare has also several instances of this word used as an abstract = fairness, beauty, as in *M. N. D.* i. i. 182, *As*, iii. ii. 101. It must be noted that in the phrase *fair befall* (*R. II*, ii. i. 129) the word is an adverb, the verb being used impersonally.

§ 11. The strengthening of a **comparative** or a **superlative** by means of *more* and *most* is as old as the fourteenth century and remained a natural literary idiom till late in the seventeenth century. Shakespeare has many instances: in this volume we have *As*, iii. ii. 63 *more sounder*, *M. V.* iv. i. 251 *more elder*, *T.* i. ii. 19 *more better*, iii. ii. 15 *most busiest*, *H. V*, iii. v. 39 *more sharper*, *J. C.* iii. i. 121 *most boldest.*

§ 12. Where two words are coupled together which should carry the same inflexion, Shakespeare, by a peculiar economy, sometimes makes one instance of the inflexion (or modifier) serve for both, as with superlatives in

To make me *blest or cursed'st* among men (*M. V.* ii. i. 46.)

and

The *best-condition'd and unwearied* spirit (*M. V.* iii. ii. 294.)

(In the first passage there is an obvious consideration of euphony.) More frequently this occurs with adverbs; e. g. *sprightfully and bold* (*R. II*, i. iii. 3), *look fresh and merrily* (*J. C.* ii. i. 224).

§ 13. **Pronouns.** The old unstressed form *a* (often mis-written *a'*) of the pronoun *he* occurs in the colloquial style; e. g.

There was *a* gaming (*Ham.* ii. i. 58.)

The old genitive *his* of the pronoun *it* is the most frequent of the three forms found in Shakespeare; an example is in *Ham.* i. iii. 60:

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought *his* act.

The genitive *it* occurs in the First Folio reading of *T.* II. i. 169–70 :

> but nature should bring forth,
> Of *it* own kind, all foison, all abundance.

Its does not occur in the plays here printed and is in no case found before the First Folio of 1623.

§ 14. *Me* is often used as a mere expletive in narrative passages ; this is commonly called an ethical dative.

> He plucked *me* ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.
> (*J. C.* I. ii. 267.)

Cf. *M.* III. vi. 41. The formula *Fear me not* contains a kindred use ; the meaning is Have no fear as far as I'm concerned ; see *Ham.* I. iii. 51.

A corresponding idiomatic use of the dative of the pronoun of the second person, implying that the person addressed is incidentally interested, is illustrated in *H. V*, III. vi. 75 ; it occurs along with the possessive in *Ham.* v. i. 182–8.

§ 15. A pronoun in the objective case may anticipate the same pronoun in a different case, as in this abnormal sentence :

> *Me*, poor man,—*my* library
> Was dukedom large enough. (*T.* I. ii. 109–10.)

§ 16. Possessive pronouns are sometimes used as adjectives, but only in company with other possessives, as in

> In *yours* and my discharge (*T.* II. i. 262.)
> And his and *mine* lov'd darling (*T.* III. iii. 93.)
> *Mine* and my father's death come not upon thee
> (*Ham.* v. ii. 344.)

§ 17. The historical representative of the old plural (*ōthre*) of *other* occurs in

> I myself have all the *other* (*M.* I. iii. 14.)

where the rhyme-word is *another* ; also in *M. N. D.* IV. i. 72. It is frequent in Shakespeare.

§ 18. The exclamatory *what* is used where we now say *what a*:

> Cassius, *what* night is this! (*J. C.* I. iii. 42.)

Another use that recalls French idiom is seen in

> *Which, of* he or Adrian, for a good wager, begins to crow?
> (*T.* II. i. 29–30.)

§ 19. The discrimination between the **relatives** *who* and *which* was not yet determined in the Elizabethan period. Not only was *which* applied to persons, as in the Lord's Prayer, but *who* could be referred to an antecedent denoting an inanimate or irrational thing when this was conceived as active or personal. On the one hand, we have

> Antonio, I am married to a wife
> *Which* is as dear to me as life itself
> (*M. V.* IV. i. 283-4);

on the other

> as the flint bears fire,
> *Who*, much enforced, shows an angry spark
> (*J. C.* IV. iii. 110–11.

§ 20. *As* and *that* as relative pronouns referring to an antecedent demonstrative have often functions the reverse of those exercised in the English of to-day.

> His mother was a witch; and one *so* strong
> *That* could control the moon. (*T.* V. i. 269–70.)
>
> auspicious gales
> And sail *so* expeditious *that* shall catch
> Your royal fleet far off. (*T.* V. i. 314–16.)
>
> I have not from your eyes *that* gentleness
> And show of love *as* I was wont to have.
> (*J. C.* I. ii. 33–4.)
>
> Under *these* hard conditions *as* this time
> Is like to lay upon us. (*J. C.* I. ii. 173–4.)

§ 21. Modern English differs from the earlier periods of our language in nothing more than in the use of the **prepositions.** An Elizabethan could equally well say that he moved

near a fire 'for heat' or 'for cold'. The fundamental meaning is the same in both phrases, but the contextual implication is different; in the first case *for* = in order to get, and so, implicitly, for lack of; in the second = in order to avoid. Examples of *for* with the pregnant sense of 'for lack of' are not uncommon: e. g.

> All out of work and cold *for* action (*H. V*, I. ii. 114.)
> Almost dead *for* breath (*M.* I. v. 37.)

Of may denote the instrument, as it often denoted the agent.

> I am provided *of* a torch-bearer (*M. V.* II. iv. 24.)
>
> The son of Duncan . . . is receiv'd
> *Of* the most pious Edward with such grace
> (*M.* III. vi. 24–7.)

Of with an abstract noun may form a phrase equivalent to the related adjective. In *T.* I. ii. 210 and *Ham.* I. iv. 75 *of desperation* = desperate (with implication of the thought of self-destruction). In *Ham.* I. iv. 40 'a spirit *of health*' is contrasted with 'goblin damn'd', so that *of health* must mean saved (cf. 'Thy saving health' Psalm lxvii. 2). In the same play, I. iv. 5, 'fools *of nature*' = natural fools. In the constructions taken by nouns, adjectives, and verbs, Elizabethan English shows much variety in the choice of prepositions. For example, *of* with the gerund has the same function as *to* with the infinitive in

> I have no mind *of feasting* forth to-night (*M. V.* II. v. 37.)

With verbs of asking, a favourite construction was a direct object of the person with the thing required denoted by *of*:

> We have not spoke us yet *of* torchbearers (*M. V.* II. iv. 5.)
> I humbly do desire your grace *of* pardon (*M. V.* IV. i. 403.)

So *As*, v. iv. 56. In *M. N. D.* III. i. 203, 'I shall desire you of more acquaintance', *of* is an insertion of modern editors. The text of the quartos and the earlier folios omits *of*; the later folios read *your*.

§ 22. The **concord of verb** with subject was liable to disturbance from various causes. The cases of a singular verb with a plural subject may be classified under two headings: (*a*) where there is inverted order, especially with the anticipatory 'there':

> What *cares* these roarers for the name of king? (*T.* II. i. 18.)
>
> Thou think'st there *is* no more such shapes as he . (*T.* I. ii. 475.)
>
> there *lies*
> Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes (*R. II*, III. iii. 168–9.)
>
> There*'s* daggers in men's smiles (*M.* II. iii. 149.)

(*b*) where subject and verb are separated by an interval:

> *whose wraths* to guard you from—
> Which here, in this most desolate isle, else *falls*
> Upon your heads (*T.* III. iii. 79–81.)
>
> What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
> *Whose hours* the peasant best *advantages.* (*H. V*, IV. i. 303–4.)
>
> Whiles I threat he lives:
> *Words* to the heat of deeds too cold breath *gives.* (*M.* II. i. 60–1.)

In the following passage, the singular may be due to attraction to the predicate, but even so the predicate *to return . . . and to trouble* must be apprehended as a single idea requiring singular concord:

> They have acquainted me with *their determinations*; which *is*, indeed, *to return* to their home and *to trouble you with no more suit.* (*M. V.* I. ii. 109–11.)

The possibility of these apparently singular forms being northern dialect plurals has to be reckoned with, just as apparently singular forms in *th* (especially the monosyllables *hath, doth*) may be survivals of southern dialect plurals.

The instances of plural verb with singular subject can often

be explained by the intervention of a plural genitive dependent on the subject-word: e. g.

> *The venom of such looks*, we fairly hope,
> *Have* lost their quality (*H. V*, v. ii. 18–19.)
>
> Giving to you no further personal power
> To business with the king more than the *scope*
> *Of these delated articles allow.* (*Ham.* i. ii. 36–8.)
>
> The *posture of your blows are* yet unknown (*J. C.* v. i. 33.)

When the subject consists of pronouns of different persons the form of the verb cannot be predicted with security. In the following passage attraction to the nearest has determined the form of the concord:

> Rosalind lacks then the love
> Which teacheth thee that *thou and I am* one
> (*As*, i. iii. 99–100.)

In the following

> *Are* there *balance* here? (*M. V.* iv. i. 255.)

we have not an example of lack of agreement, but of a singular ending in a sibilant sound being apprehended as a plural and taking the appropriate concord.

§ 23. **Impersonal uses** extinct in English of to-day had abundant survivals in Tudor English, though often in forms not recognizable as such. One of the most familiar is contained in *you were better* or *best* (*M. N. D.* i. ii. 2, &c.), in which *you* is historically dative and *were* the 3rd person singular past subjunctive (= it would be best for you). This phrase was virtually equivalent in meaning to *you had better*, where *you* is nominative subject (= you would consider it better); consequently, the two entirely different idioms came to be apprehended as being of the same nature: *you* in *you were best* was felt as the subject, and *I were best* (*M. V.* v. i. 177) followed as a matter of course.

Another disguise of an impersonal construction is found in *pleaseth your Grace* (*H. V*, v. ii. 78). The original form was

please it (= may it please) *your Grace*; the subjunctive *please* with the impersonal *it* following became in course of time a formula unsuggestive of its real meaning, and the incorrect (and unmeaning) indicative form *pleaseth* was substituted on account of its similarity of sound.

I am woe for 't (*T.* v. i. 139.)

This idiom has an interesting history beginning in an impersonal use. In the oldest English the adverb *wā* (now represented by *woe*) was used in impersonal expressions like *Him biþ æt heortan wā* = he will be sad at heart, *þǣm folce wæs wā* = the people were grieved, where *him* and *þǣm folce* are datives. In Middle English the second sentence became *þe folke was wo*. When the dative ending of *folke* fell away, the resultant form was *The folk was woe*, and *the folk* was felt as a nominative subject and *woe* as an adjective = sorrowful. The last step in the development was the reaction of such sentences on those containing dative pronouns, whereby the Middle English *Him is woe, Me is woe* became changed into *He is woe, I am woe*.

§ 24. The majority of the uses of the **subjunctive** will cause no difficulty to those who are familiar with French or Latin. Some peculiarities may be noticed. A present subjunctive with concessive force (= granted that, even supposing) sometimes forms the equivalent of a clause of condition: e.g.

Live thou, I live (*M. V.* III. i. 61.)

Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die
(*J. C.* III. i. 159–60.)

In the second example *Live* = Live I, though I should live. The past subjunctive is frequent (= would or should ...); e.g.

What mightst thou do, that honour *would* thee do.
(*H. V*, II. Chor. 18.)

i. e. would desire thee to do.

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I *would* no other company
(*H. V*, IV. i. 31–2; so also V. ii. 68.)

If you would put me to verses—Kate, why you *undid* me.
(*H. V*, V. ii. 136–7.)

i. e. you would undo me.

§ 25. The form of the **relative clause** with its frequent inversion of the normal sentence order and other peculiarities has in all periods of our language been a source of syntactical lapses and carelessness.

The nominative may be put for the objective, as in the colloquial language of to-day:

For *who* love I so much? (*M. V.* II. vi. 30.)
the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for *who* (*M.* IV. iii. 170–1.)

The objective relative may be illogically repeated by a personal pronoun later in the clause:

You are three men of sin, *whom* Destiny
. . . . . the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up *you* (*T.* III. iii. 53–6.)

The relative in an oblique case (*whose*, *whom*, &c.) may be replaced by *that* with a personal pronoun in the appropriate case (*his*, *him*, &c.):

this roaring devil i' the old play, *that* every one may pare *his* nails with a wooden dagger (*H. V*, IV. iv. 75–7.)

Akin to this is the transition from a relative to a personal pronoun, as in

one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within *his* power
To leave the figure or disfigure it. (*M. N. D.* I. i. 48–51.)

i. e. within whose power it is to leave . . .; the transition to *his* is suggested by the intervening *him*.

The practice of leaving the relative unexpressed is extended to cases where, if expressed, it would be governed by a preposition.

> As well appeareth by the cause you come (*R. II*, I. i. 26.)

i. e. you come *on* or *on which* you come.

Compare:

> Thy honourable metal may be wrought
> From that it is dispos'd. (*J. C.* I. ii. 314–15.)

i. e. that *to which* it is disposed.

§ 26. The freedom with which relative pronouns are made to stand as subjects of adverbial clauses, duplicated by the corresponding personal pronouns, is now no longer possible. If we substitute 'and' in both the following passages we modernize construction.

> But lend it rather to thine enemy;
> *Who* if *he* break, thou mayst with better face
> Exact the penalty. (*M. V.* I. iii. 136–8.)

> *Who*, when *they* were in health, I tell thee, herald,
> I thought upon one pair of English legs
> Did march three Frenchmen. (*H. V*, III. vi. 160–2.)

§ 27. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the absolute participle construction (e. g. 'the agreement having been made') was often replaced by a construction with *and* and a past participle. Thus in

> They are taught their manage, *and to that end riders dearly hired* (*As*, I. i. 13–14.)

the *and*-clause is equivalent to: riders being dearly hired to that end. Similarly:

> When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
> *And unregarded age in corners thrown.* (*As*, II. iii. 41–2.)

> There is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In his true nature, *and we ourselves compelled*
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
> To give in evidence. (*Ham.* III. iii. 61–4.)

So also *Ham.* I. ii. 90 ('and the survivor bound').

§ 28. The language of Shakespeare and his contemporaries was marked by fluctuation and variety in the sequence of the parts of a sentence; the solution of many of the problems of **word-order** remained for later generations. Thus, while *I doubt not* represented the normal order, *I not doubt* (*T.* II. i. 128, v. i. 303) is admitted; other instances of the negative so placed are

> Whereof the ewe *not* bites (*T.* v. i. 38.)
>
> Whe'r thou beest he or no . . .
> As late I have been, I *not* know (*T.* v. i. 111–13.)

Where an adjective of quality and a demonstrative or possessive adjective are attached to the same noun, the former could precede the latter, as in *Good my lord.* Such a word-order is exemplified by *poor a thousand crowns* (*As*, I. i. 2) and is seen also in *so rare a wonder'd father* (*T.* IV. i. 123) = performing such rare wonders.

§ 29. The laxity which prevails to-day in regard to the placing of *only* in the sentence is no new thing. Logically, it should stand as near as possible to the part it qualifies. But Dryden wrote

> When beasts were *only* slain for sacrifice,

and Tennyson

> 'Tis *only* noble to be good.

In Shakespeare we have

> *Only* in the world I fill up a place (*As*, I. ii. 206.)

of which the logical order would be 'I only fill up a place in the world'. Occasionally the transposition results in the formal change of *only* from an adverb to an adjective, as in

> without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the *only* prologues to a bad voice (*As*, V. iii. 13–15.)

Dr. Aldis Wright compares a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*:

'Gynecia, who with the *onely* bruze of the fall, had her shoulder put out of ioynct.'

There is a somewhat similar instance of the illogical placing of *but* in

> And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
> Where Brutus may *but* find it (*J. C.* I. iii. 143-4),

i. e. 'only Brutus'.

§ 30. The **repeated negative**, originally conveying emphasis but later becoming merely formal, is frequent in Shakespeare, as it had been in all periods before, and still continues to be in dialectal speech. For examples see *M. V.* II. i. 43; *H. V*, II. ii. 23, IV. 17; *Ham.* III. i. 172–3.

§ 31. **Ellipsis** (or the dropping of a syntactical element which is deemed normally essential) should be sparingly accepted as an explanation of grammatical construction; it is the frequent refuge of the imperfect grammarian. The following passages show the omission of parts which in less rapid or less colloquial speech would be present:

> Blow, till thou burst thy wind, *if room enough.* (*T.* I. i. 8, 9.)
>
> In his lawless fit,
> Behind the arras hearing something stir,
> Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!' (*Ham.* IV. i. 8–10.)

In this last passage the First Folio, by the insertion of 'he' and 'and', produces a hypermetrical line:

> He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat.

The absence of a pronominal subject in a clause following one in which the person or thing has been referred to either by a nominative or an oblique case, is a survival from Middle English, where it was normal. Examples are:

> and *the fair soul herself*
> Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
> Which end o' the beam *should bow* (*T.* II. i. 136-8.)
>
> I am more serious than my custom: *you*
> Must be so too, *if heed me* (*T.* II. i. 227–8.)

In *As*, I. i. 3 the absence of a nominative to 'charged' seems to indicate that Orlando and Adam have been talking about the provisions of the father's will before the scene opens. In *As*, v. iv. 168 and the following passages the syntactical conditions are identical:

> when, I am very sure,
> If *they* should speak, *would almost damn those ears*
> (*M. V.* I. i. 97–8.)
> Nor do we find *him* forward to be sounded,
> But *with a crafty madness keeps aloof* (*Ham.* III. i. 7–8.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

PREFACE

Sources of the Play: The Fairies, &c.—The sources of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are as varied as Shakespeare's youth. The story or plot is the least thing in it, and may have come from anywhere; the poetry, fancy, and foolery for which we love the play are Shakespeare's own. The traditionary mythology of the fairies he knew from boyhood, and had enriched with the imaginations of the poets. The language of Love and Moonlight, the scenery of English woodlands, the merry and tragical humours of village actors rose easily to the pen of the young playwright from Warwickshire whose *Venus and Adonis* was the love-poem of the day. Two books only he can be shown to have consulted: North's *Plutarch*,[1] in the *Life of Theseus*, and Arthur Golding's translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.[2] From the first he has all his Greek names: Theseus and Hippolyta, Egeus, Lysander, Demetrius, and Philostrate. To the description of Actaeon's hounds in the third book of Golding's Ovid he owes the groundwork of his hunting of the hounds (iv. i. 111 f.).[3]

The chief agents and best-drawn personages in the play are the Fairies; and it is soon perceived that they are not ordinary fairies. Shakespeare has blended the village elf with the fays or fairies of romance. 'His Fairies', says Keightley, in his charming book on fairy mythology, 'agree with the former in their diminutive stature,—diminished, indeed, to dimensions inappreciable to village gossips,—in their fondness for dancing, their love of cleanliness, and their child-abstracting propensities. Like the fays, they form a community, ruled over by the princely Oberon and the fair Titania. There is a Court

[1] See Preface to *Julius Caesar*, p. 417.

[2] Published in parts between 1565 and 1567, and, like North's *Plutarch*, one of Shakespeare's favourite books.

[3] Cp. with this passage the mythological pictures in *M. V.* v. i.

and chivalry; Oberon would have the Queen's sweet changeling to be a "Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild" (II. i. 25). Like earthly monarchs he had his jester, the "shrewd and knavish sprite call'd Robin Goodfellow" (II. i. 33-34).'[1] This Robin, this Puck, this 'lob of spirits' (II. i. 16), is the very elf of village stories, untouched by chivalry and the manners of courts. Shakespeare, while he blended all else, left Puck entire.

Oberon had been King of the Fairies among good romancers for many years before Shakespeare. Titania, on the other hand, was not so easily come by. It was a belief of the Middle Age that the Fairies were the same as the classical nymphs, the attendants of Diana; and Diana, in the third book of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (III. 173)—still, observe, the third book—is styled Titania. Our Queen is named. We see at once, also, the significance of the encampment in the palace wood. This Queen of the Fairies is in right of her Dianaship a huntress born, as Oberon her husband is a forester (II. i. 25; III. ii. 390). There is something more. They move, we are told, in darkness across the world, coming from the east, and their fairies are 'shadows' (III. ii. 347; v. ii. 54) who run behind them, shunning the sun and 'following darkness like a dream' (v. ii. 13–16). Why? Because Titania or Diana, in one of her other characters, is Hecate (v. ii. 14 *n.*), the goddess of the world of shades. What then do the shadow fairies follow? What guides their flight? Diana once more, in her third and final character of Phoebe, the goddess of the moon (v. ii. 14 *n.*; cp. *As*, III. ii. 2–5). It is the moon the fairies follow; Oberon on his first entrance speaks of moonlight as we should speak of day (II. i. 60); and because they are there, the play is bathed in moonlight from first to last.

Construction and Design.—The construction of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is as skilful as the plot is slight. Given lovers and fairies, it was necessary to attach their adventures to some established occasion, and to connect them by ties of time and place. The established occasion was supplied by the

[1] Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology* (1850), p. 325.

approaching nuptials of Duke Theseus and Hippolyta. The play opens on their stately love-talk; all Athens, we learn, is in expectant festival; and all Athens is impatiently waiting, like the Duke, for the new moon which is to date the marriage.

> But O! methinks how slow
> This old moon wanes .... (I. i. 3–4).

Love and moonlight, festival and marriage, are thus from the outset the stated elements of the play. Everything that follows is extravaganza, weaving them together.

This looked-for solemnity of the ducal marriage gives date and point to all occurrences. It is this, and this only, that brings Oberon and Titania from the East: they come to bless the marriage. This, and only this, drives Bottom and his fellow craftsmen to moonlight rehearsals. The lovers are equally dependent. This, and this only, sends them wandering, for the date of the marriage is the date of their despair. When the new moon rises Hermia must decide to wed Demetrius and reject Lysander, or turn nun or die.

Having contrived that all the parties should be in motion at one time, and that all their action should revolve round one fixed event, Shakespeare went farther and arranged that all the parties should meet in one place. This place is the palace wood. The lovers go there as to a place of safety: escaping lovers fled naturally to the woods. The fairies set up their court there as on native ground, for Oberon and Titania are foresters both. Bottom and his company go there for privacy: the throes of rehearsal must not be seen. Last of all, into the wood come riding Theseus and Hippolyta, with Egeus the angry father, to hunt and keep May morning, and (as the dramatist had designed) to straighten the night's cross-purposes on the very spot on which they had been displayed.

This night of cross-purposes is the chief business of the play, and the fairies its chief agents. To fill up the night, to give Puck and his master something more to do, to make use of such a paramour as Bottom, and display more fully the graces of Titania's court, Shakespeare even contrived an independent action within the fairy world. He arranged a quarrel

between its King and Queen. To this dissension Bottom is a rich and easy sacrifice. The wooing scenes which follow his 'translation' are, at any rate upon the stage, the very marrow of the play.[1]

Of the four young lovers little need be said. They are the playthings of the action; and of so little personality that we find it difficult to recall their names. They are only lovers, in a climate where, to be a lover, it is enough to be young and to have eyes.

To praise perpetual celibacy in such an atmosphere might have been thought too hard; and indeed Theseus most eloquently condemns it (I. i. 65 f.). Though condemned as a thing too high for plain humanity, it is admitted, nevertheless, as a thing for princes. In this way Shakespeare accomplished the difficult task of at once condemning perpetual virginity and praising Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen (II. i. 155 f.).

Two points of detail remain to be discussed: the time of the play, and the meaning of its title.

The play is supposed to begin on April 27, four days before the new moon and the first day of May (I. i. 2). The lovers escape on the night of April 28, and are discovered next morning (April 29) by Theseus, who assumes that they have come out a-Maying (IV. i. 138). April 29, that is to say, turns out to be May 1; in other words, two days have disappeared. The probability is that Shakespeare forgot, as he went on, what he had made Theseus say at the beginning; if Theseus's 'four happy days' (I. i. 2) be read as 'two', the difficulty disappears. It is in any case plain that everything in Act I happens on the first day; everything in Acts II–IV on the night of the second day or the early morning of the third, which is May Day and the day of the wedding; and everything in Act V on the night of the third day, which is the marriage night of all three couples.

The title of the play has also raised questions. 'I know

[1] Bottom was so popular that drolleries were acted under his name when the regular theatres were closed by the Puritans; and as late as 1661 we hear of a piece called 'The Merry Conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver', which contains nothing but the fairies and the clowns.

not', says Dr. Johnson, 'why Shakespeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night's Dream* when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* Day.' The title, however, has nothing to do with the time of the action, but is an intimation of its contents. Midsummer Eve, in popular tradition, was peculiarly a time of dreams and apparitions; and Puck points the title in his epilogue (v. ii. 54 f.) when he begs the audience to imagine that they had but fallen asleep, and that all that they had seen was a dream.

Date of Composition.—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* is one of the plays named by Francis Meres in the list of Shakespearean pieces which he printed in 1598 in his book called *Palladis Tamia* or *Wit's Treasury*. The play therefore was written by 1598. Beyond this we have no certain date except the date of publication, which was 1600. The attempts to drag a date from Titania's description of the disordered seasons in II. i. 88 have not been happy, nor do we learn much from the conjecture that in the couplet title of one of the pieces submitted to Duke Theseus (*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary:* v. i. 52–3), Shakespeare was referring to the death either of Robert Greene (†1592) or of Edmund Spenser (†1599). There is more to be said for the conjecture—if conjecture we must—that Shakespeare was thinking of the title of Spenser's poem, *The Teares of the Muses, or the neglect and contempt of learning*. But as this poem was published in 1591, we have still all the years to choose from between 1591 and 1598.

The play was probably written for some special occasion—to celebrate, perhaps, some noble marriage. But which of the Court marriages between 1591 and 1598 is to be selected for this honour? It is youthful in style, and full of rhyme, which is normally a sign of an early play; but the subject called for a youthful style, and in a festival play of this sort rhymes were expected. All we can do is to distribute among these years Shakespeare's plays of this period. On this plan, it is fairly generally agreed, the year 1594 is as likely as any.[1]

[1] Sir Edmund Chambers sees a special connexion between *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and an entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth by

THE TEXT.—Two editions of the play were published before the collected (First Folio) edition of 1623. The first, called the First Quarto, appeared in 1600; the second, called the Second Quarto, which is also dated 1600, we now know to have been printed in 1619. The First Quarto edition is nearer to the original than the Second Quarto, and therefore than the Folio of 1623, which followed not the First Quarto but the Second.

The text which we read is composite, made up of a selection of the best readings obtainable from these three texts. For sometimes, though rarely, the Second Quarto corrects the First. In III. ii. 237, for example, where the First reads 'I do. Persever', the Second reads correctly 'I, do, persever', 'I' being the Elizabethan printers' way of spelling 'Ay'. Sometimes, also, from their acting knowledge of the play, the editors of the First Folio, Shakespeare's fellow actors Heminge and Condell, correct both Quartos. v. i. 210–211 ('Now is the mural down,' &c.) we owe to the suggestion of the First Folio, which reads 'Now is the morall[2] down' instead of the unanimous nonsense of the Quartos, derived, apparently, from an intrusive stage direction: 'Now is the Moon used.' On the whole, the text we have is satisfactory.

the Earl of Hertford, in September 1591, at Elvetham in Hampshire. Bottom and his company, he thinks, may be a satire on Lord Hertford's company of players. His date for the play, however, is 1595. He thinks it may have been acted at the wedding of the Earl of Derby and Elizabeth Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, on 26 February 1595.

[2] Emended by Pope to 'mural'.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a Carpenter.
SNUG, a Joiner.
BOTTOM, a Weaver.
FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a Tinker.
STARVELING, a Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—*Athens, and a Wood near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. The Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon; but O! methinks how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers[1] my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hippolyta. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
Theseus. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert[2] and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion[3] is not for our pomp[4].
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,[5]

[1] Trans. = makes linger, delays, as in *R. II*, II. ii. 72. [2] Brisk. Cp. *T.* IV. i. 58. [3] Used contemptuously, like 'fellow' now. Cp. *J. C.* IV. iii. 137. [4] Used espec. of the spectacular or processional part of a festival—the orig. sense, from Gk. πομπή (pompē), a procession. [5] Theseus had just conquered the Amazons.

And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph[1], and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
Theseus. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy[2]
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds[3], conceits[4],
Knacks[5], trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth;
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
Theseus. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd[6], fair maid.
To you, your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power[7]
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Hermia. So is Lysander.
Theseus. In himself he is;
But, in this kind,[8] wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Hermia. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
Theseus. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Hermia. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

[1] A public exhibition or show in celebration of some event (orig. of a victory in war). [2] i. e. dishonestly caught her fantasy or imagination and stamped his image there. [3] Baubles, toys. [4] Fanciful devices. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 92. [5] Knick-knacks. [6] Deliberate. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 143 *n.* [7] For the construction cp. introd. III. 25. [8] i. e. in this respect. So *As*, II. i. 27.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern[1] my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
Theseus. Either to die the death[2], or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whe'r[3], if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd[4],
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage[5];
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,[6]
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Hermia. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent[7] up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
Theseus. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest[8]
For aye austerity and single life.
Demetrius. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed[9] title to my certain right.
Lysander. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate[10] unto Demetrius.
Lysander. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd[11]; my love is more than his;

[1] Touch, affect. [2] Implying 'the death prescribed by law'. [3] For 'whether'. So frequently. [4] Cooped up (from Fr. *mue*, a coop in which fowls were fattened). [5] In Scriptural sense of our 'pilgrimage through life'. [6] i. e. the rose which renders up its essence of sweetness has more earthly happiness. [7] The privilege of virginity—privileges being conferred by letters patent. [8] Solemnly profess. Cp. *J. C.* I. ii. 74. [9] Cracked, with a flaw in it. [10] Settle (as an estate). So in *As*, v. ii. 13, *T.* IV. i. 85. [11] Furnished with possessions.

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head[1],
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[2] and inconstant man.
Theseus. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,
Which by no means we may extenuate[3],
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Egeus. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, DEMETRIUS, *and Train.*
Lysander. How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance[4] the roses there do fade so fast?
Hermia. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem[5] them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lysander. Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Hermia. O cross![6] too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lysander. Or else misgraffed[7] in respect of years,—
Hermia. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.
Lysander. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Hermia. O hell! to choose love by another's eye.
Lysander. Or, if there were a sympathy[8] in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

[1] As we say, 'to his face'. [2] The opposite of 'spotless'. Cp. *R. II*, III. ii. 134. [3] Minimize, mitigate. Cp. *J. C.* III. ii. 42. [4] For 'How chances it'. Cp. v. i. 320. [5] Allow, permit, as in *Ham.* I. ii. 141; with a ref., probably, to other sense of 'pour' which survives in N. Eng. and Scots dialect. [6] That which crosses or thwarts, vexation. [7] Misgrafted. [8] Congruity, correspondence. Cp. *R. II*, IV. i. 33. So 'sympathize with' = to be like, in *H. V*, III. vii. 163.

Making it momentany[1] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied[2] night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Hermia. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's[3] followers.
Lysander. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue[4], and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects[5] me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,[6]
There will I stay for thee.
Hermia. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,[7]
By the simplicity of Venus' doves[8],
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,[9]
By all the vows that ever men have broke,—
In number more than ever women spoke,—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lysander. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Hermia. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Helena. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

[1] Momentary (Fr. *momentané*, Lat. *momentaneus*). [2] Grimy, sooty (lit. made 'colly' or black with coal-dust). [3] Love's. So *M. V.* III. ii. 63; and below, II. i. 164, III. ii. 96, IV. i. 169. [4] To be read 'revénue'. [5] Regards, considers. Cp. II. i. 224. [6] i. e. to go a-maying. [7] His arrows were said to be of two sorts, those tipped with gold, to incite love, and those tipped with lead, to repel it. [8] The chariot of Venus, Cupid's mother, was drawn by doves. Cp. *T.* IV. i. 94. [9] Queen Dido, who burned herself alive after Aeneas deserted her. Cp. *M. V.* V. i. 10.

Demetrius loves your fair [1]: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars! and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable [2] than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O! were favour [3] so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated [4], 190
The rest I'd give to be to you translated [5].
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Hermia. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Helena. O! that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.

Hermia. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Helena. O! that my prayers could such affection move.

Hermia. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Helena. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Hermia. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 200

Helena. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Hermia. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O! then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell.

Lysander. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phoebe [6] doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still [7] conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Hermia. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds [8] were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies [9].
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us; 220
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

[1] Your beauty. Cp. *As*, III. ii. 101; and see introd. III. 10. [2] Active = tuneful. So IV. i. 130. Cp. III. ii. 203 (artificial); and see introd. III. 3. [3] Outward appearance (espec. of face), with play on the other sense of the word. [4] Excepted. [5] Transformed. Cp. III. i. 125, &c. [6] Name for the moon. See v. ii. 14 *n*. [7] Ever. [8] 'Faint' gives the note of the line: it is those who lie who are faint. Cp. espec. *As*, II. vii. 132, and introd. III. 5. [9] i. e. companions who are strangers. For 'companies' = companions, cp. *H. V*, I. i. 55.

Lysander. I will, my Hermia.—[*Exit* HERMIA.] Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
Helena. How happy some o'er other some[1] can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity[2],
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne[3],
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense[4]:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight[5] thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here?
Bottom. You were best[6] to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip[7].
Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude[8] before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.
Bottom. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats

[1] Others. We say 'some others'. [2] Holding no proportion (to love's estimation of them). Cp. *Ham.* III. ii. 179. [3] Eyes: the OE. plural. So II. ii. 99, &c. It is used for the rhyme. [4] i. e. the thanks are dearly bought. [5] The sight of him. [6] Cp. introd. III. 23. [7] Scrip or script, i. e. the scroll or written list. [8] The name for a short and usually light dramatic piece, such as was often acted at this time in the houses of noblemen and wealthy merchants. The word means a dramatic diversion (Lat. *inter*, and *ludus*, play).

on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quince. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby [1].

Bottom. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bottom. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole [2] in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles [3] rarely, or a part to tear a cat in [4], to make all split.

> The raging rocks
> And shivering shocks
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison gates:
> And Phibbus' car [5]
> Shall shine from far
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quince. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quince. That 's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bottom. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quince. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

[1] The story was drawn from Ovid's tale in *Metamorphoses*, IV. 55.
[2] Mourn, lament. So l. 43. Cp. *H. V*, II. i. 133; and *Ham.* I. ii. 93.
[3] Hercules. This was a stock ranting part in the old plays.
[4] i.e. a violent ranting part. Cp. Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, v. i. 'I am called by those who have seen my valour, Tear-cat'.
[5] The car of Phoebus, the sun-god.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 72

Bottom. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate[1] my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus. 92

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain[2] beard, or your French-crown colour[3] beard, your perfect yellow. 99

Quince. Well, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con[4] them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not. 110

Bottom. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely[5] and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quince. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bottom. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings[6]. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Mrs. Quickly misuses the word in the same way: 'I beseek you now, aggravate your choler', 2 *H. IV*, II. iv. 175. [2] i. e. natural purple, that will not wash out. [3] The colour of the French gold crown-piece. [4] Learn by heart. [5] Misused also by Costard in *L. L. L.* IV. i. 147: 'When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.' [6] Hold (i. e. keep your engagement) or cut your bowstrings and give up archery (i. e. throw up the game).

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy *on one side, and* PUCK *on the other.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere[1];
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[2] upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners[3] be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In their freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[4] of spirits: I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell[5] and wrath[6],
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling[7];
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen[8],
But they do square[9]; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.
Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd[10] and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim[11] milk, and sometimes labour in the quern[12],

[1] The moon's orbit. Sound the 'e' of 'moone's'. [2] The fairy rings. Rings on the grass were thought to be due to their dancing. Cp. l. 86, and *T.* v. i. 37. [3] Bodyguard: with ref. to Queen Elizabeth's splendid bodyguard of 'pensioners'. [4] Lubber, lout. [5] Fierce. [6] Wroth (for the sake of the rhyme). [7] A child left or taken by the fairies in place of another. [8] Subst. = shining, brightness. [9] Quarrel, brawl. [10] Mischievous (lit. 'cursed'; cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 244). [11] 'Skim,' &c., refer to 'you'; 'frights' to 'he'. [12] Handmill.

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime[1] make the drink to bear no barm[2];
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are you not he?

Puck. Fairy, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl[3],
In very likeness of a roasted crab[4];
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap[5] pour the ale.
The wisest aunt[6], telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her, and down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries[7], and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire[8] hold their hips and loff;
And waxen[9] in their mirth, and neeze[10], and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted[11] there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fairy. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter OBERON *from one side, with his Train; and* TITANIA *from the other, with hers.*

Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania. What! jealous Oberon. Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy lord?

Titania. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida[12]. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd[13] mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come

[1] Sometimes. [2] Yeast. [3] 'Gossip' or 'godsib' meant a sponsor at a christening; and so, a crony. Cp. Fr. *commère*. [4] Crab-apple—put in to flavour the liquor. [5] Properly the loose skin which hangs from the throats of cattle. [6] Familiar for an old woman, as 'mother' is used. [7] Because in such a case one 'falls as a tailor squats upon his board' (Johnson). [8] Company: same word as 'choir'. [9] Old plural = wax. [10] Sneeze (OE. *niesan*). Cp. 'lightly' and 'slightly', &c. [11] Consumed, spent. Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 12. [12] Corin and Phillida are stock literary names for a shepherd and a shepherdess. [13] Wearing the 'buskin' or long hunting boot.

To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Oberon. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at[1] my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa[2]?
Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring[3],
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain[4], or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets[5] to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting[6] river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents[7]:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock[8];
The nine men's morris[9] is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green[10]
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here[11]:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature[12] we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems'[13] thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

[1] Hint at, covertly attack. [2] Aegle was a nymph for whom Theseus deserted Ariadne of Crete, who had helped him to slay the Minotaur. Antiopa was an Amazon in love with Theseus. [3] Beginning of midsummer. [4] Not artificially paved, but with a hard bottom. [5] Cp. l. 9 *n.* [6] Paltry. [7] The banks that contain them. Cp. *Ham.* IV. iv. 64. [8] i. e. the 'murrain' flock, dead of this disease. [9] A country game, also called 'nine men's merrils', played on turf cut into figures. Each party had nine men, and the counters played with were called 'merrils' (Fr. *merelles*). [10] Labyrinths on the village-green. It was a sport with boys to run courses over them. 'Quaint' = artfully contrived. Cf. *M. V.* III. iv. 69; and II. ii. 7 below. 'Wanton' = playful, frolic. [11] i. e. their winter pastimes. [12] This disorder of the weather. [13] Winter: the Latin name.

Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn [1], angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase [2], now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original [3].
Oberon. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.
Titania. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Oberon. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Titania. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Titania. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit* TITANIA *with her Train.*
Oberon. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Oberon. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might [4] see young Cupid's fiery shaft

[1] Autumn that brings forth. [2] By their products. [3] i. e. source or origin. [4] Could, was able to. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 162 *n.*, and v. i. 2 below (may).

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress[1] passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free[2].
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness[3].
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan[4] can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Oberon. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Demetrius. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood[5] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Helena. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant[6].
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Demetrius. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot[7] love you?

[1] A compliment to Elizabeth, the virgin queen. The goddess of the moon is the virgin Diana or Phoebe (see v. ii. 14 *n.*), of whom Elizabeth is regarded as a votaress. [2] i. e. heart-free, free from the power of love. Cp. I. i. 155. [3] The pansy or heartsease. [4] Regarded as the whale. [5] Mad (OE. *wōd*). Cp. Scots 'wud'. [6] Loadstone, which draws iron to it. Its proverbial hardness is also alluded to. [7] Emphatic double negative.

Helena. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser[1] place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Demetrius. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on you.
Helena. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Demetrius. You do impeach[2] your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.
Helena. Your virtue is my privilege[3]: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect[4] are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Demetrius. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Helena. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase[5];
The dove pursues the griffin[6]; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
Demetrius. I will not stay thy questions[7]: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Helena. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand[8] I love so well. [*Exit.*
Oberon. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

[1] Not uncommon double comparative. [2] Bring into question, expose to detraction. Cp. *R. II*, I. i. 189. [3] That which secures me immunity. [4] In my regard. Cp. I. i. 160. [5] Ref. to Apollo's pursuit of the nymph Daphne (Ovid, *Meta.* i. 452, &c.). [6] A fabulous monster, half beast, half bird of prey. [7] Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 347. [8] Cp. 'to die upon his sword', &c.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Oberon. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine[1]:
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed[2] wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond[3] on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Titania. Come, now a roundel[4] and a fairy song;
Then, for the third of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice[5] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint[6] spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

I.

You spotted snakes with double[7] tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

[1] Sweet-brier. [2] Dress (OE. *wǣd*). Cp. II. ii. 71. [3] With notion of foolish doting. Cp. II. ii. 88. [4] 'Round' (cp. II. i. 140) or 'roundelay': a part-song or (as here) a round dance. [5] Bats (OE. *hrēre-mūs*). [6] Dainty, artful, delicate. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 317; also II. i. 99 above. [7] i.e. forked.

Philomel[1], with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*

Oberon. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce[2], or cat[3], or bear,
Pard[4], or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lysander. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Hermia. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lysander. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Hermia. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lysander. O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence[5];
Love takes the meaning[6] in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.

[1] The nightingale, from Philomela, the unfortunate daughter of Pandion, who was transformed into one.
[2] Loosely used for the smaller animals of the leopard species.
[3] Wild cat.
[4] Leopard.
[5] i. e. understand my innocent meaning. For 'take' cp. v. i. 90.
[6] The proper meaning.

Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Hermia. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew[1] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lysander. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
[*Retires a little distance.*
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Hermia. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve[2]
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds[3] of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
[*Squeezes the flower on* LYSANDER'S *eyelids.*]
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe[4].
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Helena. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Demetrius. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Helena. O! wilt thou darkling[5] leave me? do not so.
Demetrius. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
Helena. O! I am out of breath in this fond[6] chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

[1] = Plague upon (lit. 'curse'). [2] Attest, confirm. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 79. [3] Cp. II. i. 256. [4] Own, possess. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 404. [5] In the dark. [6] Foolish, with sense of 'doting', which it has in II. i. 266.

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster[1], fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne[2]?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lysander. [*Awaking.*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword.
Helena. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lysander. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason[3];
And touching now the point[4] of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
Helena. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness[5].
O! that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. [*Exit.*
Lysander. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;

[1] 'As a monster' is in apposition with 'my presence'. [2] Eyes like the spheres or stars. For 'eyne' cp. I. i. 242. [3] Do not grow ripe. Cp. *As*, II. vii. 26. [4] The highest point. [5] i. e. gentlemanliness.

And never mayst thou come Lysander near.
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of [1] those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Hermia. [*Awaking.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what! remov'd?—Lysander! lord!
What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! [2] I swound [3] almost with fear.
No! then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either [4] death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.* TITANIA *lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bottom. Are we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat [5]; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house [6]; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bottom. Peter Quince,—

Quince. What sayst thou, bully [7] Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, [8] a parlous [9] fear.

Starveling. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottom. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we

[1] By. So l. 142. [2] By all that is loving. [3] Swoon. [4] A monosyllable. Cp. 'whe'r' for 'whether', III. i. 160. [5] Exactly. [6] Dressing-room. [7] A slang term meaning a dashing, fine fellow. So *H. V*, IV. i. 48, &c. [8] By our ladykin or little lady, i. e. the Virgin. So *T.* III. iii. 1. [9] A form of 'perilous', used as we use 'awful', 'terrible'.

will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear. 23

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six[1].

Bottom. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Starveling. I fear it, I promise you. 30

Bottom. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect[2], 'Ladies,' or, 'Fair ladies,' 'I would wish you,' or, 'I would request you,' or, 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life[3]: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner. 48

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bottom. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine. 57

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present[4], the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom? 71

Bottom. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

[1] i. e. in verses of alternate eight and six syllables. This was the ordinary ballad-metre. [2] One must not spoil these blunders by explaining them. Cp. l. 65, &c. [3] A common exclamation = it were a pitiful thing for my life. Cp. v. i. 231. [4] Represent. Cp. III. ii. 14, and *T.* IV. i. 167.

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK, *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What! a play toward[1]; I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.
Quince. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.
Bottom. *Thisby, the flowers have odious savours sweet,—*
Quince. Odorous, odorous.
Bottom.—*odours savours sweet:*
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*
Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*
Flute. Must I speak now?
Quince. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.
Flute. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal[2], *and eke most lovely Jew,*
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.
Quince. 'Ninus' tomb,'[3] man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'
Flute. O!—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

Bottom. *If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine.*
Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.
Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime[4] a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*
Bottom. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

[1] Coming on. [2] Youth (Lat. *juvenis*): an affected word of the time. [3] Ninus is a legendary king of Assyria, to whom the foundation of Nineveh was attributed. Pyramus was a Babylonian youth. [4] Cp. II. i. 38.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bottom. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit* SNOUT.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated[1]. [*Exit.*

Bottom. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The ousel-cock[2], so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle[3] with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Titania. [*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bottom.
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo[4] gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for indeed, who would set his wit to[5] so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[6] upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whe'r thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still[7] doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so

[1] Cp. I. i. 191. [2] An 'ousel' is a blackbird. [3] Thrush. [4] So called because of his unvarying note, 'plain-song' being the simple melody without variations. [5] Match his wit against. [6] Flout, scoff. So *H. V*, v. i. 78. [7] Ever.

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies.

Pease-blossom. Ready.
Cobweb. And I.
Moth. And I.
Mustard-seed. And I.
All Four. Where shall we go? 170

Titania. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks. and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries[1],
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise[2];
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes: 180
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Pease-blossom. Hail, mortal!
Cobweb. Hail!
Moth. Hail!
Mustard-seed. Hail!

Bottom. I cry your worships mercy[3], heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cobweb. Cobweb.

Bottom. I shall desire you of more acquaintance[4], good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman? 192

Pease-blossom. Pease-blossom.

Bottom. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash[5], your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mustard-seed. Mustard-seed. 199

Bottom. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Titania. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced[6] chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.* 210

[1] Apricots and gooseberries. [2] To conduct him to bed, and assist at his rising. [3] I pray your worships, pardon me. [4] Cp. introd. III. 21. [5] An unripe peascod. [6] 'Enforced' = violated. For the moon as the type of chastity, cp. II. i. 163 *n.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Oberon. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity [1].
Here comes my messenger.

Enter PUCK.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule [2] now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches [3], rude mechanicals [4],
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort [5],
Who Pyramus presented [6] in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in [7] a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl [8] I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs [9], many in sort [10],
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp [11], here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders [12] all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated [13] there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.
Oberon. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd [14] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

[1] To excess. [2] i.e. what rule for the night's diversions? [3] Clowns, fools. Cp. *M. V.* II. v. 46 *n.*; and below, IV. i. 216. [4] Mechanics. So *J. C.* I. i. 3. [5] Dull-witted crew. For 'sort' cp. l. 21, *R. II*, IV. i. 246, &c. [6] Cf. III. i. 65. [7] For this use of 'in' = into, cp. *M. V.* II. viii. 42, &c. [8] Noddle. [9] Greyish-headed jackdaws. [10] In company. Cp. l. 13. [11] The stamp of our footsteps running. [12] Those who fail to burst through. [13] Cp. III. i. 125. [14] Laid hold of, caught (OE. *laecan*).

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force[1] she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Oberon. Stand close[2]: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.
Demetrius. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Hermia. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole[3] earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's[4] noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Demetrius. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Hermia. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Demetrius. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Hermia. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm[5], an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Demetrius. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood[6]:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Hermia. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Demetrius. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Hermia. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whe'r he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Demetrius. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

[1] Perforce. [2] Out of sight. [3] Solid, in one piece. [4] i. e. the sun's. [5] A small snake. Cp. *M.* III. iv. 29. [6] A mood or humour due to a misprision or mistake.

Here therefore for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender[1] here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Oberon. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision[2] must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.[3]

Oberon. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick[4] she is, and pale of cheer[5]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.[6]

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Oberon. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant[7] see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Oberon. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;[8]
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lysander. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

[1] To offer—keeping up the financial figure. 'His' for 'its', as usual. [2] Cp. l. 74. [3] For one man who keeps faith, a million fail, breaking oath upon oath. For 'confound' = destroy, cp. v. i. 302, &c. [4] Love-sick. Cp. I. i. 155. [5] Expression, countenance (ME. *chere*, the face). Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 313. [6] In preparation for her appearance. [7] The foolish spectacle they present. [8] i. e. unrivalled sport.

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born[1],
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Helena. You do advance your cunning more and more.[2]
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh,[3] and both as light as tales.
Lysander. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Helena. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lysander. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Demetrius. [*Awaking.*] O Helen! goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow;
This pure congealed white, high Taurus'[4] snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O! let me kiss
That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.
Helena. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil[5] and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience[6], all to make you sport.
Lysander. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

[1] = vows (being) so born. [2] i. e. bring it more and more into view. Weigh even. [4] A high mountain-range in Asia Minor. [5] Had decent manners. Cp. *M. V.* II. ii. 210, where 'civility' = the refinement which civilized life implies. [6] i. e. wring it from her.

Helena. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Demetrius. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none[1].
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lysander. Helen, it is not so.
Demetrius. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.[2]
Look! where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Hermia. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lysander. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Hermia. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lysander. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[3] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Hermia. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Helena. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious[4] Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd[5]
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, O! is it all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial[6] gods,
Have with our neelds[7] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

[1] I will none of her, i. e. desire to have nothing to do with her. [2] Pay dear for it. So l. 335. From 'a-' = out, away, + 'buy', OE. *bycgan*. In one of its senses = endure, remain, it is often confounded with 'abide', e. g. *J. C.* III. ii. 120. [3] Circles, orbs. Cp. *H. V*, I. Chor. 13. [4] Insulting. Cp. 'injury' in II. i. 147, and in ll. 148, 219 of this scene: in each case the notion of 'insult' is uppermost. So with 'wrong', l. 361. [5] Plotted. Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 353, &c. [6] Active sense = creating by art. Cp. I. i. 184, and introd. III. 3. [7] Needles: old form.

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.[1]
And will you rent[2] our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Hermia. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
Helena. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.
Hermia. I understand not what you mean by this.
Helena. Ay, do, persever[3], counterfeit sad[4] looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up[5]:
This sport, well carried[6], shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.[7]
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lysander. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Helena. O excellent!

[1] 'Two of the first' = two bodies: referring to the order of the terms in the preceding line, viz. (1) 'bodies', (2) 'heart'. This was the technical method of reference in heraldry to the terms of a preceding description. We may then explain, with Douce: 'we had two bodies, like coats of heraldry belonging to man and wife (who are two bodies) as to one person, and having, like our one heart, one crest.' [2] Rend: old form. [3] Always with accent on second syllable. [4] Grave, serious. Cp. *M. V.* II. ii. 211, &c. [5] Keep it up. [6] Well managed. [7] A subject for such treatment. Cp. *H. V*, III. i. 21, &c.

Hermia. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Demetrius. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lysander. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Demetrius. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lysander. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Demetrius. Quick, come!
Hermia. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lysander. Away, you Ethiop[1]!
Demetrius. No, no, he'll . . .
Seem to break loose[2]; take on, as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lysander. [*To* HERMIA.] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Hermia. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love,—
Lysander. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!
Hermia. Do you not jest?
Helena. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lysander. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Demetrius. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
Lysander. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Hermia. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news[3], my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile[4].
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lysander. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Hermia. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what! have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Helena. Fine, i' faith!

[1] Ethiopian, blackamoor. [2] Hermia has laid hold of Lysander to detain him. Demetrius begins to address her, and then breaks off to taunt Lysander with only pretending to tear himself away, insinuating that he has no great desire to fight. [3] i. e. what new thing has happened? [4] A short time ago.

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Hermia. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare [1]
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Helena. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst [2];
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Hermia. Lower! hark, again.
Helena. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth [3] unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond [4] I am.
Hermia. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?
Helena. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Hermia. What! with Lysander?
Helena. With Demetrius.
Lysander. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Demetrius. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Helena. O! when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd [5].
She was a vixen when she went to school:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Hermia. 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little!'
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

[1] Comparison. [2] Shrewish. So ll. 341, 439. 'Curst' is the literal meaning of 'shrewd', whence 'shrewish', 'shrewishness.' (Cp. II. i. 33, and l. 323 below.) [3] Your stealing away. So IV. i. 166. [4] Cp. II. ii. 88. [5] Shrewish, with a biting tongue. Cp. l. 300 *n.*

Let me come to her.
Lysander. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus[1], of hindering knot-grass made;[2]
You bead, you acorn!
Demetrius. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.[3]
Lysander. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Demetrius. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.[4]
[*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.
Hermia. You, mistress, all this coil[5] is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Helena. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst[6] company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Hermia. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Oberon. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort[7],
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Oberon. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin[8] cover thou anon[9]
With drooping fog as black as Acheron[10];
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong[11];
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

[1] Anything very small, from Lat. *minimus*, smallest. [2] An infusion of knot-grass was thought to check the growth. Cp. 'put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass; he would never grow after it' (Beaumont, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, II. ii). [3] Cp. l. 175. [4] Cheek by jowl. [5] Turmoil. [6] Cp. l. 300. [7] Turn out. [8] Sky (OE. *wolcen*, cloud). [9] Forthwith. [10] A river of hell, acc. to the ancients. [11] i. e. insult. Cp. 'injury', l. 195 *n*.

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous[1] property,
To take from thence all error with his[2] might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;[3]
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all.
That in cross-ways and floods have burial[4],
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Oberon. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lysander. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYSANDER *as following the voice.*

[1] Formed from 'virtue', in the sense of that for which a thing is efficacious. Cp. *M. V.* v. i. 199. [2] 'His' for 'its', as usual. [3] Aurora was the goddess of the dawn, and her harbinger the morning star. [4] Suicides were buried at cross-roads, with a stake through their hearts. They and the drowned were thought by the ancients to roam about for a certain number of years because they had not been properly buried.

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.
Demetrius. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lysander. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Demetrius. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Demetrius. Nay then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed:
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Helena. O weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! shine, comforts, from the east!
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Lies down and sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst[1] and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

[1] Cp. l. 300.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Hermia. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eyes.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA *and* HERMIA *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable[1] cheeks do coy[2],
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bottom. Where 's Pease-blossom?
Pease-blossom. Ready.
Bottom. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where 's Mounsieur Cobweb?
Cobweb. Ready.
Bottom. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not;

[1] Lovable, lovely (Lat. *amabilis*). [2] Play coyly with, caress.

I would be loath to have you overflown[1] with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?

Mustard-seed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neaf[2], Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.

Mustard-seed. What's your will?

Bottom. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery[3] Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Titania. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bottom. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay[4]: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Titania. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bottom. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition[5] of sleep come upon me.

Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away[6]. [*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle[7]
Gently entwist; the female ivy[8] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O! how I love thee; how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Oberon. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient[9] pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

[1] Overflowed, and so drowned. So in *Tit. Andr.* III. i. 229: 'overflow'd and drown'd.' [2] Fist. Still used in Scots dialect. [3] Cavalero or Cavalier. [4] Term for a bundle of hay. [5] For 'disposition', probably. [6] Get away in all directions. [7] The 'woodbine' and the 'honeysuckle' are properly the same. But 'woodbine' was and is rather loosely used for several climbing plants, of which the honeysuckle is one. [8] 'Female' because regarded as 'married to the elm'. [9] 'Orient,' from meaning 'from the East', came to mean 'bright', 'shining,' as here. So 'an orient drop' (a tear), *Ven. and Ad.* 981.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other[1] do,
May all[2] to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[3]
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Oberon. There lies your love.
Titania. How came these things to pass?
O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.
Oberon. Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Titania. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep. [*Music.*
Puck. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Oberon. Sound, music! [*Still, music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad[4],
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,

[1] Plural. So *M. V.* I. i. 54. Cp. introd. III. 17. [2] i. e. they may all. [3] Cupid's flower is 'love-in-idleness', the pansy or heartsease, mentioned II. i. 168. 'Dian's bud' may be the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or the tree of Holy Chastity, a branch of which is borne by Diana, the Goddess of Chastity, in the Chaucerian *Flower and the Leaf*, l. 173. [4] Cp. III. ii. 237.

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Titania. Come, my lord; and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt. Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation[1] is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward[2] of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus[3] once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta[4]: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding[5]: for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd[6], so sanded[7]; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd[8] like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.[9] A cry more tuneable[10]
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Egeus. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

Theseus. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity[11].

[1] Observance, i.e. of May morning (cp. I. i. 167). [2] Vanguard. [3] Cadmus was the founder of Thebes in Boeotia. The chronology which places Cadmus, Hercules, and Hippolyta together is loose: but such points are of no importance here. [4] Spartan hounds were famous among the ancients for speed and scent. [5] Used of echoing noises, where the one noise seems to rebuke the other. Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 125. [6] The 'flews' of a hound are its chaps. [7] Of such a sandy colour. [8] Cp. II. i. 50. [9] i. e. their notes arranged in a scale. [10] Cp. I. i. 184. [11] i. e. the festivities preparatory to the solemnizing of their marriage. So I. i. 11.

But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my lord.
Theseus. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Horns and shout within.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?[1]
Lysander. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel.*
Theseus. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lysander. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,[2]
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without[3] the peril of the Athenian law—
Egeus. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough[4].
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Demetrius. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth[5],
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy[6] following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud[7]
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
Theseus. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

[1] On Saint Valentine's Day (Feb. 14) birds were believed to couple. and the sexes to choose their mates. [2] Confusedly. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 14.
[3] Outside, beyond. [4] i. e. to convict him: addressing Theseus.
[5] Cp. III. ii. 310. [6] Love. Cp. I. i. 155. [7] Cp. I. i. 33 (gawd).

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

Demetrius. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Hermia. Methinks I see these things with parted eye[1],
When everything seems double.

Helena. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Demetrius. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do you not think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Hermia. Yea; and my father.

Helena. And Hippolyta.

Lysander. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Demetrius. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bottom. [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool[2], if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death[3].

Exit.

[1] i. e. each eye seeing independently. [2] A motley fool (from the patched or motley dress which a jester wore). Cp. II. ii. 9. [3] Probably at Thisbe's death.

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quince. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Starveling. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported[1].

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say, 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully[2] Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life[3]; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bottom. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quince. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bottom. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bottom. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards[4], new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred[5]. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away. [*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. removed from this world to the next. [2] So III. i. 8. [3] In pension: possibly alluding to some contemporary pensioned actor. [4] i. e. to tie on their false beards. [5] Recommended for acceptance. Cp. *J. C.* v. v. 62, &c.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Athens. An apartment in the Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Hippolyta. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that[1] these lovers speak of.

Theseus. More strange than true. I never may[2] believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact[3].
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's[4] beauty in a brow of Egypt[5]:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hippolyta. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy[6],
But, howsoever, strange and admirable[7].

Theseus. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lysander. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Theseus. Come now; what masques[8], what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours

[1] That which. [2] Can. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 162 *n.*; and II. i. 161 above (might). [3] Composed, lit. fastened or bound together. [4] Helen of Greece, the most beautiful woman of antiquity. She was carried off from her husband by Paris the Trojan. The result was the war between Greece and Troy. [5] i. e. a dark gipsy brow. [6] Consistency. [7] To be wondered at. Cp. *H. V*, II. ii. 108, &c. [8] Cp. *T.* IV. i. 59 f.

Between our after-supper[1] and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus.

Theseus. Say, what abridgment[2] have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostrate. There is a brief[3] how many sports are ripe[4];
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Gives a paper.*

Theseus. The battle with the Centaurs[5], *to be sung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals.
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.[6]
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary[7].
That is some satire keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostrate. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter[8] never shed.

Theseus. What are they that do play it?

Philostrate. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

[1] The last course of supper, called the rere-supper. [2] Something to abridge or shorten the waiting interval. Cp. *Ham.* II. ii. 448 *n.* [3] A short list or programme. [4] Ready for performance. [5] A fabulous race, half man, half horse. They became outrageous at a certain marriage-feast to which they were invited—the feast of the Lapithae,—and were only routed by Hercules. [6] Orpheus (on whom see *M. V.* v. i. 80 *n.*), was torn alive on the Thracian hills by the mad devotees of the wine-god Bacchus. [7] Perhaps suggested by Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect of learning. Others think it refers to the destitute ending of Greene, in 1592. [8] Cp. l. 295 *n.*

Which[1] never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd[2] memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
Theseus. And we will hear it.
Philostrate. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
Theseus. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
Theseus. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hippolyta. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
Theseus. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take[3] what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.[4]
Where I have come, great clerks[5] have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods[6] in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philostrate. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd[7].
Theseus. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter QUINCE *for the* Prologue.

Prologue. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you should think, we come not to offend,

[1] 'Which' is often used for 'who'. [2] i. e. unexercised. [3] i. e. take the meaning of. Cp. II. ii. 46. [4] The metre is defective. The meaning is that a nobleman is considerate, and judges the performance, not by its merit, but by the effort which is made to please. [5] Great scholars (*clerici*, because at one time learning was almost confined to the clergy). [6] Full stops. [7] Ready, prepared. Cp. *H. V*, III. iii. 58, and espec. 2 *H. IV*, IV. iv. 5, 'Our navy is addressed'.

But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Theseus. This fellow doth not stand upon points.[1]

Lysander. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop[2]. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hippolyta. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder[3]; a sound, but not in government[4].

Theseus. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb show.*

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain[5].
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb,[6] *there, there to woo.*
This grisly beast, which Lion hight[7] *by name,*
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall[8],
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast[9];
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

[1] Play on two meanings: (1) is not very punctilious about what he says, (2) does not mind his stops. The Prologue's neglect of punctuation has made him say the opposite of what was intended. [2] See previous note. [3] A kind of flute or flageolet. [4] Cp. *Ham.* III. ii. 379. [5] A favourite way of filling up a line in the old ballads. [6] Cp. III. i. 103. [7] Called (OE. *hātan*): common in old writers, and here an intentional archaism, like 'certain' above. [8] Let fall. Cp. *T.* II. i. 304. [9] In ridicule of the excessive alliteration practised by the minor poets of the day.

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt* PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

Theseus. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Demetrius. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. *In this same interlude*[1] *it doth befall*
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister[2],
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Theseus. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Demetrius. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Theseus. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. *O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!*
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.
[WALL holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Theseus. The wall, methinks, being sensible[3], should curse again.

Pyramus. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me,' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

Thisbe. *O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,*
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyramus. *I see a voice: now will I to the chink,*
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

[1] Cp. I. ii. 6. [2] Left (Lat. *sinister*). [3] Capable of sensation. Cp. introd. III. 3.

Thisby. *My love! thou art my love, I think.*
Pyramus. *Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;*
And, like Limander[1], *am I trusty still.*
Thisby. *And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.*
Pyramus. *Not Shafalus to Procrus*[2] *was so true.*
Thisby. *As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.*
Pyramus. *O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.*
Thisby. *I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*
Pyramus. *Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*
Thisby. *'Tide life, 'tide death,*[3] *I come without delay.*
[*Exeunt* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE.

Wall. *Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;*
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

Theseus. Now is the mural[4] down between the two neighbours.

Demetrius. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theseus. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. *You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear*
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell[5], *nor else no lion's dam:*
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life[6].

Theseus. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Demetrius. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lysander. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theseus. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Demetrius. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

Theseus. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

[1] For Leander, as Helen probably for Hero. The story of Leander, who nightly swam the Hellespont to meet his sweetheart Hero, and was at last drowned there, was well known from Marlowe's poem. [2] For Cephalus and Procris. Cephalus was a Thessalian prince, and Procris, an Athenian princess, was his wife. He shot her by mistake while hunting, and when she died he committed suicide. [3] ''Tide' for 'betide'. [4] From Lat. *murus*, a wall. [5] A lion's skin. [6] Cp. III. i. 45.

Moon. *This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;* —
Demetrius. He should have worn the horns on his head.
Theseus. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.
Moon. *This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;*
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.
Theseus. This is the greatest error of all the rest[1]. The man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i' the moon?
Demetrius. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff[2].
Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!
Theseus. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lysander. Proceed, Moon.
Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Demetrius. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

Thisbe. *This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?*
Lion. [*Roaring.*] *Oh*—. [THISBE *runs off.*
Demetrius. Well roared, lion.
Theseus. Well run, Thisbe.
Hippolyta. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The* LION *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*
Theseus. Well moused, Lion.
Demetrius. And then came Pyramus.
Lysander. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. *Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;*
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood!

[1] It is usual to quote for this construction Milton, *P. L.* IV. 323–24: 'Adam the goodliest man of men since born | His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.' It is a mixture of 'greatest of all' and 'greater than all the rest'.
[2] A pun on phrase 'to be in snuff' = to be offended.

Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum[1]*;*
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell[2]*!*

Theseus. This passion[3], and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hippolyta. Beshrew[4] my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus. *O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?*
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer[5].
Come tears, confound[6]*;*
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! [*Exit* MOONSHINE.
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Demetrius. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lysander. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theseus. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hippolyta. How chance[7] Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Theseus. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion[8] ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hippolyta. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Demetrius. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better[9]: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lysander. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius. And thus she moans, *videlicet*:—

[1] The loose end of weavers' threads. The three Fates were supposed to superintend the thread of life. [2] Destroy. Cp. *M.* I. vii. 72. [3] See *T.* I. ii. 390 *n.* The word is often used, as here and in ll.70, 323, of the outward expression of emotion. Cp. espec. *T. G. of V.* IV. iv. 174: 'Twas Ariadne passioning | For Theseus' injury.' [4] Cp. II. ii. 54. [5] Cheerfulness. [6] Cp. III. ii. 93. [7] Cp. I. i. 129. [8] Cp. l. 295 *n.* 'Which . . . which' = 'Whether . . . whether'.

Thisbe. *Asleep, my love?*
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead! A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O, Sisters Three[1],
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword:
Come, blade, my breast imbrue[2]: [*Stabs herself.*
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

Theseus. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius. Ay, and Wall too.

Bottom. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance[3] between two of our company?

Theseus. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross[4] play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

[1] These are the Fates of l. 292. [2] Make bloody, shed the blood of. Cp. 2 *H. IV*, II. iv. 210: 'What? Shall we have encision? Shall we embrue?' [3] 'A rustic dance, framed in imitation of the people of Bergamasco, a province in the state of Venice, who are ridiculed as being more clownish in their manners and dialect than any other people in Italy' (Nares). [4] Palpably gross.

Scene II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone[1].
Now the wasted[2] brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team[3],
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon *and* Titania, *with their Train.*

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create[4]
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;

[1] Exhausted: 'for-' is intensive. [2] Cp. II. i. 57 *n.* [3] The 'thrice crowned queen of night' of *As*, III. ii. 2, who, under her three names of Phoebe, Diana, and Hecate, was respectively the moon-goddess in heaven, the virgin huntress-goddess on earth, and goddess of the dark underworld. [4] Created. So 'consecrate' = consecrated, l. 45.

And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious[1], such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait[2].
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue[3],
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands[4], if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

[1] Monstrous, portentous (lit., of the nature of a 'prodigy'). [2] Take his own way. Cp. 'go your gait'. [3] The unmerited luck to escape being hissed. [4] i. e. applaud. So 'lend me your ears' (*J. C.* III. ii. 79) for 'listen'.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

PREFACE

Sources of the Play.—There is some reason to suppose that *The Merchant of Venice* is partly founded on an older play, *The Jew*, which was known on the stage as early as 1579. It was played at the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, and is described as representing 'the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of Usurers' (Stephen Gosson, *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, p. 40). 'Worldly choosers' fits well with Portia's suitors and the caskets, and the other phrase with Shylock and his bond. There is record also that a play described as 'The Venetian Comedy' was on the London stage in 1594, and the suggestion has been made that this was Shakespeare's first draft of *The Merchant of Venice*. The suggestion is reasonable; there are signs of revision in the play as we have it;[1] but there is no proof.

The main story of the play—the two friends, the Jew, the bond, the Lady of Belmont, her disguise and the discomfiture of the Jew in court, the merry incident of the rings—has been found in a collection of Italian tales, *Il Pecorone* or 'The Dunce', published at Milan in 1558, but said to have been written in the fourteenth century. Giannetto in this story plays the part of our Bassanio, and his godfather Ansaldo the part of Antonio; the main scene is Venice. The lady is unnamed except by her title: she is 'the Lady of Belmonte'. That Shakespeare had read *Il Pecorone* cannot be asserted; and the first English translation is long after his time. But directly or indirectly this part of its contents had reached him, perhaps already in dramatic form in *The Jew*.

The incident of the usurer and the pound of flesh, with the

[1] Because here and there the revision is imperfect. The 'four strangers' of I. ii. 134, though six have been described, points to an earlier version in which four was the number. The 'contrary casket' of I. ii. 102, and 'the one of them' in II. vii. 11, point to a version of the play in which the choice was between two caskets, not among three.

flesh-cutting dilemma which Portia puts forward, is found in a variety of forms in both Eastern and European fable. It occurs in the folk-lore of Persia, and in popular tales of the Highlands of Scotland. It had, in fact, a basis in ancient custom. By the old Roman Law of the XII Tables the body of a debtor might be divided among his creditors.

Two elements in the story of *The Merchant of Venice* are not to be found in the Italian original: the affair of the caskets, and the flight of Jessica. The first has come in from another set of stories, probably as ancient and as widely spread as the stories of the bond. The moral is the vanity of judging by appearances. Generally, in these stories, it is a princess who chooses, and by sensibly avoiding the glitter of gold and silver obtains the Emperor's son. The medieval collection of tales called the *Gesta Romanorum* has several versions of this situation, and it is the subject of one of the stories in a popular English selection from the *Gesta* first published in 1577. Shakespeare or the earlier playwright possibly read the story there.

The flight of Jessica owes nothing to folk-lore. It is a playwright's unfeeling addition to diversify the plot. Her name, like the other Hebrew names in the play, is taken from Holy Writ. Jessica is Iscah (Iesca), from *Genesis* xi. 29. Tubal and Chus (Cush) come from *Genesis* x. 2, 6. And Shylock himself takes his name from the Salah of *Genesis* x. 24. In the Revised Version Salah is more correctly given as Shelah, but the exact transliteration is Shèlach or Shâlach. It is noticeable that two chapters of *Genesis* yielded all four names. Whoever chose them, says Dr. Cardozo (from whom these facts are quoted), must have taken them 'collectively, at a sitting, from the Hebrew text'.[1] Were they chosen, then, by the author of *The Jew*? All we can say is that they cannot have been chosen by Shakespeare. It should be added that the name Shylock was not unknown in England. A 'Richard Shylok' is cited in a document of 1435.

Construction and Design.—The *Merchant of Venice* is a

[1] *The Contemporary Jew in the Elizabethan Drama*, by J. L. Cardozo, 1925, p. 222.

comedy, and is so described in the earliest editions. Though it opens on Antonio's gloom, and closes its public action on the almost tragic discomfiture of Shylock, the air of the piece is one of youth and hope. It is full of lovers, who are all made happy, and the high tide of their felicity floats Antonio into dock. If we pity the Jew, we are still bound to confess that he is an enemy to society. If we admire his constancy of character, it is none the less certain that his character is bad. He puts the Jewish case well to his Christian tormentors, but the answer is obvious: Why is he there? His method of life is beneath the level of the Western civilization in which he is permitted to live, and so is the justice he asks for. No one now enjoys (except, perhaps, children) the crushing judgement he receives; nor has Jessica, probably, many modern admirers. But Elizabethan audiences had rougher appetites and blunter senses, and revelled in every detail of his defeat.

The play is constructed, it has already been explained, out of two stories: a story of Venice and Belmont, and an unlocalized story of three caskets and a bride. To a modern reader the business of the caskets is the weak point in the play, but it was useful to the dramatist. It gives importance to Belmont, to Portia, and to Bassanio's suit, and almost justifies Antonio's liberality. Bassanio may well want money to fit him out for such an embassy, which draws princes and nobles from the four corners of the earth. The improbability of the test, with the heavy penalty attached to it, is of the kind which we recognize in fairy-tales, and in the sixteenth century would not be critically judged.

The play is remarkable not only for the splendid trial scene and Portia's great speech, but for the snatches of beautiful poetry which it contains. The moonlight and music of the last scene, and the ravishing verses inspired by them, have a dramatic as well as a poetic use. The passions of commerce and of court-rooms fade from our minds, and Venice is forgotten in Belmont.

Date of Composition. On July 22, 1598, 'A book of the Merchant of Venice or otherwise called the Jew of Venice' was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company at the

instance of James Roberts. It was entered with the proviso 'that it be not printed by the said James Roberts or any other whatsoever without licence first had from the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlain'. The play belonged, it appears, to the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, which was Shakespeare's Company. Two years later, on 28 October, 1600, another entry was made, transferring the publishing rights from James Roberts to Thomas Heyes. The consent of the Lord Chamberlain had by this time been obtained, and with Heyes as publisher, with Roberts as printer, and with Shakespeare's name to it, the play was issued the same year.

We learn from all this that *The Merchant of Venice* was a stock piece in 1598. It was known to Francis Meres when he published in 1598 his *Palladis Tamia or Wit's Treasury*, for it occurs in his famous list of Shakespeare's plays. The conclusion suggests itself that the play was written earlier than 1598, and we are tempted once more to see at least a first draft of it in 'The Venetian Comedy' of 1594. The usual compromise is to settle on the intermediate date, 1596, and this we have done.

The Text.—The principal authority for the text is the first edition already mentioned, which was published in quarto in 1600. From this, in 1623, the First Folio text was set up. Another quarto, purporting to have been printed in 1600, we now know to have been printed in 1619. It is a reprint of the 1600 edition, and such variants as it exhibits are due only to the printing house. Certain stage directions surviving in the first edition show it to have been printed from a manuscript, or from a copy of a manuscript, actually used in the playhouse. After III. ii. 237 ('his letter there will show you his estate') the margin has the direction, *open the letter*, which Bassanio does. At v. i. 68, where our text prints [*Music*, the first edition has *play Musique*. Such signs of use are interesting. The text is good, and has few obscurities.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } Suitors to
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.
ANTONIO, a Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, } Friends to Antonio and
SALANIO, } Bassanio.
SALARINO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-maid.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies[1] with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections[2] would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still[3]
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads[4];
And every object that might make me fear

[1] Large merchantmen: originally *ragusy*, a ship of Ragusa. [2] Feelings. Cp. III. i. 64 *n.*, and IV. i. 50. [3] Constantly. [4] Roadsteads.

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salarino. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew[1] dock'd in sand,
Vailing[2] her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Antonio. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom[3] trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salarino. Why, then you are in love.
Antonio. Fie, fie!
Salarino. Not in love neither? Then let 's say you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus[4],
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other[5] of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor[6] swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salarino. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,

[1] Name for a ship: perhaps in honour of Andrew (Andrea) Doria, the famous Genoese admiral (d. 1560). [2] Lowering (Fr. *avaler*). Common in 'vail (doff) one's bonnet'. [3] In one ship. [4] Latin god of gates and doors, with two faces—facing both ways. The ref. is to the union of contrary characters in a single nature. [5] Often used as plural. Cp. introd. III, 17. [6] One of the Greeks who fought against the Trojans: proverbial for age and gravity.

If worthier friends had not prevented [1] me.
Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say when?
You grow exceeding strange [2]: must it be so?
Salarino. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We too will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bassanio. I will not fail you.
Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon [3] the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gratiano. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? [4]
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion [5]
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit [6];
As who should say [7], 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools. [8]
I'll tell thee more of this another time:

[1] Anticipated (L. *prae-, venio*). [2] i.e. 'strangers'. [3] 'Respect' here keeps some of its literal meaning of 'looking', 'regarding' (L. *respicere*). This explains 'upon'. [4] Ref. to alabaster effigies on tombs. [5] Reputation. So l. 102. [6] 'Conception', or 'something conceived', fancy or idea: the original sense. [7] Cp. Fr. 'comme qui dirait'. [8] If one heard them speak one would call them—one's brothers—fools, and so be in peril of damnation, acc. to Scripture (Matt. v. 22). Condensed construction: 'If—speak' (i.e. their speaking) is a kind of subject to 'would damn'. See introd. III. 31.

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon [1], this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb-wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe [2],
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Antonio. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear [3]. 110

Gratiano. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's [4] tongue dried. [*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Antonio. Is that anything now?

Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Antonio. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same 120
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bassanio. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something [5] showing a more swelling port [6]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd [7]
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal, 130
Hath left me gaged [8]. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still [9] do,
Within the eye of honour [10], be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions [11]. 140

Bassanio. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [12]
The self-same way with more advised [13] watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof [14],

[1] It is a stupid fish, snaps at any bait, and is not worth catching. [2] = More: originally distinguished, 'moe' being compar. of 'many', and 'more' of 'much'. [3] For this matter or affair in hand. [4] Ox or cow (OE. *neát*). [5] Somewhat. [6] Bearing. [7] Curtailed. [8] Engaged. [9] Cp. l. 17. [10] Within its range. [11] Needs. [12] Made for the same range. [13] Deliberate. Cp. II. i. 42, &c.; 'advice,' IV. ii. 6; and our 'unadvised'. [14] Experience. Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 21.

Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self[1] way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance[2];
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[3] unto it: therefore speak.
Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes[4] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia[5]:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.[6]
O my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift[7],
That I should questionless be fortunate.
Antonio. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present[8] sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Same, self-same. [2] Detail, circumlocution. [3] Ready (Fr. *prest*, older form of *prêt*). [4] Sometime, i. e. 'formerly'. Bassanio had been at Belmont before (I. ii. 121 f.). [5] See *J. C.* II. i, espec. ll. 292–5. [6] Jason was a Greek mythical hero, who sailed in his ship the *Argo* (whence 'Argonauts') to Colchis on the Black Sea in quest of a golden fleece that hung there on a tree watched by a dragon. [7] Thriving, success (from 'thrive'). [8] Immediate. Cp. 'presently', l. 184.

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean[1]: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer. 10

Portia. Good sentences[2] and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning[3] is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will[4] of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none? 29

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level[5] at my affection. 41

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a colt[6] indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then is there the County[7] Palatine. 48

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.'[8] He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher[9] when

[1] i. e. between two extremes: play on 'mean'. [2] Maxims (L. *sententiae*, whence 'sententious'). [3] Discourse, conversation. Cp. II. viii. 27. [4] Play on two senses of 'will'. [5] Aim, i. e. guess (from 'levelling' a gun). [6] Implying that he wants breaking in. [7] Count. [8] What? Expressed by a gesture, probably. [9] Heraclitus and Democritus were two old Greek philosophers; the first was called the weeping, the other the laughing philosopher.

he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon? 58

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the County Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him. 69

Nerissa. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear[1] that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet[2] in Italy, his round hose[3] in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where. 81

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish[4] lord, his neighbour?

Portia. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman[5] became his surety and sealed under[6] for another.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 90

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 100

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge. 106

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is[7], indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you

[1] You will bear me witness. [2] A sort of padded jacket. [3] A sort of trousers to the knee, very much puffed. [4] So in 1600 ed.: in ed. of 1623 altered to 'other' (lord)—to avoid giving offence at court. [5] The French constantly sided with the Scots against England. [6] Put his seal under the Scot's. [7] Cp. introd. III. 22.

with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition [1] depending on the caskets. 113

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla [2], I will die as chaste as Diana [3], unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant [4] them a fair departure. 120

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes: it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Nerissa. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 129

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?

Servant. The four [5] strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night. 137

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition [6] of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me [7] than wive me. 143

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Venice. A public Place.*

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats [8]; well?

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months; well?

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound; well?

Bassanio. May [9] you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

[1] Conditions imposed: no notion of fraud is implied. [2] The Sibyl or aged prophetess of Cumae in Italy, who conducted Aeneas to Hades. [3] The virgin huntress-goddess, daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and sister of Apollo. [4] So 1600 ed.: in ed. of 1623, &c., altered to 'I wish', because of an Act of 1606 forbidding the profane use of God's name on the stage. [5] An oversight for *six*. [6] Disposition. Cp. 'best-condition'd', III. ii. 294. [7] Be my confessor. [8] The Venetian (gold) ducat was worth 4*s.* 8*d.* in 1608. [9] = Can. Cp. III. ii. 163 *n.*

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis[1], another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto[2], he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered[3] abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves,—I mean pirates,—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into.[4] I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican[5] he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance[6] here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[7]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift[8],
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear?

Shylock. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To* ANTONIO.] Rest you fair,[9] good signior;

[1] Prob. the Syrian Tripolis. [2] Bridge of the Rialto, where merchants met. [3] Scattered. [4] Matt. viii. 32. [5] The *publicani* or tax-gatherers were hated and despised by the Pharisees. He hated Antonio's 'smugness' (III. i. 51). [6] Usury. [7] A phrase from wrestling. [8] Cp. I. i. 176, and ll. 90–1 below. [9] Cp. *As*, v. i. 65: 'God rest you merry' ('rest'='keep'). He pretends not to have seen Antonio till now.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,[1]
Yet, to supply the ripe wants[2] of my friend,
I'll break a custom. [*To* Bassanio.] Is he yet possess'd[3]
How much ye would?
Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Antonio. And for three months.
Shylock. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see. But hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Antonio. I do never use it.
Shylock. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,[4]—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor[5]: ay, he was the third,—
Antonio. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shylock. No; not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,[6]
That all the eanlings[7] that were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Antonio. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shylock. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Antonio. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose[8].
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shylock. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see, the rate—
Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding[9] to you?
Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance[10] is the badge of all our tribe.

[1] What is paid in excess of the principal, i. e. interest. [2] That require instant satisfaction. [3] Informed. Cp. iv. i. 35. [4] Gen. xxx. [5] Gen. xxvii. [6] Had come to terms. [7] Young lambs. [8] Cp. Matt. iv. 4, 6. [9] For 'beholden'. [10] Patience, endurance. So iii. i. 75.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine[1],
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends,—for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal[2] of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break,[3] thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit[4]
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Antonio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond[5]; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal[6] pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,

[1] A loose frock. [2] It was thought in most ages unnatural that money should beget money. [3] 'Who—break' is one idea, and 'who' has only half its work to do, i. e. it connects, but is not a subject. Cp. *H. V*, III. vi. 160, and introd. III. 26. [4] An old coin, worth half a farthing. [5] i. e. signed by Antonio alone, without sureties—an apparent generosity which left him more open to Shylock's revenge. [6] Exact.

And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Antonio. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shylock. O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others. Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs,[1] or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.[2]
Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful[3] guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.
Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Antonio. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his Followers;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and Others of her Train.*

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.[4]
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd[5] the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime

[1] Sheep, oxen (Fr. *moutons, bœufs*). [2] As for my love, do not wrong me by doubting it. [3] i. e. which makes me fear for it. [4] i. e. who is more martial. Cp. Chaucer's 'Mars the red'. [5] Frightened.

Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal[1] your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice[2] direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted[3] me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair[4]
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Morocco. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy[5], and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman[6],—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while[7]!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page[8]:
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
Portia. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.[9]
Morocco. Nor will not[10]: come, bring me unto my chance.
Portia. First, forward to the temple[11]: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Morocco. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st[12] among men! [*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts

[1] i. e. under disguise. [2] Fastidious. [3] Limited. Cp. III. ii. 112. [4] Play on 'fair'. Cp. I. 4. [5] Shah of Persia. [6] Solyman the Magnificent (1513-66). He was defeated in Persia in 1535. [7] 'The while' = this occasion. [8] Lichas was page to Hercules (called also Alcides). [9] Cp. I. i. 143. [10] i. e. speak to lady. Cp. introd. III. 30. [11] i. e. to swear. [12] Cp. introd. III. 12.

me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.'[1] Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: '*Via!*'[2] says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste[3];—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal[4], and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. 33

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gobbo. Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Launcelot. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind[5], high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's? 41

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's sonties[6], 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no? 49

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside.*]

[1] Cp. 'I scorn that with my heels' (*Much Ado*, III. iv. 51); here a play on two uses of heels—to run with and spurn with. [2] Ital. = 'away!' Cp. l. 69 *n.* [3] Milk burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and so acquiring a taste, was said to 'grow to'. [4] One of L.'s muddles, on which see III. v. 71 f. Cp. 'confusions', l. 39; 'frutify' (prob. for 'fructify' = bring forth fruit, i. e. expound), l. 147; 'impertinent,' l. 151, &c.; also his father's 'infection', l. 137; 'defect,' l. 157—all Latin forms. [5] Purblind; from OE. *sam* = L. *semi* = half, i. e. half-blind—but deriv. forgotten. So jest of 'high-gravel'. [6] Corrupted from 'saints' or 'sanctities'.

Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.[1] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.[2]

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Launcelot. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman,—according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning[3],—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post[4], a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me, is my boy,—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but, in the end, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got![5] thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse[6] has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

[1] Mock-magician's language. [2] With plenty of life left. [3] Play-house scraps. The 'Sisters Three' are the Fates. Cp. his meaningless *ergo* (therefore) and his *Via!* [4] Post to prop a hovel or shed. [5] L. on the stage has knelt with his back to his father, who cannot see it is not his son's beard, but his back hair he feels. [6] Shaft-horse.

Gobbo. Lord! how art thou changed. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now? 111

Launcelot. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest [1] to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 123

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the very furthest by five of the clock.[2] See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon[3] to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship! 130

Bassanio. Gramercy![4] wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,— 141

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins [5],—

Launcelot. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify [6] unto you,—

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,— 150

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both. What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir.

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, 160
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

[1] Phrase from card-play: to hold by one's cards, and back them; so, to take one's stand, resolve. [2] In Elizabethan England they dined about 11 a.m., and supped about 5 p.m. [3] Soon, presently. [4] Many thanks: from Fr. *grand merci.* [5] Familiar friends (lit. 'table-companions', from 'cater'). [6] Cp. 1. 28 *n.*

Launcelot. The old proverb [1] is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bassanio. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son. Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. [*To his followers.*] Give him a livery
More guarded [2] than his fellows': see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table [3] which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to; here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: a 'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in [4] for one man; and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear [5]. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and* Old GOBBO.

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Where is your master?
Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gratiano. Signior Bassanio!—
Bassanio. Gratiano!
Gratiano. I have a suit to you.
Bassanio. You have obtain'd it.
Gratiano. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bassanio. Why, then you must. But hear thee [6], Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice:
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal [7]. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

[1] i. e. 'God's grace is gear enough'. [2] Trimmed with 'guards' or facings. [3] Fortune-tellers' phrase for 'palm of the hand'. The sentence is corrupt. [4] In-coming (income). [5] Cp. I. i. 110. [6] 'Thee' by false analogy for 'thou'. Cp. 'hie thee', l. 188, which is correct. [7] Appear somewhat too free.

If I do not put on a sober habit[1],
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen;'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[2]
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bassanio. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Same. A Room in* Shylock's *House.*

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Launcelot. Adieu! tears exhibit[3] my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!
Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit* Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Salanio.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return

[1] Demeanour. [2] Show of 'sadness' or gravity. Cp. II. viii. 44.
[3] For 'inhibit'.

All in an hour.
Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.
Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of[1] torch-bearers.
Salanio. 'Tis vile[2], unless it may be quaintly[3] order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lorenzo. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Launcelot. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lorenzo. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gratiano. Love news, in faith.
Launcelot. By your leave, sir.
Lorenzo. Whither goest thou?
Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.
Lorenzo. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of[4] a torch-bearer.
Salarino. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salanio. And so will I.
Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salarino. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she[5] do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless[6] Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

[1] i.e. bespoken. 'Of' = about (cp. introd. III. 21). [2] 'Cheap', 'poor'; orig. sense, from L. *vilis*. Modern stronger sense in II. v. 30.
[3] Artfully, ingeniously (from OFr. *coint*, L. *cognitum*). Cp. III. iv. 69.
[4] Cp. introd. III. 21. [5] i.e. misfortune. [6] Unbelieving.

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot. Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jessica. Call you? What is your will?

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night[1].

Launcelot. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.[2]

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. And they have conspired together: I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday[3] last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shylock. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife[4],
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff[5] I swear
I have no mind of[6] feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

[1] i. e. last night. So Fr. *cette nuit.* Usual sense, l. 37. [2] L. blunders again. [3] Easter Monday: so called from the Easter Monday in 1360 when Edward III lay with his army before Paris, and many perished of cold. [4] Player on the fife; so 'trumpet' for trumpeter (*H. VI*, v. i. 16). 'Wry-necked' because 'he always looks away from his instrument'. [5] Gen xxxii. 10. [6] Cp. introd. III. 21.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this ; 41
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[1] [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring[2], ha?
Jessica. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.
Shylock. The patch[3] is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste 50
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
'Fast bind, fast find,'
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gratiano. This is the penthouse[4] under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.
Salarino. His hour is almost past.
Gratiano. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salarino. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons[5] fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged[6] faith unforfeited!
Gratiano. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread[7] again 10
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker[8] or a prodigal
The scarfed[9] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the wanton wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the wanton wind!
Salarino. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter. 20

[1] Pun on proverb 'worth a Jew's eye', i.e. precious. [2] That fool of an Ishmaelite. Cp. Gen. xvi. [3] Clown, from the patched or motley coat of the jester. [4] Shed attached to a building. [5] The doves that drew her chariot. Cp. *T.* IV. i. 94. [6] Pledged, bound. [7] Retrace. [8] From L.Germ. *jonkherr*, young gentleman. [9] i.e. with pennants flying.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode[1];
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;[2]
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jessica. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed,
For who[3] love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jessica. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lorenzo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jessica. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light[4].
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.
Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close[5] night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.*
Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lorenzo. Beshrew[6] me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

[1] Stay. Cp. 'out-dwells', l. 3. [2] The line wants a syllable—made up by pause before 'Approach'. [3] Cp. introd. III. 25. [4] For the pun cp. v. i. 129. [5] Secret. [6] Curse, plague upon (often playful).

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Who's there?
Gratiano. Signior Antonio!
Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently[1] will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gratiano. I am glad on't[2]: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and their Trains.*

Portia. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover[3]
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Morocco. The first, of gold, which this inscription bears:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal[4].
Morocco. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see:
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give: For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

[1] Cp. I. i. 184. [2] 'On' and 'of' often interchanged. [3] Disclose. [4] Generally means 'with', always following the case it governs, e. g. III. i. 30; sometimes adverbial, including the pronoun governed, as here = 'together with that', 'therewith'.

And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling[1] of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing[2] saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts[3] and the vasty[4] wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it[5] were too gross
To rib[6] her cerecloth[7] in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?[8]
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel[9]
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon[10];
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death,[11] within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

[1] Depreciating. [2] For these double-epithets cp. introd. III. 6. [3] The wide tiger-infested district S. of the Caspian Sea. [4] = 'vast and desolate'. Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 105. [5] i. e. lead. [6] Enclose, as with ribs. [7] A waxed cloth, used in embalming (from L. *cera*, wax); so, winding-sheet. [8] Silver was then one-tenth the value of gold. [9] So called from figure of St. Michael piercing the dragon stamped on one side. [10] Adverbial, = on the surface. [11] i. e. a fleshless skull. For 'carrion' cp. North's Plutarch (*Jul. Caes.*): 'These pale-visaged and carrion lean people.'

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.[1]

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part[2].

[*Exit with his Train. Flourish of Cornets.*

Portia. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains: go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter Salarino *and* Salanio.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salanio. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd[3] with a Frenchman yesterday,

[1] i. e. in its reception. [2] Depart. Cp. *H. V*, II. iii. 12. [3] Conversed. Cp. I. ii. 23.

Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English,—there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salanio. You were best[1] to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd 'Do not so;
Slubber[2] not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping[3] of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love[4]:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents[5] of love
As shall conveniently[6] become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible[7]
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salanio. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness[8]
With some delight or other.
Salarino. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servitor.

Nerissa. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight[9]:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election[10] presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

[1] Cp. introd. III. 23. [2] Slur over; also, sully. Cp. 'slobber'. [3] Cp. *As*, II. vii. 26. [4] i. e. made up of love: stronger than 'loving'. [5] Shows, demonstrations. Cp. II. ii. 211. [6] Suitably: orig. sense (from L. *convenire*, to suit). [7] Feeling. We are still 'sensible' of a favour. Cp. introd. III. 3. [8] The melancholy he clings to. [9] Straightway. So l. 6. [10] Choice.

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon. And so have I address'd me[1]. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By[2] the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond[3] eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet[4],
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with[5] common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd[6] by the merit of the wearer.
How many then should cover[7] that stand bare;
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[1] Set myself. [2] Meant to apply to. [3] Foolish. [4] Dim. of 'martin'. [5] Be of one mind with. [6] Gained, acquired: orig. sense, from Fr. *pourchasser*. Cp. *As*, III. ii. 360; *H. V*, III. ii. 46 &c. It = buy, in III. ii. 89, &c.; and this sense is alluded to here. [7] Keep on their hats—as equals or superiors.

Arragon. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Portia. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Arragon. What is here?

> The fire seven times tried this:
> Seven times tried that judgment is
> That did never choose amiss.
> Some there be that shadows kiss;
> Such have but a shadow's bliss:
> There be fools alive, Iwis,[1]
> Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
> Take what wife you will to bed,
> I will ever be your head:
> So be gone, sir: you are sped.[2]

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth[3].

[*Exit* ARRAGON *with his Train.*

Portia. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy:
'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.'
Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Where is my lady?
Portia. Here; what would my lord?[4]
Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible[5] regreets[6],
To wit,—besides commends and courteous breath[7],
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

[1] Certainly (OE. *gewis*, ME. *iwis*). [2] Your case is decided.
[3] Ruth, misery. [4] Portia mocks the servant's high style.
[5] Appreciable by the senses, i. e. substantial. Cp. introd. III. 3.
[6] Greetings. [7] Cp. v. i. 141.

Portia. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day[1] wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100
Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word. 8
Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped[2] ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!— 16
Salarino. Come, the full stop.
Salanio. Ha! what sayst thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses. 21
Salanio. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?
Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight. 28
Salarino. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal[3].
Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion[4] of them all to leave the dam.
Shylock. She is damned for it.
Salarino. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.
Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!
Salanio. Out upon it, old carrion![5] rebels it at these years?
Shylock. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood. 41
Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than

[1] So 'holiday' elsewhere, opp. to 'workaday'. [2] Gnawed, nibbled. [3] Cp. II. vii. 12 *n.* [4] Temperament, disposition. Used in modern sense, I. ii. 141. [5] Cp. II. vii. 63 *n.*

there is between red wine and Rhenish[1]. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 47

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for? 56

Shylock. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?[2] fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance[3] be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both. 80

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* Salanio, Salarino, *and* Servant.

Shylock. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 89

Shylock. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No

[1] Which is white. [2] 'Affections' are the emotions or impulses we receive through the senses; 'passions' our more permanent emotional states. Cp. espec. IV. i. 50–2. [3] Cp. I. iii. 111.

news of them? Why, so:[1] and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding. 104

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true? 111

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha, ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats! 120

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. 131

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality[2].
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two

[1] Shylock calculates his losses. [2] Sort, style.

Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked[1] me and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own. I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O! these naughty[2] times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours[3], not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peise[4] the time,
To eke[5] it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.
Bassanio. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love[6]:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.
Bassanio. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Portia. Well then, confess, and live.
Bassanio. 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Portia. Away then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end[7],
Fading[8] in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish[9] when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

[1] Fascinated, bewitched. [2] Worthless, wicked. Cp. III. iii. 9, and v. i. 91. [3] Scan as two syllables. [4] Poise, suspend (Fr. *peser*). [5] Increase. [6] i. e. 'that I shall not enjoy it'. Cp. v. i. 306–7. [7] Swans were thought to sing in death. [8] Cp. *T.* I. ii. 397. [9] Of trumpets.

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides[1], when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou,[2] I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*A Song, whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy[3] bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bassanio. So may the outward shows be least themselves.[4]
The world is still[5] deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple[6] but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his[7] outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk[8];
And these assume but valour's excrement[9]
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest[10] that wear most of it:

[1] Hercules (Alcides, see II. i. 32 *n.*) rescued Hesione, Laomedon's daughter, offered on behalf of Troy to appease the sea-monster. 'Dardanian' = Trojan. [2] = If thou live. Cp. introd. iii. 24. [3] Love. [4] i. e. the things themselves. [5] Cp. I. i. 17. [6] Play on two senses, (1) unadulterated, (2) humbly born, opp. to 'gentle'—whence heraldic ref. in l. 82. [7] = 'its', which had only lately come in. 'His' was the old genitive of 'it'. [8] Cp. II. i. 7 *n.*; 'white-livered' = cowardly. [9] Used of hair, which 'grows out' of the body (L. *ex, crescere*). Cp. *Ham.* III. iv. 121. [10] Play on 'light'.

So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed[1] fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.[2]
Thus ornament is but the guiled[3] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty[4]; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas,[5] I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness[6] moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!
Portia. [*Aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy: scant[7] this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bassanio. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit[8]! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd[9]; yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent[10] and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.

[1] Fictitious. [2] He speaks of false hair. [3] Full of guile. On these adjs. in -ed see introd. iii. 4. [4] i. e. she turns out to be a woman of colour. [5] Midas prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold; and in consequence got nothing but gold to eat. [6] Emphasize 'thy': opp. to l. 103. [7] Cp. II. i. 17 *n.* [8] Likeness. [9] i. e. without its fellow eye. [10] That which contains.

If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,[1]
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings[2], friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross[3],
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can[4] learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke

[1] i. e. contest for a prize. [2] Properties. [3] In lump sum.
[4] = 'Has the knowledge or skill to', distd. from 'may' of l. 162 = 'has it in her power to' (modern 'can'): the orig. distinction. Cp. for this use of 'can', *Ham.* IV. vii. 84, *T.* IV. i. 57; for 'may', I. iii. 7, *M.N.D.* V. i. 2.

By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me[1]:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain[2] of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bassanio. With all my heart, so[3] thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd, for intermission[4]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there.
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gratiano. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALANIO.

Bassanio. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very[5] friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lorenzo. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,

[1] Play on 'from': (1) = 'given by', and (2) = 'away from'. [2] Contract. [3] Provided that. [4] Delay. [5] True, genuine.

My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Salanio. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him[1] to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Salanio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will show you his estate[2].
Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer[3] yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio. What 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant[4], good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.[5]
Salanio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd[6] contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant[7] man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,[8]
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bassanio. O sweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state[9] was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere[10] enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

[1] i. e. himself. [2] State, condition. In l. 260 'state' = our sense of 'estate'. [3] i. e. show her good cheer. [4] Cp. IV. i. 29 *n.* [5] Cp. I. i. 173 *n.* [6] Bitter, painful (lit. 'accursed'. Cp. II. vi. 52). [7] Steady-minded. [8] Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 267 f. [9] Cp. l. 237 *n.* above. [10] Absolute, entire: orig. sense (L. *merus*, pure, unmixed).

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Salanio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound[1] a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,[2]
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes[3]
Of greatest port[4], have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious[5] plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jessica. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit[6]
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Portia. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bassanio. For me, three thousand ducats.
Portia. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface[7] the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime

[1] Overthrow, destroy. [2] Cp. III. iii. 26–31, IV. i. 39. Shylock is said to threaten an action for the annulling of the charter on which the city's judicial freedom depended. But Venice did not depend on a charter, like London: it was an independent state. [3] Grandees. [4] Rank or importance. In I. i. 125 = carriage or deportment. [5] Malicious. Cp. IV. i. 10 ('envy' = malice). [6] Cp. II. i. 46, and introd. III. 11. [7] Efface, cancel.

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer[1];
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,[2] if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter. 323

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty[3] gaoler, that thou art so fond[4]
To come abroad with him at his request. 10
Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shylock. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept[5] with men.
Antonio. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salarino. I am sure the duke

[1] Expression, countenance. [2] Conversational inaccuracy. [3] Cp. III. ii. 18. [4] Cp. II. ix. 27. [5] Dwelt.

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity [1] that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated [2] me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Belmont. A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit [3]
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you [4].
Portia. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not [5] now: for in companions
That do converse and waste [6] the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul [7]
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry [8] and manage [9] of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,

[1] Facilities (for obtaining justice, &c.). [2] Reduced (from 'abated'). [3] Cp. I. i. 92. [4] Than ordinary kindness can force you to be. [5] Cp. II. i. 43, IV. i. 59, &c. [6] Consume, spend. Cp. 'a merrier hour was never wasted there' (*M. N. D.* II. i. 57). [7] i.e. Antonio, who is 'like' her lord. [8] Economy: orig. sense. [9] Management, control.

Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition[1],
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Portia. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.
Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed[2]
Unto the traject[3], to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balthazar. Madam, I go with all convenient[4] speed. [*Exit.*
Portia. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Nerissa. Shall they see us?
Portia. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished[5]
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice[6], and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint[7] lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:

[1] Refuse this task imposed. [2] The speed of imagination. Cp. *H. V*, III. Chor. 1. [3] Ferry, from Ital. *traghetto*, Fr. *trajet*. [4] Suitable. Cp. II. viii. 45. [5] Completely furnished. Cp. *H. V*, IV. Chor. 12. [6] i.e. shrilly. [7] Foppish. Cp. II. iv. 6 *n*.

I could not do withal;[1] then I'll repent.
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks[2],
Which I will practise.
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The Same. A Garden.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Launcelot. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you[3]. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation[4] of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jessica. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us,[3] Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out[5]. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork

Lorenzo. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

[1] I could not help it. [2] Common term of contempt. Cp. 'boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks' (*M. Ado*, v. i. 91). [3] = fear for you. So. l. 32. Cp. 'fearful', I. iii. 176. [4] Prob. for 'cogitation'. [5] Not friends.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.
Lorenzo. Will you cover,[1] then, sir?
Launcelot. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.
Lorenzo. Yet more quarrelling with occasion![2] Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.
Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*
Lorenzo. O dear discretion[3], how his words are suited[4]!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many[5] fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou,[6] Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it[7], then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lorenzo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jessica. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lorenzo. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.
Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach[8].
Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jessica. Well, I'll set you forth[9]. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Play on two senses: (1) lay covers on table, (2) put on one's hat. [2] i. e. 'defying the matter' (l. 76) for the sake of a quibble. [3] Discrimination: the quality Launcelot most lacked. [4] Arrayed. [5] We still say 'a few'. [6] What cheer are you in? Cp. III. ii. 238. [7] i. e. an upright life. 'Mean' = intend, aim at. [8] Appetite. [9] Describe you: with ref. also to setting forth a dish on table.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE: *the* Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and Others.*

Duke. What[1], is Antonio here?
Antonio. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Antonio. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify[2]
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's[3] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salarino. He 's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse[4] more strange
Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty;
And where[5] thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety[6] of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant[7] down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

[1] Like 'now', 'well.' Cp. ll. 46, 111. [2] Modify. [3] Malice. Cp. III. ii. 283. So l. 126. [4] Relenting, compassion (*before* the act). Cp. *M.* I. v. 45. [5] Whereas. So 'whereas' sometimes for 'where'. [6] Portion: strictly 'half' (Fr. *moitié*); in another play used of a third part (1 *H. IV*, III. i. 97). We often misuse it in the same way. [7] As we say, a merchant-prince. Cp. III. ii. 240.

Shylock. I have possess'd[1] your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.[2]
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humour[3]: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned[4]? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig[5];
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their anger: for affection,
Mistress of passion,[6] sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a wauling bagpipe; but of force[7]
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd[8] hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit[9] against him. Are you answer'd?
Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bassanio. Every offence[10] is not a hate at first.
Shylock. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Antonio. I pray you, think you question[11] with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood[12] bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise[13]

[1] Cp. I. iii. 65. [2] Cp. III. ii. 279 *n.* [3] Temperament or constitution, by which we are born with certain likings and antipathies. He gives examples. [4] Poisoned. Cp. 'rat's-bane'. [5] A boar's head is still in some places brought to table at Christmas, with a lemon in its open mouth. [6] Cp. III. i. 65 *n.* [7] Perforce. [8] Settled. [9] i. e. by which I get back none of my money. [10] i. e. offence taken—the *feeling* of injury. Shylock takes it of the injury itself. Cp. l. 58. [11] Remember you argue. Cp. ll. 73, 172. [12] i. e. the ocean. Cp. v. i. 97. [13] Double negat., giving emphasis.

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency[1],
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts[2],
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer:
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power[3] I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salarino. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presents a letter*

[1] The brevity and plainness suitable to the occasion. Cp. II. viii. 45.
[2] Functions, offices. [3] On my authority.

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? 121
Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul[1], harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's[2] axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable[3] dog!
And for thy life[4] let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith 130
To hold opinion with Pythagoras[5],
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter[6],
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: 140
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart: some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 149

Clerk. Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack[7] a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose[8] trial shall better publish his commendation. 166

[1] Cp. *J. C.* I. i. 15. [2] In general sense, for 'executioner'. [3] Explained = 'that cannot be execrated enough' (cp. 'invaluable'). But 'inexorable' of Third Folio is more probable reading. [4] For letting you live. [5] The Greek philosopher of latter half of sixth century B.C., who taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls. [6] For a long time, on the Continent, animals could be tried and punished for offences. The practice derived from the Mosaic law (see Exodus xxi). [7] = so as to let him lack. [8] Antec. 'him'.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Portia. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.[1]
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question[2] in the court?
Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.
Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.[3]
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger,[4] do you not?
Antonio. Ay, so he says.
Portia. Do you confess the bond?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,[5]
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render[6]
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

[1] i. e. as judge (not as advocate). Cp. ll. 106, 301. [2] Discussion, argument. Cp. ll. 70, 347. [3] So according to form that no legal objection can be made to your procedure. [4] Technical phrase meaning 'to be under some one's jurisdiction', and then, as here, 'to be liable to a claim from him' (from L.Lat. *dominium*). [5] i.e. it knows nothing of compulsion. [6] i.e. to give, as due (L. *reddere*).

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment![1] yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.
Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Portia. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Portia. For, the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation[2] to the penalty,

[1] Ref. to a story in the Apocrypha of the boy Daniel clearing a woman of an unjust charge. [2] Is fully applicable; i. e. the law is plainly intended to cover exaction of any penalty which is clearly laid down, as here, in the bond.

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shylock. 'Tis very true! O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder[1] art thou than thy looks!
Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shylock. Ay, 'his breast':
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart': those are the very words.
Portia. It is so. Are there balance[2] here to weigh
The flesh?
Shylock. I have them ready.
Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge[3],
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Portia. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shylock. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Portia. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Antonio. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use[4]
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me[5] fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love[6].
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which[7] is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

[1] Cp. introd. III. 11. [2] Cp. introd. III. 22. [3] At your expense. [4] Constantly her custom. Cp. 'use and wont'. [5] i. e. *of* me. Generally *to* in this phrase. [6] i.e. lover, used of a friend, as in III. iv. 17. [7] Cp. introd. III. 19.

Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shylock. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas[1]
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shylock. Most rightful judge!
Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shylock. Most learned judge! A sentence! come, prepare!
Portia. Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gratiano. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gratiano. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shylock. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bassanio. Here is the money.
Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just[2] pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,[3] nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair[4],
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.[5]
Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

[1] The prisoner released instead of Christ (Matt. xxvii). [2] Exact.
[3] In the gross amount of one scruple, or its twentieth fraction (i.e. a grain). [4] In what could be estimated a hair's-weight. [5] Cp. I. iii. 47.

Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.[1]
Portia. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.
Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.[2]
Portia. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.[3]
Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Antonio. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,[4]
I am content; so he will let me have

[1] Wait for no more discussion. Cp. l. 172 *n.* [2] If you submit humbly, it may be commuted to a fine. [3] i. e. the state's half, not Antonio's, may be so commuted. [4] To match the Duke's generosity in commuting the one half to a fine.

The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shylock. I am content.
Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shylock. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[1]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Portia. I humbly do desire your Grace of[2] pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify[3] this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and Train.*
Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,[4]
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope[5] your courteous pains withal.
Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bassanio. Dear sir, of force[6] I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

[1] To make up the twelve jurymen: a home touch, like III. iii. 279 and IV. i. 39. [2] Cp. introd. III. 21. [3] Recompense, by thanks and reward. Cp. 'to gratify his noble service' (*Cor.* II. ii. 44). [4] In return for which. [5] Requite. Cp. 'recoup'. [6] Cp. l. 56.

[*To* ANTONIO.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
[*To* BASSANIO] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir? alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should never sell nor give nor lose it.

Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Antonio. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment[1].

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice[1]
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

[1] Spelt 'commandement' in early editions, and to be pronounced as a quadrisyllable. [2] Consideration. Cp. I. i. 143.

Portia. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully;
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gratiano. That will I do.
Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to* PORTIA.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Portia. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing[1]
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. The Avenue to* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus[2] methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbe[3] fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Stood Dido[4] with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft[5] her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jessica. In such a night
Medea[6] gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

[1] 'Old' is familiar, as we talk of 'high old time'. Cp. *M.* II. iii. 2. [2] A prince of Troy, deserted by his sweetheart Cressida, who left the town and went to its besiegers, the Greeks. Shakespeare had been reading Chaucer. [3] The love-story of Pyramus and Thisbe comes in Ovid (*Meta.* iv. 55 f.). Cp. the farcical version in *M. N. D.* v. i. [4] Dido, queen of Carthage, deserted by Aeneas, who sailed on to Italy (Verg. *Aen.* iv). [5] Past tense of 'waft' = wave, as in 'Who wafts us yonder?' (*C. of E.* II. ii. 113). [6] The witch princess, wife of Jason of the *Argo*. She renewed the youth of Aeson, Jason's grandfather.

Jessica. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jessica. I would out-night[1] you, did no body come;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Stephano. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
Stephano. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lorenzo. Who comes with her?
Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lorenzo. Who calls?
Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!
Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man; here.
Launcelot. Sola! where? where?
Lorenzo. Here.
Launcelot. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano[2], signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in[3] our ears: soft stillness and the night

[1] Ref. to refrain 'In such a night'. [2] 'Stephăno' here (and so prob. l. 28) is wrong; correctly 'Stéphăno' in *Tempest*. [3] For 'into'. Cp. II. viii. 42, &c., and our 'fall in love'.

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[1] of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana[2] with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race[3] of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet-sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,[4]
You shall perceive them make a mutual[5] stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus[6] drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils[7];
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections[8] dark as Erebus[9]:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

[1] Small plates of metal. [2] The moon, now behind a cloud. Cp. ll. 109, 110. Diana was goddess of the moon by night, and of hunting by day. [3] Stud. [4] Cp. *T.* IV. i. 176 f. [5] Common. Properly of something common to two. [6] The legendary Greek musician, husband of Eurydice. The 'poet' is either Ovid (*Meta.* x, xi) or Vergil (*Georg.* iv). Cp. 'Orpheus with his lute made trees | And the mountain tops that freeze | Bow themselves when he did sing' (*H. VIII*, III. i. 3). [7] Acts of spoiling or rapine. For the doctrine cp. *J. C.* I. ii. 200 f. [8] Cp. III. i. 64. [9] The dark under-world.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute[1] shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.[2] Music! hark!
Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect[3]:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended[4], and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion[5],
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Portia. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.
Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Portia. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket*[6] *sounds.*
Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,[7]
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;[8]
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

[1] Deputy. [2] Cp. IV. i. 72. [3] Without reference to circumstances. [4] Attended to. [5] The shepherd of Mt. Latmos, whom she loved. [6] A set of notes on a trumpet (Ital. *toccata*). Cp. *H. V*, IV. ii. 35. [7] i. e. have daylight at night. [8] Cp. II. vi. 42.

Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.[1]
Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk . . .
Portia. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesy[2] was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave[3] me not.'
Nerissa. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective[4] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed[5] boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk.
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Portia. You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters[6]. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bassanio. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best[7] to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

[1] Cp. II. ix. 90. [2] 'Poésy' (shortened form, 'posy', l. 151), from L. *poēsis*, poetry: used of the mottoes often written on rings, swords, knives, &c.—'cutlers' poetry.' [3] Almost = part with. Cp. l. 172. [4] Regardful. Cp. I. i. 74 ('respect' = regard, consideration). [5] Stunted, like scrub or brushwood. [6] Is master of, possesses. Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 137. [7] Cp. introd. III. 23.

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me.
Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[1] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?[2]
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,[3]
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,[4]
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;

[1] Hold, keep where it was. [2] Would have had so little modesty as to press for a thing you held as a sacred token. For 'ceremony' in this sense cp. *J. C.* I. i. 69. [3] Doctor of civil law. [4] Cp. *M.* II. i. 5.

I'll not deny him anything I have.
Nerissa. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gratiano. Well, do you so: let me not take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth[1],
Which,[2] but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly[3].
Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Antonio. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bassanio. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!
Portia. I had it of him. . . . You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Antonio. I am dumb.
Bassanio. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.[4]
Portia. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Nerissa. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

[1] Weal, welfare. [2] i.e. my body. [3] Deliberately. [4] Cp. I. i. 19.

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full.[1] Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories[2],
And we will answer all things faithfully. 299
Gratiano. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing 306
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

[1] i.e. feel insufficiently informed. [2] Interrogatories: questions a witness answered under oath—a term from the Court of Queen's Bench.

AS YOU LIKE IT

PREFACE

Source of the Play: Lodge's *Rosalynde.—As You Like It* may be briefly described as a dramatic version of Thomas Lodge's novel, *Rosalynde*, with additions. When the play was produced, in 1600, Lodge's novel had been out just ten years. It had been a popular success, and was probably well known to many who heard the play. The public of those days was much like our own. Any story that had pleased it in one form was sure to please it in another; and in the general insecurity of literary property any such story was regarded as fair game for a dramatist in search of a plot. Shakespeare took everything from *Rosalynde* that a dramatist could take.

The full title of Lodge's novel reveals its ancestry: 'Rosalynde. Euphues golden legacie, found after his death in his cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes, nursed up with their father in England. *Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*' It is one of a large number of romances written in imitation of John Lyly's *Euphues* (1579–80), the smart book of its day and the model of a new kind of fashionable English. Of these romances *Rosalynde* is among the best. It was composed, the author tells us, at sea, and for a pastoral romance is boisterously introduced. We must either like it or be thrashed. 'To be briefe, gentlemen', says this literary corsair,

'roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storm. If you like it,[1] so; and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus or any squinteied asse, . . . if he come abord our barke to find fault with the tackling, when hee knows not the shrowds, Ile down into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either well bebast him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to

[1] These words, 'If you like it', may have suggested the title of the play,

feed cods. But curteous gentlemen, that favour most, backbite none, and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome; Ile into the stewards roome, and fetch them a kanne of our best bevradge. Well, gentlemen, you have Euphues Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it: censure with favour, and farewell.—Yours, T. L.'

Any one who reads the story thus emphatically presented must be struck to find how closely Shakespeare has followed it. On this account alone it is worth looking at; but it may be enjoyed, also, without reference to Shakespeare.

Construction and Design.—Shakespeare's method was simple. He put the novel in front of him and worked straight through it, dramatizing as he went. This was the method he had learned in his apprenticeship, when he worked with Holinshed at his elbow; and he stuck to it, not because it was the best method, but because it was the easiest.

It would be a good lesson in the different nature of narrative and drama to follow him in his progress: through the first Act, for instance, which is as instructive as any. It is observable that while everything of importance in this part of the novel is done by description and soliloquy, everything of importance in the play is done by dialogue. In the novel it is Lodge himself who tells us about the usurper's Court and the bargain with the wrestler; in the play the wrestler is brought expressly to Oliver's house to make the bargain in our hearing, and to answer for our benefit such questions about the new Court as Oliver may ask. In the wrestling match what is done in the novel by eyes and messengers is done in the play by direct word of mouth. Lodge's Rosalind has no speech with Orlando. She only looks approval, and does not give but sends her chain. Orlando, nevertheless, very coolly calling for pen and ink, turns off straightway a sonnet to her eyebrow. This, one feels, is more brisk than natural. The Orlando and Rosalind of the play are more like young lovers. Orlando is dumb when Rosalind calls; and we have all the fruits of the long and learned soliloquy which she conducts with herself in the novel in that one break of her voice when she turns back to speak: 'Did you call, sir?' (I. ii. 270).

It was a fine idea of Shakespeare's to open his second Act upon the exiled Court, and to give us at our first entrance to it the true spirit of the forest. Lodge missed an opportunity when he left his exiles to themselves. He did not see, as Shakespeare saw, that the philosophy of Arden was not to be gathered from the fancies of lovers and the maxims of shepherds. In the novel it is Coridon (Corin) who introduces us to the forest; in Shakespeare it is the duke and Amiens (II. i. 1; II. v), with a speech and a song worth a hundred pastorals. The spirit of Robin Hood rules in Shakespeare's Arden; and the faithful Corin and love-sick Silvius speak only for the skirts of it where they keep their sheep.

The other danger, of sentimentalism, Shakespeare met in his usual way. Touchstone and Jaques are his deliberately invented and appointed agents to prick false sentiment wherever it may appear. Jaques is the parodist of the foresters as Touchstone is the parodist of the lovers and shepherds; and it is amusing to observe how soon they come together (II. vii).

Jaques is the character whom we name with Rosalind as making the play most memorable. He has deeper methods than Touchstone, and cuts at the very root of the Arcadian philosophy. It was the fashion of the Arcadianists to fancy nature a free republic, and to talk of wild animals as the citizens of nature. Jaques makes savage use of the figure (II. i. 25 f.). All nature, to his eyes, is infected. The woods and fields are as full of cruelties as courts and cities. Then why pretend to felicity? Why play at Arcadia? The idealism of love finds him equally impatient. Of the love-affairs then thriving so plentifully in the forest there is only one in which he takes an interest. He does everything he can for Touchstone and Audrey, because he sees in this courtship the finest parody of all. In the end, since the play is comedy and the game is with the young, it is idealism which wins and cynicism which loses. But Jaques, to the last, is loftily consistent.

Rosalind and Orlando need, perhaps, no commentary. Rosalind is the very type of Shakespeare's witty young women, and Orlando of Shakespeare's handsome and amiable young men. Rosalind leads everything, and there is nothing which

Orlando will not concede. The Rosalind of the novel is much less witty, and (when she forgets to talk Euphuism) rather more girlish. Lodge's Orlando, while equally good natured, has more, perhaps, of the grossness of ordinary man.

The only weakness of *As You Like It* is due to the natural indifference of the dramatist to some of his borrowed characters. Shakespeare was not interested in Phebe, and the Phebe episodes are flat. He was bored by Oliver, and the affair of Oliver and Celia is unconvincing. Oliver's smug tale of conversion, 'Twas I; but 'tis not I' (IV. iii. 137), is not well prepared for by the last words we had heard from him: 'I never lov'd my brother in my life' (III. i. 14). Lodge takes some trouble over it; Shakespeare, in a kind of disdain, takes none. We are only assured (and with this we must be content) that Celia was satisfied.

DATE OF COMPOSITION.—In August 1600 *As You Like It* was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, along with three other plays, with an injunction staying publication. In some form or other, therefore, the play was in existence in 1600.

In III. v. 81–2 a couplet is quoted from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem written about 1592, but unpublished until the year 1598. Shakespeare, no doubt, may have seen it in manuscript. But there is an air about the reference to the 'dead shepherd' which suggests that the poem was publicly known.

We infer that *As You Like It* was written not later than 1600, and probably not earlier than 1598; and this inference is partly confirmed by Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury*, a book published in the latter half of 1598, which contains a list of Shakespeare's plays to that date. *As You Like It* is not among them.

The three other plays which were entered on the Register in August 1600, two of them by Shakespeare (*Henry V* and *Much Ado*), were all entered again before the end of the month and soon afterwards published. Of *As You Like It*, on the other hand, there is no further mention in the Register, nor do we know that it was ever printed before it appeared in the collected edition of 1623.

We conjecture that of the three Shakespeare plays entered in 1600, *As You Like It* was least ripe for the press: in other words, that it was probably composed about 1600.

The Text.—*As You Like It* was first printed in the edition of 1623, commonly known as the First Folio, which is therefore the only authority for the text. The text is excellent, and could not easily be improved. The slips which occur here and there ('taller' for 'smaller' or something of the sort in I. ii. 289; 'Juno' for 'Venus' in I. iii. 78; 'fair ones' for 'fair one' in IV. iii. 77; 'an hour' for 'two hours' in IV. iii. 102, &c.) are trifling and explainable. In v. iv. 158, it may be remarked, the Folio editors did their best to take their author out of a confusion by printing, on the entrance of Jaques de Boys, the direction 'Enter Second Brother'.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.
AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the
JAQUES, } banished Duke.
LE BEAU, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, } Sons of Sir Rowland de
JAQUES, } Boys.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, } Shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*First,* OLIVER'S *Orchard near his House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns,[1] and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well[2]: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit[3]: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage[4], and to that end riders dearly hired:[5] but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance[6] seems to take from me: he lets me feed

[1] i. e. a poor thousand crowns. Cp. introd. III. 28. [2] It was charged upon him, as a condition of his father's blessing, to bring me up well. For the construction see introd. III. 31. [3] There are golden reports of his proficiency. [4] i. e. are broken in and taught their paces. For 'manage' (Fr. *manège*) cp. *R. II*, III. iii. 179. [5] For the construction cp. introd. III. 27. [6] His way of regarding me.

with his hinds[1], bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[2] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?[3]

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry[4], sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[5]

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?[6]

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood,[7] you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[8]

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[9]

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orlando. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you

[1] Farm hands. [2] Undermines. [3] What do you here? [4] A common oath, on the name of the Virgin Mary. It keeps the pun going ('mar', 'make', 'Marry'). [5] Efface yourself. [6] Alluding to the Prodigal Son (Luke xv). [7] i. e. we two being of the same gentle blood. [8] The reverence due to my father descends more immediately to you, as the first-born. [9] Too impulsive. Oliver had offered to strike Orlando, who seizes him by the throat.

have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery[1] my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me?[2] I will physic your rankness[3], and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many[4] merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen

[1] Allotment. [2] Encroach upon me. So *J. C.* II. i. 107. [3] i. e. rankness of growth, his insolent exuberance. [4] We still say 'a few'.

flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[1] 127

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him[2] as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal[3], that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 144

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver[4] against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,[5] he will practise[6] against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 167

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again,[7] I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he.[8] Yet he 's gentle[9], never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device[10], of all sorts enchantingly beloved[11], and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised[12]. But it shall not be so long;

[1] In the Golden Age, which the ancients fabled to have been the first and best age of the world. 'Fleet' is 'to make pass fleetly'. [2] Throw him: a wrestling term. [3] Therewith. Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 12. [4] Plotter. [5] Win grace or honour from his contest with thee. [6] Plot. [7] i. e. walk without assistance. [8] 'He' for 'him': conversational inaccuracy. [9] A gentleman. [10] Noble aims. [11] Beloved by all classes as if he had enchanted them. [12] Slighted (O.Fr. *mespriser*, mod. *mépriser*). Dist. 'misprised' = mistaken, in *M. N. D.* III. ii. 74, &c.

this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. 182

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,[1] be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours. 17

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I[2], nor none is like to have[3]; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love? 28

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.[4] 33

Rosalind. What shall be our sport then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.[5] 40

Celia. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest[6], and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us

[1] My sweet cousin. The order is traditional. [2] Cp. I. i. 175 *n.*
[3] Nor is likely to have any: double negative for emphasis, as in l. 31, &c.
[4] Come out of it safely and honourably, at the expense of an innocent blush. [5] For blind Fortune and her wheel cp. *H. V*, III. vi. 31–40.
[6] Virtuous.

wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 51

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural[1] the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?[2] 61

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 73

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 79

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Celia. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves. 89

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation[3] one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced,[4] the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then we shall be news-cramm'd. 102

Celia. All the better; we shall be more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! Of what colour[5]?

[1] A 'natural' is an idiot. [2] Variation on 'Wit, whither wilt?' of IV. i. 174: a proverbial expression. [3] Censuring, satire: fr. 'tax' = to censure (II. vii. 71, &c.). [4] Professional fools were going out. [5] i. e. nature. So III. ii. 441.

Le Beau. What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?
Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.
Touchstone. Or as the Destinies decree.
Celia. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.
Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—
Rosalind. Thou losest thy old smell.[1]
Le Beau. You amaze[2] me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.
Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 119
Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.
Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.
Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—
Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.
Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence,— 131
Rosalind. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'[3]
Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole[4] over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 141
Rosalind. Alas!
Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?
Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.
Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.
Celia. Or I, I promise thee. 149
Rosalind. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?
Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.
Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 161
Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

[1] 'Rank' suggested 'rank smell'. [2] Bewilder. The word had a stronger meaning then than now. [3] She plays on two meanings: (1) with bills or halberds on their shoulders; (2) with bills or labels round their necks. Also on 'presence' and 'presents'. 'Be it known,' &c., was the usual beginning of proclamations. [4] Lamentation.

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully [1].

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave. 169

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man [2]: in pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so: I'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess [3] call for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 181

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 192

Rosalind. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised [4]. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 196

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious [5]; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only [6] in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 208

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? 216

Orlando. Ready, sir.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall. 219

Charles. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

[1] Like one who will succeed. [2] i. e. in favour of Charles. [3] Plural, for 'princesses'. Cp. introd. III. 9. Orlando understands him to mean both. [4] Cp. I. i. 180 *n.* [5] Never in the world's good graces. [6] For the position of 'only' cp. introd. III. 29.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.[1]

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Rosalind. O excellent young man! 229

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? [CHARLES *is borne out.*

Orlando. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. 240

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still[2] mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling[3], 250
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties[4],
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Celia. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart[5]. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love 260
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,[6]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

[1] A common phrase = come along. [2] Constantly. [3] Name.
[4] Added tears to my entreaties. [5] Stabs me in the heart. [6] Either (1) turned out of Fortune's service, stripped of her suit or livery; or (2) one to whose suit Fortune will not listen.

Celia. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain[1], a mere lifeless block.
Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Celia. Will you go, coz?
Rosalind. Have with you[2]. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.[3]

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition[4]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous[5]: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orlando. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:
But yet, indeed the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother[6];

[1] 'A tout post or plank, or some object mounted on such a support, set up as a mark to be tilted at' (Oxf. Dict.). [2] Come along. [3] 'Or' ... 'or' = 'Either' ... 'or'. [4] Disposition. [5] Full of humours or moods. So II. iii. 8, &c. [6] Out of the frying-pan into the fire. 'Smother' = thick, suffocating smoke.

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons[1].

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father? 10

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father:
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat[2]: these burrs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away. 19

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.

Celia. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly. 32

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase[3], I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well[4]?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke. 42

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste[5],
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

[1] i. e. with talk, conversation. Cp. *M. V.* II. viii. 27 (vb.), and, possibly, I. ii. 57 above. [2] Petticoat. [3] i. e. course (of argument). [4] i. e. to be hated. R. takes the words by themselves. [5] Meaning, 'the more haste you make, it will be the safer for you'.

Duke Frederick. You, cousin[1]:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Rosalind. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.
Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation[2] did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood[3] depends.
Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there 's enough.
Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her or your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure and your own remorse[4].
I was too young that time[5] to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still[6] have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans[7],
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

[1] Used loosely for 'niece'. Cp. *Ham.* I. ii. 64. [2] Exculpation, clearing themselves. [3] The probability of my guilt. [4] Compassion. Used both of compassion *before* an act, and compunction *after* it. Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 20, *M.* I. v. 45, &c. [5] At that time. [6] Cp. I. ii. 243. [7] Her team of swans: more properly of Venus.

Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Celia. Pronounce that sentence then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke Frederick. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.
Celia. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one[1]:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change[2] upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face[3];
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man[4]?
A gallant curtle-axe[5] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

[1] The verb is attracted to the person of the nearest subject. Cp. introd. III. 22. [2] Change of fortune. [3] i. e. smear and darken it. [4] Dress myself in all points like a man. [5] Corrupted form of 'cutlass' (Fr *coutelas*).

Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena [1].
Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE *Senior* [2], AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *like Foresters.*

Duke Sen. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference [3]; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head [4];
And this our life exempt from public haunt [5]
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
Amiens. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools [6],

[1] i. e. 'the Alien One', 'the Exile'. [2] The exiled duke was the elder of the two brothers. [3] Before Adam fell it was believed to have been perpetual Spring. [4] It was long believed that the toad was poisonous; and that the toad-stone (so called from its colour) was extracted from a protuberance on the toad's head. [5] Cut off from the haunts of men (orig. sense: Lat. *eximere, exempt-us*). [6] i. e. the deer.

Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads[1]
Have their round haunches gor'd.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind[2], swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd[3] stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool[4],
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize[5] this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream[6];
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends[7];
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux[8] of company:' anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

[1] i. e. of arrows. [2] In respect of that. [3] Separated from its companions. [4] Cp. l. 22. [5] Give a moral sense to. [6] The stream had no need of more water. [7] As one might say, 'his friends in their velvets'. [8] Flow, stream.

Duke Sen. Show me the place.
I love to cope[1] him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
Second Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.[2]
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.[3]
Second Lord. My lord, the roynish[4] clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly overheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke Frederick. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly[5],
And let not search and inquisition quail[6]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Before* Oliver's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orlando. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?[7]
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to[8] overcome
The bony prizer[9] of the humorous[10] duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

[1] Encounter. Cp. our 'cope with'. [2] Are privy to the flight, and abettors of it. [3] Emptied of its treasure, their mistress. [4] Scurvy, mangy (fr. 'royne', a scab; Fr. *rogne*). Cp. 'ronyon' (*M.* I. iii. 6). [5] With all haste. [6] Falter, slacken. [7] Cp. I. i. 31. [8] So foolish as to. [9] One who fights in a 'prize' or match. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 141. [10] Cp. I. ii. 283.

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it[1]!
Orlando. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son,—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices[2].
This is no place[3]; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orlando. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood[4] and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd[5] under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown[6].
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood[7],
Nor did not[8] with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orlando. O good old man! how well in thee appears

[1] Brings venom upon him. [2] Plots. [3] i. e. no place to live in. [4] Diverted from its natural course of affection. [5] i. e. the hire or wages I saved by thrift. [6] Cp. I. i. 14, and introd. III. 27. [7] i. e. liquors which cause heat and rebellion in the blood. [8] Cp. I. ii. 19, &c.

The constant[1] service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having[2]: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of[3] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content[4].
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week[5]:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dressed like a shepherdess, and* Touchstone.

Rosalind. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose[6] ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Celia. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.[7]

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse[8].

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Corin. This is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

[1] Steady, unswerving. [2] Once promoted they sweat no more. [3] In return for. [4] Some settled, humble, contented way of life. [5] Too late by a week: meaning a great deal too late. [6] Coat and breeches. [7] Cp. introd. III. 30. [8] Quibble on 'cross' = (1) vexation; (2) cash: from the cross on the silver coins of the time. We still say 'he hasn't a cross'.

Corin. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.
Silvius. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy[1]?
Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Silvius. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*
Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Touchstone. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler[2], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped[3] hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.'[4] We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly[5].
Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.
Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion[6].
Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.
Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touchstone. Holla, you clown!
Rosalind. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.
Corin. Who calls?
Touchstone. Your betters, sir.
Corin. Else are they very wretched.
Rosalind. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

[1] Fancy, espec. of love. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 63 f. [2] A staff used for beating clothes. [3] Chapped. Cp. *J. C.* I. ii. 245; and *M.* I. iii. 44 ('choppy'). [4] It was a lovers' custom to snatch a peascod from the stew, and if the peas remained (a good omen), present it to the lady. [5] i. e. mortally foolish. [6] After my fashion. Cp. I. i. 1.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.
Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote[1], his flocks, and bounds of feed[2]
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice[3] most welcome shall you be.
Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,[4]
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.[5]
Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste[6] my time in it.
Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder[7] be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly[8]. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and Others.*

Amiens. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,[9]
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

[1] Sheepcote (l. 85), shepherd's cabin. [2] His pasture area. [3] So far as my voice has any weight. [4] If it agree with honest dealing. She does not wish to cut out Corin behind his back. [5] i. e. the wherewithal to pay for it. [6] Spend (not necessarily without profit). Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 12.; *M. N. D.* II. i. 57, &c. [7] i. e. sheep-feeder (cp. l. 84). [8] Cp. II. ii. 19. [9] Sing merry trills to the sweet bird's tune.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.

Amiens. My voice is ragged[1]; I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you them stanzos?[2]

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes[3], and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while[4]; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you[5].

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[6] for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

Amiens. [*All together here.*

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention[7].

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:[8]
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What 's that '*ducdame*'?

[1] Harsh. [2] Stanzas. The word had only recently come from the Italian. [3] Dog-faced baboons. [4] Meanwhile lay the cloth. [5] To look for you. [6] Disputatious. Cp. introd. III. 3. [7] i. e. against the grain (*invitâ Minervâ*). [8] Possibly a Gipsy refrain. Cp. l. 61 ('Egypt').

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.[1] I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt[2]. 61

Amiens. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet[3] is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.[4] For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

A table set out. *Enter* Duke *Senior*, Amiens, Lords *like Outlaws.*

Duke Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man[5].

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars[6], grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres[7].
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter Jaques.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

[1] They are sitting in a circle. At these words the circle becomes self-conscious, and breaks up. [2] Cp. Exodus xi. 5, xii. 29. He was thinking of Egyptians (Gipsies), and the phrase, 'first-born of Egypt', ran off his tongue. His meaning is not to be pressed. [3] In its special sense of 'wine and dessert'. Cp. l. 32. [4] i. e. you fancy you are nearer death than you are. 'Conceit' is conception; and so, fancy, idea. [5] i. e. in human shape. [6] Wholly composed of jars or discords. [7] i. e. in the music of the spheres. It was thought that the stars made music by their motion, as they revolved in their spheres or orbits.

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool[1]; a miserable world![2]
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'[3]
And then he drew a dial from his poke[4],
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags[5]:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe[6],
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral[7] on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative[8],
And I did laugh sans[9] intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear[10].

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage[11],—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation,[12] the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit[13];
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,[14]
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:

[1] A professional fool. T. was wearing his motley uniform. [2] Spoken as an aside. [3] Ref. to proverb, 'Fortune favours fools'. [4] A time-piece from his pouch. [5] Goes on its way. Cp. *M. W. of W.* II. i. 238: 'here, boys! . . . shall we wag?' [6] Ripen. [7] Moralize. [8] Deeply contemplative. [9] French *sans* = 'without', was then used almost like an English word. Cp. l. 166. [10] i. e. the only dress to wear. [11] i. e. superlatively dry, ship's biscuit being dry at any time. [12] He has crammed his brain, by observation, with strange texts and topics of discourse. 'Place' = Latin *locus*, a term of rhetoric. It survives in 'commonplace'. [13] He puns on 'suit': (1) plea; (2) dress. [14] In *H. V*, I. i. 48, the air is called 'a charter'd libertine'.

And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:[1]
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob[2]; if not,[3]
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances[4] of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaques. What, for a counter[5], would I do, but good?
Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed[6] sores and headed evils[7],
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?[8]
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?[9]
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function[10],
That says his bravery is not on my cost,[11]—
Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free[12],
Why then, my taxing[13] like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

[1] Punning on 'why' and 'way'. [2] 'Bob' = a 'rap'—as we say, 'a rap over the knuckles'. [3] If he do not seem senseless of it. [4] Random side-hits. 'Glance', as we talk of a bullet 'glancing'; 'squander' = scatter at random, as in *M. V.* I. iii. 22. [5] He puts no money on it; a 'counter' is a token. [6] Tumid, swollen. Cp. *Lear*, II. iv. 227: 'an embossed carbuncle'. [7] Evils grown to a head, like tumours ready to break. Cp. *R. II*, v. i. 58. [8] Till the very means which fill the sea of extravagance weary and fall back. 'Weary very', however, may be corrupt. [9] Cp. *2 H. VI*, I. iii. 83: 'She bears a duke's revénues on her back.' There were constant complaints of the extravagance in dress. [10] In the meanest office. [11] Says that *I* didn't pay for it, anyhow. [12] i. e. of blame. [13] Censure. Cp. I. ii. 92.

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orlando. Nor shalt not,[1] till necessity be serv'd.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility[2] thou seem'st so empty?
Orlando. You touch'd my vein[3] at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred[4]
And know some nurture[5]. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason,[6]
I must die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orlando. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:[7]
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke Sen. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles[8], like a doe, I go to find my fawn

[1] Cp. I. ii. 19. [2] i. e. the usages of civilized society. Cp. III. ii. 137. [3] My mood. [4] i. e. bred in the inlying, as opposed to the uncivilized or outlying parts. Cp. III. ii. 367. [5] Breeding, education. [6] Punning on 'reason' and 'raisin'. [7] Let your kindness be my strong support, in my petition. [8] 'Whiles' and 'while' were used indifferently.

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,[1]
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orlando. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*
Duke Sen. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.[2]
Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard[3],
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances[4];
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon[5],
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose[6] well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his[7] sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.[8]

[1] It is he who is 'weak', not the 'evils'. Cp. introd. III. 5. [2] Conversational repetition of 'in'. Cp. I. 90. [3] With moustaches bristling like a leopard's. [4] Wise maxims and instances from everyday life. For 'modern' = 'everyday', 'commonplace', cp. iv. i. 8; *M.* IV. iii. 170. [5] Pantaloon (Ital. *Pantalone*): a regular character in Italian comedy, represented as a lean and foolish old man, wearing spectacles, pantaloons (a kind of trousers), and slippers. [6] Breeches. Cp. II. iv. 6. [7] 'His' for 'its', as usual. [8] Cp. II. vii. 32 *n.*

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke Sen. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orlando. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke Sen. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,[1]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[2]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies[3] witness
Most truly limn'd[4] and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Not seen him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,[5]

[1] i. e. do not insult us with your presence.
[2] i. e. twist them out of shape, either by freezing or by ruffling them.
[3] Likeness: the orig. Latin, since become 'effigy'.
[4] Portrayed.
[5] Did not mercy predominate in my nature.

I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present.[1] But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle[2]; bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature[3]
Make an extent upon his house and lands.[4]
Do this expediently[5] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Orlando, *with a paper.*

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[6] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name[7], that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character[8],
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[9] she. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour

[1] I should not seek an absent subject for my revenge (i. e. Orlando), when I have you here in my hands. For 'argument' cp. *M. N. D.* III. ii. 242. [2] i. e. in all corners. [3] i. e. whose business this is. [4] 'Extent' = seizure: a legal term. [5] Expeditiously. [6] The 'triple Hecate' of *M. N. D.* v. ii. 14, where see note. [7] i. e. Rosalind, imagined as one of Diana's virgin huntresses. [8] Inscribe. Cp. *Ham.* I. iii. 59. [9] i. e. inexpressible. Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 134 ('insuppressive'), and introd. III. 3.

well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 23

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[1] or comes of a very dull kindred. 33

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope.

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. 40

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[2] state, shepherd. 46

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds. 53

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still[3] handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton[4] as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. 60

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder[5] instance; come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet. 66

Touchstone. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of[6] a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend[7]: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux[8] of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 72

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee![9] thou art raw.

[1] i. e. of the want of it. [2] Perilous: spelt as pronounced. [3] Constantly. [4] Sheep (Fr. *mouton*). [5] For double comparative see introd. III. 11. [6] In comparison with. [7] Ponder: an affected word. Cp. *H. V*, IV. iv. 8. [8] Cp. II. i. 52. [9] i. e. God cure thee! The common cure for maladies was 'incision' or blood-letting.

Corin. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm[1]; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 82

Touchstone. That is another simple sin in you. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 91

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Rosalind. From the east to western Ind,[2]
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd[3]
Are but black to Rosalind[4].
Let no face be kept in mind, 100
But the fair[5] of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I'll rime you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.[6]

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,[7] 110
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop[8] of verses: why do you infect yourself with them? 121

Rosalind. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff[9] it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar[10]: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for

[1] Contentedly bearing my troubles. [2] From the East Indies to the West. [3] Drawn. [4] Compared to R. [5] Fairness, beauty. Cp. *M. N. D.* I. i. 182, and introd. III. 10. [6] Like the jog-trot of butter-women riding in file to market. [7] i. e. will follow nature. Cp. IV. iii. 59. [8] A technical term for something that is neither a full gallop nor a trot; a canter. [9] Graft. [10] Pun on 'medlar' and 'meddler'.

you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.[1]

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Rosalind. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Celia. Why should this a desert be?
For[2] it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show[3].
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring[4] pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.[5]
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently[6] distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,[7]
Cleopatra's majesty,[8]
Atalanta's better part,[9]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.[10]
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[11] dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal[12], and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

[1] This is in fact what happens to the medlar. [2] Because. [3] 'This desert shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims of social life' (Johnson). For 'civil' cp. II. vii. 93. [4] Wandering: orig. sense (Lat. *errare*). [5] i. e. show in miniature the quintessence of every spirit. Accent 'quíntessénce'. [6] Forthwith. Alchemists tried to distil the quintessence of things. So Nature here. [7] The beauty of Helen of Troy without her infidelity. [8] Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, who ruined Antony. See Shakespeare's play. [9] Atalanta was a Greek girl, distinguished for her beauty and swiftness in running, and for her cold-blooded virginity. The first is her 'better part'. [10] The story of Lucretia, who was dishonoured by Tarquin of Rome, and committed suicide, is told in Shakespeare's *Lucrece.* [11] Traits. [12] With.

Celia. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah. 169

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.[1] [*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That 's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 181

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder[2] before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[3] which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this? 190

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.[4]

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 201

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all hooping![5]

Rosalind. Good my complexion![6] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[7] I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy

[1] 'Scrip' = a shepherd's wallet; 'scrippage' = its contents. [2] i. e. this 'nine days' wonder'. [3] i. e. the time that I was an Irish rat. She plays with (1) the Pythagorean doctrine that the souls of all creatures transmigrate from one body to another; (2) the superstition that rats could be rhymed to death, espec. in Ireland. Pythagoras was a Greek philosopher (580-504 B. C.). [4] Playing on proverb, 'Friends may meet, but mountains never greet'. [5] Beyond all hooping, all exclamations. 'Hoop': obsolete form of 'whoop' (cp. *H. V*, II. ii. 108). [6] An appeal to it not to betray her. She had blushed already. [7] Every delay, however short, is to me as tedious as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South Sea.

tidings. Is he of God's making?[1] What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay[2] the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both, in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.[3]

Celia. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[4] What makes he here?[5] Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth[6] first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies[7] as to resolve[8] the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance.[9] I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.[10]

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be a pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue,[11] I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[12]

Celia. I would sing my song without a burthen[13]: thou bringest me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

[1] i. e. a real man, or only tailor-made? [2] Await. [3] With a sober brow and like a true maid. [4] What was he dressed in? [5] Cp. I. i. 31. [6] G. was the large-mouthed voracious giant in the famous romance of the French writer, Rabelais (? 1483–1553). [7] Atoms, motes. Cp. III. v. 13. [8] Solve. [9] i. e. if you want relish to the titbit I offer you, attend to what I say. [10] The oak was sacred to Jove. [11] Cry 'Stop!' to it. [12] Punning on 'heart' and 'hart'. [13] i. e. without your running accompaniment. For 'burthen' ('burden') cp. *T.* I. ii. 380.

Celia. You bring me out[1]. Soft! comes he not here?
Rosalind. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion' sake, I thank you too for your society.
Jaques. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.
Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
Orlando. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.
Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?
Orlando. Yes, just.[2]
Jaques. I do not like her name.
Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
Jaques. What stature is she of?
Orlando. Just as high as my heart.
Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?[3]
Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[4] from whence you have studied your questions.
Jaques. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.[5] Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.
Orlando. I will chide no breather[6] in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orlando. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.
Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.
Orlando. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.

[1] Put me out. Cp. l. 264. [2] Exactly. [3] It was the custom to engrave sentimental mottoes on the inside of rings. To 'con' = to learn by heart. [4] i. e. in the regular style of the mottoes on the painted cloths, embroidered with texts and stories, with which rooms were then hung. For the idiom cp. *H. V*, v. ii. 151 ('I speak to thee plain soldier'). [5] Cp. l. 156 *n.* [6] Living being.

Rosalind. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest. 321

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal [1], who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. 332

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight,[2] Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal? 339

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall he thinks himself too soon there. 351

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native [3] of this place? 360

Rosalind. As the cony [4], that you see dwell where she is kindled [5].

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase [6] in so removed a dwelling.[7]

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious [8] uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man [9]; one that knew courtship [10] too well, for

[1] With. Cp. I. 165. [2] A sevennight, a week. So 'fortnight' = fourteennight. [3] We should say 'a native'. [4] Rabbit. [5] Littered: a technical term. [6] Acquire: orig. sense (Fr. *pourchasser*). Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 282, &c. [7] i. e. so retired. [8] i. e. member of a religious order. Cp. v. iv. 167, 188. [9] Cp. II. vii. 96 *n*. [10] Courtliness: with play on 'courting'.

there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger[1], I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian[2] of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye[3] and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable[4] spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having[5] in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded[6], your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device[7] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

[1] Love-monger. Cp. II. iv. 31, and III. v. 29. [2] An intermittent fever, recurring every day (Lat. *quotidianus*, daily). Cp. 'love-shaked' (l. 390) = shaken with the fever of love; and *H. V*, II. i. 123. [3] i. e. blue about the eye. [4] Averse to conversation. For 'question' = discourse, cp. III. iv. 37, v. iv. 168. [5] Your property. [6] Without a band. [7] Scrupulously correct (O. Fr. *à point devis*, 'devised to a proper point, arranged to perfection').

Orlando. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do[1]; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 431

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour[2]; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave[3] my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness,[4] which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic.[5] And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver[6] as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't. 451

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go? 460

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature[7] content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths[8]. 9

[1] So lunatics were treated. [2] Creatures of this disposition. [3] So that I drove. [4] i. e. one which he carried out in his life. [5] 'Nook' = corner (of a stream), creek, bay; a backwater. Cp. *H. V*, III. v. 14; *T.* I. ii. 227. 'Merely' = purely (Lat. *merus*, undiluted). [6] Formerly thought the seat of the passions. [7] Shape, figure, 'make' (Fr. *faiture*, Lat. *factura*, make). [8] Play on 'goats' and 'Goths', and 'capricious' (Lat. *capra*, goat). Ovid, in A. D. 9, was banished from Rome to the barbarian lands on the Black Sea.

Jaques. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited [1], worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [2]

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room [3]. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning [4]; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. [5]

Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest [6]: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. [*Aside.*] A material fool. [7]

Audrey. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul [8].

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, [9] the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaques. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

[1] Ill-lodged. [2] More incongruous than the presence of Jove in the thatched cottage of Baucis and Philemon. This old couple took Jupiter and Mercury in when all others had refused them a meal. [3] A large bill for a small company. [4] i. e. the fullest of invention. [5] The syntax is jumbled. [6] Virtuous. [7] i. e. with matter in him, with ideas. Cp. II. i. 68. [8] Ugly: the opposite of 'fair'. [9] Clergymen were then commonly called 'Sir', from the academical title *Dominus*.

Jaques. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you [1] for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy [2] in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered [3].

Jaques. Will you be married, motley? [4]

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow [5], sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 88

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another [6]: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. 100

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey:
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not

O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say, 110
I will not to wedding with thee.[7]

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oliver. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Rosalind. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's; [8] marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour. 10

[1] God yield you, reward you. [2] Trifle. [3] Put on your hat. He is patronizing. [4] Cp. II. vii. 13 *n.* [5] Yoke. [6] I'm not sure that I mightn't be better to be married by him than by another. [7] From an old ballad. 'Wind away' = turn about. [8] Which was red.

Celia. An excellent colour: your chesnut[1] was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana[2]: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet[3] or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. 'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question[4] with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover[5]; as a puisny[6] tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side[7], breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who[8] you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Celia. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,

[1] For this colloquial 'your' cp. v. i. 48, v. iv. 62, 107. It indicated, almost like a wave of the hand, that the thing was known and common. [2] The goddess of chastity. [3] As hollow as a goblet with a cover (which had more empty space than one without, since covers were arched). [4] Conversation. Cp. III. ii. 399. [5] i. e. crosswise, across the breast, instead of lengthwise, by a clean hit. Orlando breaks oaths as a clumsy tilter breaks lances. [6] Puny, paltry. 'Puny' is a phonetic spelling of 'puisny' (lit. 'later born', 'junior'; O. Fr. *puisne*, fr. *puis*, after, and *né*, born). [7] This one-sided spurring means that he cannot keep his horse from swerving at the finish. Hence the bungling stroke, 'quite traverse'. [8] For 'whom': conversational inaccuracy.

Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Rosalind. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe[1] upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon[2]: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives[3] by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies[4],
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swound[5]; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice[6] and capable impressure[7]
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.[8]
Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet[9] in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

[1] Let not the axe fall. [2] Without first begging pardon. [3] Lives and dies. [4] Cp. III. ii. 246 *n.* [5] Swoon. [6] Properly, scar: here the scar-like mark. [7] Sensible impression. Cp. *Ham.* III. iv. 126, *T.* I. ii. 351–3, where 'capable' is active = sensitive, capable of receiving impressions. [8] Emphatic double negative. [9] Cp. II. iv. 31 *n.*

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phebe. But, till that time
Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time I shall not pity thee.
Rosalind. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched?[1] What though you have no beauty,—
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—[2]
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.[3] Od's my little life![4]
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle[5] eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?[6]
You are a thousand times a properer[7] man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favoured children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy[8]; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.[9]
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.
Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Rosalind. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?
Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

[1] Implying that one so inhuman can scarcely have had a human mother. [2] i. e. it has no radiance of its own. [3] The ordinary run of nature's ready-mades (made for general sale). [4] One of the 'pretty oaths that are not dangerous' (IV. i. 199). 'Od's' = God's. [5] Like the beads of black glass called bugles. [6] The south wind has a bad name in Shakespeare. [7] 'Proper' = handsome. Cp. l. 55. [8] i. e. beg him to pardon you. [9] i. e. the ugly seem most ugly when, though ugly, they are scoffers. For 'foul' = ugly, cp. III. iii. 41; and l. 66 below.

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd[1] in sight as he. 79
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.
Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'[2]
Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—
Phebe. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?
Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd[3].
Phebe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly? 90
Silvius. I would have you.
Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile[4], and that I'll live upon.
Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile[5]?
Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.[6]
Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

[1] Deluded. [2] The 'dead shepherd' is Kit Marlowe the poet, who died in 1593. The 'saw' or maxim is from his *Hero and Leander*, published in 1598. [3] Exterminated. [4] As it were, a stray ear from her sheaf of smiles. [5] A moment ago. [6] See II. iv. 84 f. 'Bounds' = the 'bounds of feed' in II. iv. 84; 'carlot' = carle, peasant.

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask[1].
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels[2] as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phebe. I'll write it straight[3];
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure[4] worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice[5]; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine

[1] i.e. uniform red and mingled red and white. [2] In detail, item by item. [3] Straightway. [4] For 'modern' cp. II. vii. 156 *n.* 'Censure' = judgement, criticism: orig. neutral sense. [5] Finicking, delicate.

own, compounded of many simples[1], extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often[2] rumination, wraps me in a most humorous[3] sadness.

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 26

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad: and to travel for it too! 31

Enter ORLANDO.

Orlando. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaques. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable[4] all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.[5] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 43

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.[6]

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 52

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail!

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. And I am your Rosalind? 67

Celia. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[7] than you.

Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 73

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better[8] speak first, and when you were gravelled[9] for lack of matter, you might take occasion to

[1] Single ingredients: usually medicinal herbs. [2] Cp. introd. III. 7. [3] Whimsical. Cp. I. ii. 283. [4] Depreciate. Cp. v. iv. 80. [5] i. e. been at Venice, the 'gay city' of those days. Cp. II. viii. 64 f. [6] Cupid has put him under arrest, but has not wounded his heart. [7] Complexion (OE. *hléor*, cheek, face). [8] Cp. introd. III. 23. [9] Stranded.

kiss. Very good orators, when they are out[1], they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress.

Orlando. What, of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.[2] Am not I your Rosalind?

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney[3]. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love.[4] Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned[5]; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.'[6] But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

[1] i. e. at a loss. Cp. III. ii. 267. [2] Cp. II. vii. 44. [3] i. e. by deputy, by proxy. [4] If love could have killed him he could not have lived to be killed in the field. For Troilus see *M. V.* v. i. 1–6. [5] Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was still the rage (see III. v. 81 *n.*). Leander swam nightly from Abydos to Sestos, where Hero lived, and was at last drowned in a storm. [6] Coroners 'find' the cause of death.

Rosalind. You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando,'—
Celia. Go to.[1]—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Orlando. I will.
Rosalind. Ay, but when?
Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.
Rosalind. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'
Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife. 142
Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.
Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.
Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her? 150
Orlando. For ever and a day.
Rosalind. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[2] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen[3], and that when thou art inclined to sleep. 163
Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?
Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.
Orlando. O! but she is wise.
Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors[4] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
Orlando. A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'[5] 174
Rosalind. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion[6], let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool. 185
Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.
Rosalind. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.
Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 191
Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways[7]; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away,[8] and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

[1] Get away with you. [2] Figures of Diana, with water spouting from the breast or mouth, were not uncommon. Ros. thinks of one in which the water issued from the eyes. [3] Hyena. [4] i. e. make them fast. [5] An expression of the time, to cut short flights of extravagance in conversation. Cp. I. ii. 60. [6] Make it out to be occasioned by her husband. [7] Cp. I. ii. 225. [8] Only one more girl deceived and abandoned.

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try[1]. Adieu. [*Exit* Orlando.

Celia. You have simply misused[2] our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal[3].

Celia. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No; that same wicked brat of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen[4], and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses[5] every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow[6] and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Jaques, Lords, *and* Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

First Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Second Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

[1] i. e. try the case. [2] Abused. [3] 'Used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep' (Clar. Press ed.). [4] Hot impulse (not merely of irritation, as to-day). [5] Cp. III. v. 79. [6] A shady place.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and a troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that[1] she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix[2]. 'Od's my will![3]
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand[4]; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Silvius. Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain

[1] Says that. [2] A unique and fabulous bird which cremated itself and rose from its ashes every 500 years. [3] Cp. III. v. 43. [4] i. e. yellowish brown.

Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop[1] words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Rosalind. She Phebes me.[2] Mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads.*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?

Can a woman rail thus?
Silvius. Call you this railing?
Rosalind. [*reads.*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne[3]
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect[4].
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;[5]
Whether that thy youth and kind[6]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Silvius. Call you this chiding?
Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!
Rosalind. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument[7] and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake[8], and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

[1] Black like an Ethiopian. [2] Plays the Phebe with me, is cruel and tyrannical. [3] Eyes: an archaic form. [4] Accent 'aspéct'. [5] Seal up what you have to say in a letter, and send it by him. [6] Nature. Cp. III. ii. 110. [7] Used in two senses, (1) a tool, (2) a musical instrument. [8] We should say 'worm'.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones[1]. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus[2] of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?
Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom[3]:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.
Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour,[4] and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister:[5] but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin[6]. Are you he?
Rosalind. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oliver. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher[7] was stain'd.
Celia. I pray you, tell it.
Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour[8]; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy[9],
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented[10] glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,[11]

[1] A slip. So far as Oliver knows, Celia is the only woman present. But see ll. 87–9. [2] Precincts. Used in its strict sense, of the lands bordering on a forest. [3] The neighbouring dell. [4] Appearance. [5] Deports himself like a grown-up sister; i. e. behaves to Celia like an elder sister. [6] Handkerchief. [7] Spelt as pronounced. [8] To be correct, two hours (IV. i. 186). [9] The bitter-sweet reflections of love. [10] Zigzagged. So the hunted hare, in *V. and Ad.* (l. 704), turns and returns, 'indenting with the way'. [11] Cp. l. 128.

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Celia. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render[1] him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Rosalind. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion[2],
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling[3]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was it you he rescu'd?
Celia. Was't you that did so oft contrive[4] to kill him?
Oliver. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place[5]:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief[6], I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Celia. [ROSALIND *swoons.*] Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

[1] Report, describe. [2] The just occasion he had for revenge. [3] Din of conflict. [4] Plot. [5] 'As' = as for instance. [6] In brief.

Celia. There is more in it. Cousin! Ganymede![1]
Oliver. Look, he recovers.
Rosalind. I would I were at home.
Celia. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah![2] a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho! 170
Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest[3].
Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
Rosalind. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Celia. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us. 180
Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Rosalind. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.
Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.[4]
Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean. 10

Enter WILLIAM.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting[5]; we cannot hold.

[1] Celia is excited and says 'Cousin!', but recollects herself. [2] Usually addressed to inferiors. In soliloquy, as here, 'Ah, sirrah' is addressed to an imaginary spectator. [3] 'Passion' was used of any violent emotion, or the outward expression of it. Cp. *M. N. D.* v. i. 295, 323, &c. [4] See III. iii. 89 f. [5] We must have our joke.

William. Good even, Audrey.
Audrey. God ye good even, William.[1] 16
William. And good even to you, sir.
Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
William. Five-and-twenty, sir. 21
Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
William. William, sir.
Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
William. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touchstone. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?
William. Faith, sir, so so.
Touchstone. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise? 32
William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touchstone. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 41
William. I do, sir.
Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
William. No, sir.
Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he. 50
William. Which he, sir?
Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado[2], or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 64
Audrey. Do, good William.
William. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!
Touchstone. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] God give you good even.
[2] Caning, cudgelling (Span. *bastonada*, fr. *bastón*, stick, cudgel).

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever[1] to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland s will I estate upon you[2], and here live and die a shepherd. 14

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosalind. God save you, brother. 20

Oliver. And you, fair sister[3]. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound when he showed me your handkercher?[4] 31

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:'[5] for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage[6] which they will climb incontinent[7]. They are in the very wrath[8] of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.[9] 46

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the

[1] The usual spelling. Accent 'perséver'. [2] Settle as an estate upon you. Cp. *T.* IV. i. 85–6. [3] Another slip of Oliver's? See IV. iii. 77. [4] Cp. III. v. 17. [5] The famous 'Veni, vidi, vici' sent by Julius Caesar in a dispatch to the Senate after a victory. 'Thrasonical': from the name of the braggart Thraso in one of Terence's plays. [6] The original sense of 'degrees' was 'steps' (Fr. *degré*, Lat. *gradus*): hence 'pair of stairs'. Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 26. [7] Forthwith. [8] We should say 'fury' [9] In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants (Nares).

duke to the nuptial[1]. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking. 56

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit[2]. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch[3] I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me[4]. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed[5] with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable[6]. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture[7] cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.[8] 76

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do; which I tender[9] dearly, though I say I am a magician.[10] Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers. 83

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness[11],
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love. 90

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

[1] Shakespeare prefers 'nuptial' to 'nuptials'. Cp. *T.* v. i. 308. [2] i.e. understanding. 'Conceit' is the faculty of 'conceiving' ideas. [3] Inasmuch as. [4] Give me credit. Cp. I. i. 158. [5] Been conversant. [6] He had not actually sold himself to the Devil. [7] Bearing: original sense (med. Lat. *gestura*, fr. *gerere*, to bear). Cp. *H. V*, IV. Chor. 25. [8] i.e. the real Rosalind, without any of the danger supposed to attend such magic rites. [9] Care for. [10] And thus lay myself open to the severity of the laws against magic. [11] Unkindness.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.
Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And I for Ganymede.
Orlando. And I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And I for no woman. 100
Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.
Phebe. [*To* ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you[1]? 111
Silvius. [*To* PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Rosalind. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'
Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear. 119
Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can: [*To* PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To* PHEBE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To* ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To* SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To* SILVIUS.] As you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands. 134
Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.
Phebe. Nor I.
Orlando. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.
Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest[2] desire to desire to be a woman of the world[3]. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

[1] For loving you. [2] Unvirtuous. Cp. I. ii. 42, &c. [3] A married woman. Cp. *Much Ado*, II. i. 332 f. (Beatrice): 'Thus goes every one to the world but I . . . I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!'

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly [1], without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice? [2]

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time [3],
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime [4]
In the spring-time, &c.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear [5].

[1] Go slap into it. [2] i.e. only the prologues, &c. Cp. introd. III. 29. [3] The time of exchanging rings. [4] 'Prime', the perfection or flower of life, was itself a name for the spring. [5] Whose hopes make them fear, and who know that they fear only too well.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd[1].
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Rosalind. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her when I bring her?
Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Rosalind. [*To* PHEBE.] You say, that you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.
Rosalind. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even[2]. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.[3]
Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured[4] in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward[5], and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.
Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my

[1] Is pressed home. Accent 'compáct'. [2] Plain and smooth. Cp. ll. 18, 116. [3] Some traits that vividly recall my daughter's looks. Cp. III. ii. 161 ('touches'); IV. iii. 88 ('favour'). [4] Hidden away. [5] A hand.

purgation.[1] I have trod a measure;[2] I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up[3]? 50

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ild you, sir;[4] I desire you of the like.[5] I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives[6], to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.[7] A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.[8] 64

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.[9]

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed[10]:—bear your body more seeming[11], Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike[12] the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called 'the retort courteous.' If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment[13]: this is called the 'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant:' if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome:' and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct.' 86

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct;' and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book,[14] as you

[1] i. e. to the test of proving what I have sworn. Cp. I. iii. 56. [2] i. e. danced at court. [3] Made up. So I. 104. [4] Cp. III. iii. 81. [5] I desire the like from you. Cp. introd. III. 21. [6] Who desire to be joined by the 'copula' or bond of marriage (Lat. *copula*, bond, tie). [7] According as they are faithful to their marriage bonds or break them through passion. [8] Cp. III. iii. 27 f. 'Honesty' = virtue; for 'your' cp. III. iv. 11 *n.* [9] The fool's bolt, according to the proverb, is soon shot. 'Dulcet diseases' is intentional nonsense. [10] i. e. from the lie direct. [11] Seemly. [12] Express dislike of. [13] Said I was no judge. Cp. IV. i. 36. [14] The principles of the duel had been reduced to a science. Shakespeare drew his details from a contemporary manual by the fencer Vincentio Saviolo.

have books for good manners:[1] I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous;' the second, the 'quip modest;' the third, the 'reply churlish;' the fourth, the 'reproof valiant;' the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome;' the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance;' the seventh, the 'lie direct.' All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if.'[2] I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel,[3] but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if,' as 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse[4], and under the presentation[5] of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes, and* CELIA.[6]

Still Music.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even[7]
Atone[8] *together.*
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [*To* DUKE SEN.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Rosalind. [*To* DUKE SEN.] I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen. *Peace, ho! I bar*[9] *confusion:*
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[10]

[1] These first came in about 1430, for the new Burgher class, which had more money than manners. [2] By saying, e.g., 'IF thou hast said so or so, then thou liest'. [3] Cp. l. 41 *n.* [4] A real or sham horse used by hunters to get near their game. [5] Representation. [6] This Masque is the answer to Rosalind's promise, v. ii. 78-82. Hymen is God of Marriage. [7] Cp. l. 25. [8] Are made one (lit. *at one*). Cp. *R. II*, I. i. 202. [9] Prohibit. [10] If there be truth in truth.

[*To* Orlando *and* Rosalind.] You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* Oliver *and* Celia.] You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* Phebe.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:[1]
[*To* Touchstone *and* Audrey.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phebe. [*To* Silvius.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[2]

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaques de Boys. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power,[3] which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,[4]
After some question[5] with him, was converted[6]
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke Sen. Welcome, young man;

[1] For your lord. Cp. 'take to wife'. [2] Thy faith doth bind my love to thee. Cp. *M. for M.* iv. iii. 153: "I am combined by a sacred vow." [3] Prepared a mighty force. For 'add.' cp. *M. N. D.* v. i. 106, &c. [4] Cp. iii. ii. 366 *n.* [5] Cp. iii. iv. 37 *n.* [6] For the absence of a nominative cp. i. i. 3, and introd. iii. 31.

Thou offer'st fairly[1] to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld[2]; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.[3]
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every[4] of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd[5] days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?[6]
Jaques de Boys. He hath.
Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To* DUKE SEN.] You to your former honour I bequeath;[7]
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
[*To* ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies;[8]
[*To* SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke Sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaques. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[9] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the

[1] Make a fair offering. [2] Oliver's lands had been confiscated by Duke Frederick (III. i. 9 f.). [3] Orlando's marriage made him the next Duke. [4] Every one. [5] Bitter. [6] Simply, 'the pomp of court'. [7] Leave. Cp. I. 170. [8] i. e. the Ducal family. [9] An ivy bush was the usual sign of a tavern.

women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them,—that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman[1] *I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,*[2] *and breaths that I defied not;*[3] *and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.* [*Exeunt.*

[1] There were then no women on the stage. Women's parts were taken by boys. [2] Pleased me. [3] Did not revolt at.

THE TEMPEST

PREFACE

Sources of the Play.—The first idea of *The Tempest*, as well as its title and some of its incidents, appears to have been suggested to Shakespeare by a contemporary shipwreck: the casting away of Sir George Somers on the Bermudas in 1609, while in command of a fleet to Virginia. The other vessels, which the storm had dispersed, were able to come together and complete their voyage, but their leader was given up for lost. Nearly a year later Somers and his crew appeared off the coast of Virginia in two ships of their own construction, and soon afterwards returned to England, where they were received with much wonder and thankfulness. They had had a miraculous escape; and had returned alive from an island which, they declared, was most certainly enchanted. A history of their experiences was published the same year (1610)—'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels'—and was much read and discussed. The solitary island of *The Tempest*, with its devils and enchantment; the storm-scattered fleet and the wreck of the Admiral-ship on a lee-shore; the miraculous preservation of the crew, not a soul lost; the sad meeting again of the diminished fleet and their gloomy voyage home: these, the first notions or rudiments of the play, are all to be found in this contemporary story of the Bermudas.

The source of the plot has not been discovered; but some of the names have been tracked. 'Caliban' is thought to have been suggested to Shakespeare by that chapter in Montaigne's *Essays*[1] which he made use of in II. i. 154 f.: 'Of the Canniballes'. By transposing the letters of the word 'Canibal', the name 'Caliban' may be formed. 'Sycorax' still baffles conjecture; but 'Setebos' has been traced to Eden's *History of*

[1] Shakespeare, so far as he knew Montaigne, knew him in Florio's English translation (1603). The chapter is the twentieth of Book I. Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth appears to have been suggested by it.

Travel (1577), where it is the name of the chief god of the Patagonians. In the same book may be found these five names of characters: Alonzo, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzales, and Antonio. It may be remarked, also, that a Prospero and Stephano appear in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, in which Shakespeare had acted so long ago as 1598.

Construction and Design.—The play opens with a storm at sea. There are other storms in Shakespeare in which ships are tossed and poor wretches go to their watery prayers; but none so thrilling as this storm of *The Tempest*, or which means so much to the play. In *The Tempest*, since the wreck is on a lonely island, the storm means everything, and so powerful is the impression of it that it colours our senses to the end. There is no opening scene in Shakespeare comparable, for suddenness and certainty of effect, to the opening scene of *The Tempest*, unless it be the meeting of the witches in *Macbeth*.

The long second scene introduces all the motives and most of the chief characters of the play. From the conversation of Prospero and Miranda (I. ii. 1–186) we learn at once their story and their characters. We discover who they are and how they came there, and we are witnesses of the girlish simplicity of Miranda and the mingled wizardry and fatherliness of Prospero. We learn also, from certain hints, the significance of the storm.

The next entrance (I. ii. 189) presents to us the first and most graceful of Prospero's agents, the spirit Ariel, the most tricksy and winning spirit in all literature. Once more we hear of the wreck, but this time with gusto. It was not enough for Ariel that he should scare the passengers; Neptune himself must tremble when Ariel performs (I. ii. 204–6). The little quarrel which follows between master and man (I. ii. 242–300) gives the dramatist an opportunity, which he may be suspected of having contrived, to disclose the secret of Ariel's past. When Ariel has flown off, and we have accompanied Prospero and Miranda (awake once more) on their visit to Caliban (I. ii. 308–74), we have met all the inhabitants of the island, and learned all that we need know about its singular domestic economy. Caliban is also 'moody', like Ariel; and we have his history also. The long scene ends with the

entrance, to the sound of Ariel's music, of young Prince Ferdinand, so soon to be plain Ferdinand the lover.

If this admirable second scene has a fault, it is that it tells too much. The rest of the play is almost wholly taken up with minor designs and misadventures, which are only held together by Ariel's skill and devotion to duty. When the Second Act opens, Ferdinand being already in Prospero's hands, and the crew asleep under hatches, there remain to be disposed of two groups of persons: the King's party and Caliban's, each with its conspiracy. To be invisible policeman to these two groups is Ariel's task, and on his perfect policemanship the plot turns. He does his work 'to point'. Caliban and his friends get no mercy: only for the shipwrecked nobles he has at times, it would appear, some twinge of sympathy. In the end he comes near to pitying them, though a spirit (v. i. 17–20).

Of Caliban and his fellow-conspirators a word must be said. It is to be observed that no common men are allowed to land but Trinculo and Stephano. Stephano and Trinculo, the drunken butler and the professional fool, are allowed to walk the island for the sake of their humours; had they not promised to be amusing, Shakespeare would not have troubled to make them conspirators. Caliban is another theme, and that conspiracy may almost be praised which took this strange, malignant, plaintive creature from his faggoting and trencher-scraping, and brought him into action among men. In selecting his associates, in exhibiting primitive man in communion with the waifs and strays of civilization, Shakespeare showed as much philosophy as art. Primitive man, it should be noted, though easily deluded, knows reality when he sees it. Caliban early learns to despise Trinculo; he is on the point of despising Stephano; and he sees the truth at last in the final scene (v. i. 261–3, 294–7).

The Tempest is remarkable among Shakespeare's plays for the regularity of its structure. All those rules of dramatic art (the 'unities' of time, place, and action), which in other plays he seems to take delight in breaking, are here exactly observed. The scene of the action hardly changes; the time exceeds by little more than an hour the time required on the stage; and

the play, leaping all preliminaries, enacts the denouement only of its plot. Shakespeare, it is evident, enjoyed the unaccustomed speed. We are frequently reminded that the action is the work of a single afternoon: beginning at two and ending about six (I. ii. 239–41, v. i. 3–5, 136, 223). The design is to impress us with the swiftness of the action, and to make us feel that not a moment has been wasted.

The shows and pageants, the music, singing, and dancing in which this play is so rich, are missed by a reader. *The Tempest* was written for an audience, and was intended to satisfy both the eye and the ear. Music floats everywhere; it is one of the subtleties of the isle. And one of the tests: for nothing more betrays the coarseness of Trinculo and Stephano than their insensibility to music, or the raw goodness of Caliban than his touching pleasure in it (III. ii. 133, 147–55). As for the masques and pageants (III. iii, IV. i), if they seem a little dull in reading, we must remember that, like the similar shows in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It*, they were meant for spectators.

Date of Composition.—Shakespeare's use of the pamphlet on the Bermuda shipwreck, referred to in the first section of this Preface, makes it certain that *The Tempest* was not written before 1610. In 1611 the play was performed before King James. We conclude, therefore, that *The Tempest* was written between 1610 and 1611, before Shakespeare's final retirement to Stratford.

With this date everything agrees. The style and verse of *The Tempest* are not merely mature; they are of that late maturity which comes to a writer after a lifetime of practice.[1]

The Text.—*The Tempest* was first printed in the edition of 1623, called the First Folio, which is thus the only authority for the text. The text is one of the best we have, and reads as if it had come straight from Shakespeare's hand.

[1] See further on this point, Introduction, pp. xv, xvi.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Shipmaster *and a* Boatswain *severally*[1].

Master. Boatswain!
Boatswain. Here, master: what cheer?
Master. Good[2], speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely[3], or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare![4] Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough![5] 9

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alonso. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.
Antonio. Where is the master, boson?[6]
Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

[1] Singly, not together. [2] In full, 'good boatswain', as in l. 10; but abbreviated by common use. Cp. l. 17, &c. [3] Handily, briskly. [4] Same word as 'yarely', from OE. *gearo*, ready, prepared. In v. i. 224 it is an adjective. [5] If (there be) sea-room enough. Cp. introd. III. 31. [6] Spelt as pronounced.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What cares[1] these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gonzalo. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.[2] Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatswain. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.[3] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.[4]

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain. Work you, then.

Antonio. Hang, cur, hang! you insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonzalo. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched keg.

Boatswain. Lay her a-hold, a-hold![5] Set her two courses;[6] off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boatswain. What, must our mouths be cold?[7]

Gonzalo. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Sebastian. I am out of patience.

[1] For sing. vb. cp. I. ii. 475 and introd. III. 22. [2] Alluding to proverb, 'He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned'; 'compl.' = disposition as shown by looks. Cp. *M. V.* III. i. 32. [3] Bring her to lie close to the wind with her mainsail. [4] i. e. they drowned the boatswain's orders. [5] i. e. close to the wind, so as to 'hold' it. [6] i. e. set her mainsail and foresail. [7] He thinks of the cold water.

Antonio. We are merely [1] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!
Gonzalo. He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut [2] him.
[*A confused noise within,*—'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!'—] 67
Antonio. Let 's all sink wi' the king. [*Exit.*
Sebastian. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, [3] any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Miranda. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's [4] cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting [5] souls within her.
Prospero. Be collected:
No more amazement [6]. Tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.
Miranda. O, woe the day!
Prospero. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better [7]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.
Miranda. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Prospero. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

[1] Absolutely. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 263. [2] Englut, swallow up. [3] The emendation, 'ling, heath, broom, furze', is attractive. [4] Sky (OE. *wolcen*, cloud). [5] i. e. that were her freight. [6] The word implies horror and distraction. Cp. l. 198 and v. i. 104. [7] Cp. introd. III. 11.

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack[1], which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,[2]
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Miranda. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition[3],
Concluding, 'Stay; not yet.'
Prospero. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.
Prospero. By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Miranda. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Prospero. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?[4]
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.
Miranda. But that I do not.
Prospero. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Miranda. Sir, are not you my father?
Prospero. Thy father:
Once Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issued.[5]
Miranda. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Prospero. Both, both, my girl:

[1] Wreck: so spelt and pronounced. Cp. 'wrack'd', l. 236. [2] i. e. as the perdition of a hair (cp. l. 217); note the abrupt change of construction. [3] Vain searching of memory. [4] Cp. introd. III. 1. Earlier form of 'abyss'. [5] No worse born.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp[1] hither.
Miranda. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[2] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from[3] my remembrance. Please you, further.
Prospero. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage[4] of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories[5] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.
Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping,[6] new created
The creatures that were mine,—I say, or[7] chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't[8].—Thou attend'st not.
Miranda. O, good sir! I do.
Prospero. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness[9] and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate[10], in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent,[11] did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans[12] bound. He being thus lorded[13],
Not only with what my revenue[14] yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one

[1] Helped. [2] Vexation. [3] Gone from. [4] Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 25. [5] Lordships, i.e. the numerous N. Italian states governed by princes. [6] Prob. to trim their branches when they became overgrown. 'Trash' = cuttings of trees, &c., survives in dialect. Others explain = check for outstripping his fellows, as one checks a hound; and 'trash' was so used. But 'over-topping' is more natural of trees. [7] Either. [8] Of it. [9] Retirement. [10] Was above all popular rating of its value. [11] As good parents are said to have bad sons. [12] Fr. *sans*, 'without', was at this time used freely almost like an English word. [13] Made a lord of. [14] Accent 'revénue'.

Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[1]—he did believe
He was indeed the duke: out o' the substitution,[2]
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Miranda. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Prospero. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.[3] Me[4], poor man,—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,—
So dry[5] he was for sway,—wi' the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Miranda. O the heavens!

Prospero. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises[6]
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Miranda. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint[7]
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Prospero. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent[8].

Miranda. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Prospero. Well demanded, wench:

[1] i. e. had made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie, by often telling it. [2] i. e. by being deputy. So 'substitute', *M. V.* v. i. 94. [3] i. e. Duke of Milan. So 'Naples', l. 431, for King of N., &c. [4] As for me. Cp. introd. III. 15. [5] Thirsty. [6] In return for (carrying out) the conditions. For 'in l. of' cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 411, &c. [7] Theme, occasion. Cp. II. i. 3. [8] i. e. not pertinent, irrelevant.

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[1] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Miranda. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Prospero. O, a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach[2], to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Miranda. How came we ashore?
Prospero. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linen, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much[3]; so, of his gentleness[4],
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Miranda. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Prospero. Now I arise:— [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess[5] can, that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.
Miranda. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Prospero. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

[1] In short. [2] A stomach or courage to endure. [3] Stood us in good stead. [4] Kindness. [5] Plural, for 'princesses'. Cp. l. 338 and introd. III. 9.

Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith[1] doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit[2], my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way[3];—I know thou canst not choose[4]—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality[5].
Prospero. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[6] the tempest that I bade thee?
Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime[7] I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly[8],
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.[9]
Prospero. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[10]
Would not infect his reason?
Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,[11]—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Prospero. Why, that's my spirit!

[1] i.e. the highest point in his fortunes. [2] Neglect. Cp. II. i. 202, and *J. C.* IV. iii. 219. [3] Give it a free course. [4] i.e. cannot choose but do so. He charms her to sleep. [5] Powers, professional skill. [6] In every article, exactly (Fr. *à point*). [7] Sometimes. [8] Separately: orig. sense. [9] Neptune, the old god of the sea, was generally represented holding a trident or great three-pronged fork. [10] Turmoil. [11] Cp. *J. C.* IV. iii. 279.

But was not this nigh shore?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ariel. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining[1] garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot[2].
Prospero. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook[3], where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes[4]; there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who,[5] with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote[6],
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.
Prospero. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?
Ariel. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses[7]. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains[8],
Let me remember[9] thee what thou hast promis'd
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Prospero. How now! moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ariel. My liberty.
Prospero. Before the time be out? no more!
Ariel. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

[1] i. e. that bore them up. Cp. *Ham.* IV. vii. 176–7. [2] Ariel folds his arms in imitation. [3] Creek, bay. Cp. *As*, III. ii. 441, *H. V*, III. v. 14 ('nook-shotten'). [4] Constantly vexed Bermudas: these islands had an evil reputation at this time as the haunt of witches and storms. [5] Cp. III. ii. 112. [6] Flood, sea (OE. *flot*). [7] Hour-glasses, i. e. it was about 2 p.m. [8] i. e. tasks. [9] Remind.

To bate[1] me a full year.
Prospero. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ariel. No.
Prospero. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ariel. I do not, sir.
Prospero. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy[2]
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ariel. No, sir.
Prospero. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ariel. Sir, in Argier[3].
Prospero. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished.
Is not this true?
Ariel. Ay, sir.
Prospero. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for[4] thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests[5], she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike[6]. Then was this island,—
Save for the son that she gave birth to here,
A freckled whelp hag-born,—not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ariel. Yes; Caliban her son.
Prospero. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,

[1] Deduct, remit (formed from 'abate'). [2] Malice. [3] Old form of Algiers. [4] Forasmuch as. [5] Behests. [6] i.e. strike water.

When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ariel. I thank thee, master.
Prospero. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ariel. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent[1] to command,
And do my spiriting[2] gently.
Prospero. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ariel. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph of the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence! [*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Miranda. [*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Prospero. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Miranda. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Prospero. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[3] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Caliban. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.
Prospero. Come forth, I say; there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?[4]

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[5] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ariel. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Caliban. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Prospero. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[6]

[1] Respondent, obedient. [2] My duties as a spirit. [3] Do without.
[4] Common exclam. of impatience. [5] Dainty. Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 6 *n.*
[6] Hedgehogs.

Shall forth at vast of night[1], that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
Caliban. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place[2], and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which[3] first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.
Prospero. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to hurt
My loved and only child. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable[4] of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race[5],
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Caliban. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you[6],
For learning me your language!
Prospero. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,[7]
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps[8],
Fill all thy bones with aches[9]; make thee roar,

[1] i. e. at the desolate dead time of night. Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 41 ('vasty'), and introd. III. 1. [2] Plur., for 'places'. Cp. introd. III. 9. [3] For 'who'. So l. 352, &c. [4] 'Capable' here = sensitive to impressions. Cp. *Ham.* III. iv. 126, and *As*, III. v. 23. [5] Breed, stock. [6] Dispatch you. [7] Cp. introd. III. 23. [8] Such as the old have. Cp. 'aged cramps', IV. i. 263. [9] Disyllable, the 'ch' being pronounced soft.

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Caliban. No, pray thee!—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos[1],
And make a vassal of him.

Prospero. So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd—
The wild waves whist[2],—
Foot it featly[3] here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark! [*Burden:* Bow, wow, *dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
[*Burden:* Bow, wow, *dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
[*Cry,* Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Ferdinand. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion[4],
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,—
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden:* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand. The ditty does remember[5] my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes[6]:—I hear it now above me.

[1] The name of the chief god of the Patagonians. See Preface, pp. 197–8.
[2] Hushed. So in Milton's *Hymn on the Nat.*, l. 64. [3] Neatly, trimly.
[4] Used of any violent commotion of the mind (from orig. sense of 'suffering': Lat. *patior, passus sum*), espec. of sorrow, as here. Cp. v. i. 24 (vb.), and *M. N. D.* v. i. 295. [5] Commemorate. [6] Owns, possesses. So l. 451.

Prospero. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance[1],
And say what thou seest yond[2].
Miranda. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
Prospero. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wrack; and, but[3] he's something stain'd
With grief,—that's beauty's canker,—thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
Miranda. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Ferdinand. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?
Miranda. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Ferdinand. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Prospero. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Ferdinand. A single thing,[4] as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples.[5] He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes,—ne'er since at ebb,—beheld
The king my father wrack'd.
Miranda. Alack, for mercy!
Ferdinand. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver[6] daughter could control[7] thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight [*Aside.*]
They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To* FERDINAND.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

[1] i. e. raise; as in the common phrase 'advancing' standards in battle. Cp. IV. i. 177. [2] Yonder; also adj. = yon, e. g. II. ii. 20. [3] But that. [4] Play on 'single': (1) = slight, weak (see *M.* I. vi. 16 *n.*), (2) alluding to his belief that he and Naples are one single person. [5] Cp. l. 109 *n.* [6] Cp. l. 19. [7] Check, confute.

Miranda. [*Aside.*] Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Ferdinand. [*Aside.*] O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Prospero. Soft, sir: one word more—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To* FER.] One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st[1] not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Ferdinand. No, as I am a man.
Miranda. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Prospero. [*To* FERDINAND.] Follow me.—
[*To* MIRA.] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—[*To* FER.] Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles[2], wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Ferdinand. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Miranda. O dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.[3]
Prospero. What! I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward[4],
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Miranda. Beseech you, father!
Prospero. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Miranda. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.
Prospero. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there is[5] no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To[6] the most of men this is a Caliban

[1] Cp. l. 404. [2] Mussels. [3] i. e. of gentle birth, and high-spirited.
[4] Guard. [5] Cp. I. i. 18, and introd. III. 22. [6] Compared to.

And they to him are angels.
Miranda. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Prospero. [*To* FER.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves[1] are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferdinand. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] It works.—[*To* FER.] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To* FER.] Follow me.—
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Miranda. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Prospero. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariel. To the syllable.
Prospero. [*To* FER.] Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gonzalo. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint[2] of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant[3],
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alonso. Prithee, peace.
Sebastian. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

[1] Sinews: orig. sense, fr. Lat. *nervus.* Cp. *Ham.* I. iv. 83. [2] Cp. I. ii. 134. [3] Prob. = the masters of some merchantman (concerned for the ship) and the merchant (concerned for the cargo).

Antonio. The visitor[1] will not give him o'er so.
Sebastian. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gonzalo. Sir,—
Sebastian. One: tell[2].
Gonzalo. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—
Sebastian. A dollar.
Gonzalo. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Sebastian. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gonzalo. Therefore, my lord,—
Antonio. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alonso. I prithee, spare.
Gonzalo. Well, I have done: but yet—
Sebastian. He will be talking.
Antonio. Which, of he or Adrian,[3] for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Sebastian. The old cock.
Antonio. The cockerel.
Sebastian. Done. The wager?
Antonio. A laughter.
Sebastian. A match!
Adrian. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Sebastian. Ha, ha, ha! So you're paid.
Adrian. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Sebastian. Yet—
Adrian. Yet—
Antonio. He could not miss it.
Adrian. It must needs be of subtle[4], tender, and delicate temperance[5].
Antonio. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Sebastian. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adrian. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Sebastian. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Antonio. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gonzalo. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Antonio. True; save means to live.
Sebastian. Of that there's none, or little.
Gonzalo. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Antonio. The ground indeed is tawny.
Sebastian. With an eye of green in't.
Antonio. He misses not much.
Sebastian. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gonzalo. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Sebastian. As many vouch'd rarities are.

[1] Used of one who comes to administer spiritual comfort. Cp. III. i. 32.
[2] Count. [3] Cp. introd. III. 18. [4] Fine (Lat. *subtilis*, fine-woven).
[5] Temperature.

Gonzalo. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Antonio. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies? 70

Sebastian. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.[1]

Gonzalo. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Sebastian. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to[2] their queen.

Gonzalo. Not since widow Dido's time. 80

Antonio. Widow! How came that widow in? Widow Dido[3]!

Sebastian. What if he had said, widower Aeneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adrian. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage[4].

Adrian. Carthage?

Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.

Antonio. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[5] 91

Sebastian. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Antonio. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Sebastian. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Antonio. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alonso. Ay?[6]

Antonio. Why, in good time. 100

Gonzalo. [*To* Alon.] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Antonio. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebastian. Bate[7], I beseech you, widow Dido.

Antonio. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gonzalo. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Antonio. That sort was well fish'd for. 110

Gonzalo. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alonso. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense.[8] Would I had never

[1] As one 'pockets' an insult. [2] For. Cp. 'take to wife'. [3] Cp. *M. V.* v. i. 10. She was a young widow when Aeneas met her. [4] Tunis is near the ruins of Carthage. [5] Of Amphion, whose music was said to have raised the walls of Thebes in Boeotia: so Gonzalo is jestingly imagined to have raised Tunis out of the ruins of Carthage. [6] The King wakes from his stupor—'in good time', Antonio thinks. [7] Deduct, except. Cp. I. ii. 250. [8] i. e. his ears had no stomach or appetite for them.

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost,—and, in my rate[1], she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Francisco. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him.[2] I not doubt[3]
He came alive to land.
Alonso. No, no; he's gone.
Sebastian. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least[4] is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.[5]
Alonso. Prithee, peace.
Sebastian. You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd[6] between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow.[7] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alonso. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gonzalo. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Sebastian. Very well.
Antonio. And most chirurgeonly[8].
Gonzalo. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Sebastian. Foul weather?
Antonio. Very foul.
Gonzalo. Had I plantation[9] of this isle, my lord,—
Antonio. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
Sebastian. Or docks, or mallows.

[1] Reckoning. Cp. I. ii. 92. [2] It was a shore of cliffs. [3] Cp. v. i. 38, 113, 303; and introd. III. 28. [4] i. e. though not dead. [5] i. e. bring tears of grief to it. [6] Balanced. [7] 'She' is omitted. Cp. I. 228, and see introd. III. 31. [8] Surgeonly. [9] Settling, colonization. Ant. and Seb. take it in our restricted sense.

Gonzalo. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Sebastian. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gonzalo. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn[1], bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—
Sebastian. Yet he would be king on't.
Antonio. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gonzalo. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine[2],
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind[3], all foison[4], all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Sebastian. Save his majesty!
Antonio. Long live Gonzalo!
Gonzalo. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alonso. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me[5].
Gonzalo. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[6] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Antonio. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gonzalo. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.
Antonio. What a blow was there given!
Sebastian. An it had not fallen flat-long[7].
Gonzalo. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Sebastian. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling[8].
Antonio. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gonzalo. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion[9] so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

[1] Limit, boundary. [2] i. e. of war. [3] Of its own nature; i. e. without cultivation. For 'it' = its, see introd. III. 13. [4] Plenty (Fr. *foison*). [5] i. e. it means nothing to him. [6] Sensitive. Cp. introd. iii. 3. [7] Cp. 'headlong', &c. [8] Term for bird-catching by night. [9] Risk my character for discretion.

Antonio. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO.

Alonso. What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

Sebastian. Please you, sir,
Do not omit[1] the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth
It is a comforter.

Antonio. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alonso. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

Sebastian. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio. It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebastian. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Antonio. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks thee[2]; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Sebastian. What! art thou waking?

Antonio. Do you not hear me speak?

Sebastian. I do; and surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Antonio. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st[3]
Whiles thou art waking.

Sebastian. Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.

Antonio. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me,[4] which to do
Trebles thee o'er.[5]

Sebastian. Well; I am standing water.

Antonio. I'll teach you how to flow.

Sebastian. Do so: to ebb,

[1] Cp. I. ii. 183. [2] Proclaims thee. Cp. *M.* IV. iii. 159. [3] Close your eyes. Cp. *H. V*, II. i. 8, &c. [4] 'You' omitted. Cp. l. 138, and introd. III. 31. [5] Makes you three times yourself, i. e. three times as great as you are now.

Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Antonio. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it[1]! Ebbing men,[2] indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Sebastian. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter[3] from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes[4] thee much to yield.
Antonio. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,[5] hath here almost persuaded,—
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade[6],—the king, his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Sebastian. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Antonio. O! out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink[7] beyond,
But doubts discovery there[8]. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Sebastian. He 's gone.
Antonio. Then tell me
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Sebastian. Claribel.
Antonio. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note[9], unless the sun were post—
The man i' th' moon 's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she that,—from whom?[10]
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again[11],
And by that destiny to perform an act[12]
Whereof what 's past is prologue, what to come

[1] From the stripping off and putting on ('investing') of clothes. [2] Men whose fortunes are on the ebb. [3] i. e. something of import. Cp. *Ham.* IV. i. 1. [4] Tortures. [5] The memory of whom after he is buried will be as slight as his own 'remembrance' or power of memory. [6] Persuasion 's his only profession. [7] Even a moment's glimpse. [8] i. e. what it may find there. [9] Notification. [10] i. e. from whom should she have note? He breaks off abruptly. [11] i. e. were cast or ejected by the sea. [12] And by that destiny which cast them ashore were cast to perform an act, &c. 'Cast' of l. 259 suggested the 'cast' of a play.

In yours and my discharge.[1]
Sebastian. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Antonio. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us[2] back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!'—Say this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.[3] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Sebastian. Methinks I do.
Antonio. And how does your content[4]
Tender[5] your own good fortune?
Sebastian. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Antonio. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[6] than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Sebastian. But, for your conscience,—
Antonio. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe[7],
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[8] be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel,—three inches of it,—
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put[9]
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion[10] as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock[11] to any business that

[1] i. e. for you and me to discharge. For the pronouns, cp. introd. III. 16. [2] Pace over us. [3] Could teach a jackdaw to talk as deeply. [4] Desire, what would satisfy or content you. Cp. 'So will I . . . work your grace's full content' (2 *H. VI*, I. iii. 70). [5] Care for, regard. So *H. V*, II. ii. 175. [6] Cp. I. ii. 379. [7] A chilblain on the heel. [8] Frozen, or rather hoar-frosted: orig. = to make white (with sugar or hoar-frost), from Lat. *candidus*. Cp. 'the cold brook, Candied with ice', *Tim.* IV. iii. 226-7; and *Ham.* III. ii. 65. [9] i. e. close his eyes for ever. Cp. l. 224. [10] Temptation, seducing. [11] i. e. count its strokes. Cp. l. 15.

We say befits the hour.
Sebastian. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.
Antonio. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it[1] on Gonzalo.
Sebastian. O! but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Antonio. Then let us both be sudden.
Gonzalo. Now, good angels,
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*
Alonso. Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gonzalo. What's the matter?
Sebastian. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alonso. I heard nothing.
Antonio. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alonso. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gonzalo. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily[2]. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alonso. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gonzalo. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

[1] Let it fall. So v. i. 64. [2] Adv. for adj. Cp. introd. III. 7.

Alonso. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*
Ariel. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Caliban. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[1] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows[2], pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that mow[3] and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound[4] with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trinculo. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond[5] same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[6] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John[7]. A strange fish! Were I in England now,—as once I was,—and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man[8]; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit[9] to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath

[1] By inches, every inch of him. So 'piece-meal', &c. 'Meal' is from OE. *mælum*, dat. of *mæl*, a part, used adverbially. [2] The sight of hedgehogs. Cp. I. ii. 326. [3] Grimace (Fr. *moue*, a grimace or thrusting out of the lips). [4] Twined about. [5] Cp. I. ii. 406 *n*. [6] A large leather vessel to carry liquor. [7] The coarse fish called hake salted and dried. [8] i. e. make a man's fortune; with play on other sense (opp. to 'monster'). [9] The smallest coin, worth $\frac{1}{8}d$.

lately suffered[1] by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine[2], there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past. 44

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Stephano. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber,[3] the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate, 50
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Caliban. Do not torment me: O! 59

Stephano. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

Caliban. The spirit torments me: O! 68

Stephano. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather[4].

Caliban. Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster. 77

Stephano. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Caliban. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee. 87

Stephano. Come on your ways:[5] open your mouth; here is

[1] i. e. suffered death. Cp. l. 115, and *M.* III. ii. 16 *n.* [2] A loose frock. [3] Who sweeps the deck with a swab or mop. [4] For 'recover' and 'neat's leather' cp. *J. C.* I. i. 26, 27. [5] More often 'come your ways': i. e. come your way, come along.

that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*gives* CALIBAN *drink*]: you cannot tell who 's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trinculo. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me. 96

Stephano. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth. 103

Trinculo. Stephano!

Stephano. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon[1].

Trinculo. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo. 110

Stephano. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very[2] Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou here by this moon-calf[3]?

Trinculo. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped! 122

Stephano. Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Caliban. [*Aside.*] These be fine things an if they be not sprites[4].
That 's a brave god and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Stephano. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 133

Caliban. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Stephano. Here: swear then, how thou escapedst.

Trinculo. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Stephano. Here, kiss the book [*gives* TRINCULO *drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. 141

Trinculo. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Stephano. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by

[1] The proverb comes in *C. of E.* IV. iii. 64: 'he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.' [2] Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 224. [3] A lumpish deformed creature, an abortion. [4] Spirits.

the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was[1]. 149

Caliban. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Stephano. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

Trinculo. By this good light[2], this is a very shallow monster. —I afeard of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth[3].

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; 160
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trinculo. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Caliban. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Stephano. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trinculo. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Stephano. Come, kiss. 170

Trinculo. But that the poor monster 's in drink: an abominable monster!

Caliban. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trinculo. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs[4] grow; 180
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels[5] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Stephano. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit[6] here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 190

Caliban. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [*Sings drunkenly.*

Trinculo. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

[1] Once upon a time. [2] A common oath of the time. [3] Caliban has just taken a deep draught. [4] Crab-apples. [5] Either (1) limpets, a dimin. from 'scam', shell-fish; or (2) some rock-breeding bird. There is a Norfolk bird locally called 'scamell', but not rock-breeding. [6] Take possession. Cp. IV. i. 154 *n.*

Caliban. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day![1] high-day, freedom! freedom! high-day, freedom!

Stephano. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Ferdinand. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens[2] what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busiest when I do it.[3]

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Miranda. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Ferdinand. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;

[1] Our 'hey-day', and so spelt *Ham.* III. iv. 69. [2] Makes 'quick' or alive. [3] i. e. when I indulge in these thoughts I am then busiest of all, though it means 'forgetting' my work. For double superl. see introd. III. 11.

I'll carry it to the pile.
Ferdinand. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Miranda. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected:
This visitation shows it.[1]
Miranda. You look wearily.
Ferdinand. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?
Miranda. Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest[2] to say so.
Ferdinand. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration[3], worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women[4]; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd[5],
And put it to the foil[6]: but you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Miranda. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features[7] are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of[8]. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Ferdinand. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;—

[1] 'Visitation' in double sense: (1) = visit, in sense in which 'visitor' is used, II. i. 11; (2) = visitation or attack of disease (viz. love). Cp. *M.* IV. iii. 150. [2] Cp. I. ii. 274. [3] He plays on her name, which means literally 'admirable' or 'to be admired' (Lat. *miror, Mirandus, -a*). [4] 'Several' = separate, different. [5] Cp. I. ii. 404. [6] Foiled, defeated it. [7] Shapes—of the whole body, not merely of the face. Cp. *As*, III. iii. 3. [8] To like, be pleased with: a common form.

I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth[1].—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Miranda. Do you love me?
Ferdinand. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event[2]
If I speak true: if hollowly[3], invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else[4] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Miranda. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Ferdinand. Wherefore weep you?
Miranda. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.
Ferdinand. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Miranda. My husband then?
Ferdinand. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Ferdinand. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *severally.*
Prospero. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal[5]; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book[6];
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining[7]. [*Exit.*

[1] Contaminate it, as flies do flesh. Cp. 'fly-blowing', v. i. 284.
[2] Play on 'kind': (1) = a happy issue; (2) = an issue corresponding in kind or nature to his profession of love. Cp. *H. V*, II. Chor. 19; and v. i. 24 below. [3] i. e. insincerely. [4] Anything or everything else. Cp. 'With promise of his sister and what else' (3 *H. VI*, III. i. 51). [5] Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 12. [6] His conjuring book. [7] i. e. appertaining or belonging to his schemes.

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a bottle*, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

Stephano. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em [1].—Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trinculo. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us,[2] the state totters.

Stephano. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trinculo. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Stephano. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard [3].

Trinculo. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Stephano. We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

Trinculo. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Stephano. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Caliban. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trinculo. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case [4] to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed [5] fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Caliban. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinculo. 'Lord' quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Caliban. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Stephano. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Caliban. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Stephano. Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Caliban. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

[1] 'Up helm, and board 'em', i. e. attack the wine. [2] i. e. have brains that reel like ours. [3] Standard-bearer. Cp. 'ensign', 'trumpet' (for 'trumpeter'), &c. In l. 21 Trinculo plays on the word: Caliban is too drunk to 'stand', and so unfit to be a 'standard'. [4] In condition. [5] So 'debauched' was spelt and pronounced.

Ariel. Thou liest.

Caliban. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

Stephano. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant [1] some of your teeth.

Trinculo. Why, I said nothing. 59

Stephano. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Caliban. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,—for I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,—

Stephano. That 's most certain.

Caliban. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Stephano. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party? [2]

Caliban. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, 70
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Caliban. What a pied ninny 's [3] this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes [4] are.

Stephano. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors and make a stock-fish of thee [5]. 81

Trinculo. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Stephano. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel. Thou liest.

Stephano. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes* TRINCULO.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trinculo. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A plague o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain [6] on your monster, and the devil take your fingers! 92

Caliban. Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee stand further off.

Caliban. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Stephano. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Caliban. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log 100

[1] Displace. Cp. II. i. 279; III. iii. 70. [2] i.e. to Prospero, regarded as the opposing party in the business at issue. [3] Motley fool. So 'patch' is a sort of clown, from the jester's patched or motley coat, which Trinculo no doubt wore. [4] The living springs of fresh water [5] i.e. beat thee like a dried cod. [6] Properly a disease among cattle: used freely as a curse.

Batter his skull, or paunch him[1] with a stake,
Or cut his wezand[2] with thy knife. Remember
First to possess[3] his books; for without them
He's but a sot[4], as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:[5]
And that most deeply to consider[6] is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she[7];
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
Stephano. Is it so brave a lass?
Caliban. Ay, lord.
Stephano. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trinculo. Excellent.
Stephano. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
Caliban. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Stephano. Ay, on mine honour.
Ariel. This will I tell my master.
Caliban. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch[8]
You taught me but while-ere?[9]
Stephano. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason[10]. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Caliban. That's not the tune.
[Ariel *plays the tune on a Tabor*[11] *and Pipe.*
Stephano. What is this same?
Trinculo. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody[12].
Stephano. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

[1] Run him through the paunch. [2] Windpipe. [3] Take possession of. [4] Blockhead: orig. sense (Fr. *sot*). [5] Confusion for 'which he'll deck his house withal, when he has one'. [6] The thing to consider most deeply. [7] For 'her'. Cp. i. ii. 231. [8] Part-song. [9] But erewhile, i.e. only a short time ago. [10] i.e. do what is reasonable, anything in reason. [11] A small side-drum, generally played along with the pipe. [12] The allusion is to the print of No-body, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "No-body and Somebody", printed about 1606.

Trinculo. O, forgive me my sins!
Stephano. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!
Caliban. Art thou afeard?
Stephano. No, monster, not I.
Caliban. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.
Stephano. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Caliban. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by[1]: I remember the story.
Trinculo. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after do our work.
Stephano. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?
Trinculo. I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gonzalo. By 'r lakin,[2] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![3] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alonso. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd[4] with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate[5] search on land. Well, let him go.
Antonio. [*Aside to* Sebastian.] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Sebastian. [*Aside to* Antonio.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.[6]
Antonio. [*Aside to* Sebastian.] Let it be to-night;

[1] Presently. [2] By our ladykin, or, little lady, i. e. the Virgin. [3] Straight paths and windings. [4] Seized. Cp. 'every man attach the hand of his fair mistress' (*L. L. L.* IV. iii. 375). [5] Particip. adj. = vain, ineffectual. [6] Thoroughly.

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Sebastian. [*Aside to* ANTONIO.] I say to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter below several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alonso. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gonzalo. Marvellous sweet music!
Alonso. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Sebastian. A living drollery.[1] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns;[2] that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.[3]
Antonio. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gonzalo. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind[4] than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alonso. I cannot too much muse[5]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—
Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Prospero. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[6]
Francisco. They vanish'd strangely.
Sebastian. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you to taste of what is here?
Alonso. Not I.
Gonzalo. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them

[1] A living puppet-show. [2] Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 204 f. [3] The story of this single self-perpetuating bird on its single tree was, like the fable of the unicorn, part of the mythical natural history of the time, which had come down from the ancients. [4] Cp. introd. III. 6. [5] Wonder at. [6] Proverbial: don't praise your entertainment till it is over.

Wallets of flesh?[1] or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one[2] will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alonso. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*[3]

Ariel. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument[4] this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you;[5] and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *&c., draw their swords.*
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing[6] waters, as diminish
One dowle[7] that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like[8] invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant[9] good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit[10] it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition,—worse than any death

[1] Ref. to the goitre of the Alps. With the rest cp. *Oth.* I. iii. 144, 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders', &c. [2] Every investor of his money at the rate of five for one or 500 per cent., i.e. intending travellers to remote and dangerous parts. The enormous interest was meant to balance the enormous risk of their never returning. [3] The device of the harpy comes from Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. [4] = For instrument. Cp. II. i. 79. [5] 'You' supplements 'whom', to ensure clearness after the parenthesis. Cp. introd. III. 25. Further, 'belch up' is regarded as one word, which explains the position of 'you'. Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 131. 'Destiny' is the subject of 'hath caused', and 'the . . . sea' is the object. [6] i.e. closing after every stab. Cp. I. ii. 229. [7] Fibre of down on a feather. [8] Similarly, as. [9] Cp. III. ii. 57. [10] Elsewhere 'requited'. Cp. 'quit' for 'quitted', I. ii. 148.

Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose[1] wraths to guard you from—
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls[2]
Upon your heads,—is[3] nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear[4] life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

Prospero. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange[5], my meaner ministers
Their several kinds[6] have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine[7] lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*

Gonzalo. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alonso. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass[8] my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Sebastian. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Antonio. I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Gonzalo. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[9]
May now provoke them to.

Adrian. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The antec. is 'powers', l. 73. [2] Irregular sing., prob. because of intervening 'which'. Cp. introd. III. 22. [3] = There is. [4] Spotless, innocent. Cp. *M.* I. vii. 18. [5] In a most lifelike way and with singular observance of what became their parts. Cp. *M. N. D.* IV. i. 110: 'our observation is performed', i. e. observance (of the rites of May). [6] The parts suited to their several natures. Cp. II. i. 170; and espec. *Ant. & Cl.* V. ii. 263, 'the worm will do his kind', i. e. act according to his nature. [7] Cp. II. i. 262, and introd. III. 16. [8] i. e. utter in a bass roar. [9] The state of being 'beside oneself' (Gk. *ekstasis*). Cp. *M.* III. ii. 22.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Prospero. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thrid[1] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely[2] stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Ferdinand. I do believe it
Against an oracle.[3]

Prospero. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd[4], take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot[5] before
All sanctimonious[6] ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[7] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly[8]
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.[9]

Ferdinand. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue[10] and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune[11] place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can,[12] shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration

[1] Thread: his life being regarded as a web spun by the Fates. [2] Singularly. Cp. III. iii. 87. [3] i. e. though an oracle declared the contrary. [4] Acquired. Cp. *M. V.* II. ix. 43, &c. [5] The girdle worn by maids until marriage. [6] Holy. In *M. for M.* I. ii. 7 it has the modern sense of hypocritical sanctity. [7] Sprinkling, spray: lit. sense, from L. *aspergere.* [8] Instead of flowers, with which the bridal bed was strewed. [9] Hymen was the divinity supposed to preside over marriages. The lamps are the torches of the marriage procession. 'As' for 'that' survives in dialect. [10] Offspring. [11] Accent 'oppórtune'. [12] The strongest temptation our bad genius is able to make. For 'sugg.' cp. II. i. 296. 'Worser' for 'worse' seems to emphasize the fact that the 'genius' is one of two, a good and a bad. For 'genius' cp. *J. C.* II. i. 66 *n.*; and for 'can' *M. V.* III. ii. 163 *n.*

When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,[1]
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Prospero. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.
Prospero. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ariel. Presently?
Prospero. Ay, with a twink.[2]
Ariel. Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'Go,'
And breathe twice; and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.[3]
Do you love me, master? no?
Prospero. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ariel. Well, I conceive[4]. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good-night your vow!
Ferdinand. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver[5].
Prospero. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary[6],
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly[7].
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.[8]

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;

[1] Phoebus is the sun-god, who drives his chariot across the sky from east to west. 'Or'—'or'='either'—'or.' [2] We should say 'in'. Cp. 'with a thought', l. 164. [3] Both words mean a kind of grimace. For 'mow' cp. II. ii. 9. [4] Understand. [5] Formerly supposed to be the seat of passion. [6] A supernumerary, a 'super'; lit. a surplus, like a 'corollary' in Euclid, which orig. meant an 'additional' proof. [7] Briskly. Cp. *M. N. D.* I. i. 13. [8] Iris, the spirit of the rainbow, and messenger of Juno. summons Ceres, the goddess of harvests and the earth's fertility (whence the Reapers).

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover[1], them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims[2],
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor[3] loves,
Being lass-lorn[4]; thy pole-clipt vineyard[5];
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain[6]:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[7] acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate[8]
On the bless'd lovers.
Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son[9], as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis[10] my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd[11] company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son

[1] Winter fodder. [2] (1) With brims or edges cut and ridged by the spade. 'Pioned' = dug: cp. 'pioner' (*H. V*, III. ii. 95) = pioneer or sapper; and we still talk of 'twilled' or ridged cloth. Or (2) 'pioned' = covered with peonies—the Warwickshire name for marsh marigolds; and 'twilled' = covered with reeds ('twill' for 'quill', as 'twilt' for 'quilt', &c.). (2) seems more natural. [3] 'Bachelor' means a young man in search of a wife. [4] Lass-forsaken. [5] A vineyard in which the poles are clipt, i. e. embraced, by the vines (Dyce). [6] Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks. [7] Woody. [8] Settle (as an estate). Cp. *M. N. D.* I. i. 98, &c. [9] Her blind boy, Cupid. [10] Another name for Pluto, Jove's brother, and king of the dark underworld. He carried off Ceres' daughter, Proserpine, and made her his queen. [11] Defamed, disgraced. Cp. *J. C.* I. ii. 76.

Dove-drawn with her.[1] Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid.
But all in vain.
The Queen of love is back return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,[2]
And be a boy right out.
Ceres. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres. Earth's increase, foison plenty[3],
Barns and garners never empty:
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Prospero. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact[4]
My present fancies.
Ferdinand. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd[5] father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Prospero. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiades,[6] of the windring[7] brooks,

[1] Cp. *M. V.* II. vi. 5. Paphos was an island in the Aegean which Venus particularly loved. [2] Of which he had a team. [3] Plentiful foison or abundance. For 'f.' cp. II. i. 170. [4] Act, perform (of a part in a play, &c.). So *Ham.* III. ii. 108, 109. [5] Furnished with, capable of wonders; not pass. partic., but adj. in -ed. Cp. v. i. 112 and introd. III. 4, 28. [6] Greek name for water-nymphs. [7] Possibly = 'winding'. Cp. 'wilderness' for 'wildness' in *M. for M.* III. i. 142. Perhaps we should read 'winding', or 'wand'ring'.

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp [1] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited: they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Prospero. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the* Spirits.] Well done! avoid [2]; no more!
Ferdinand. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Miranda. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Prospero. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit [3], shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack [4] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on [5], and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Ferdinand. Miranda. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Prospero. Come with a thought! [6]—[*To them.*] I thank thee. [7]
—Ariel, come!

[1] Curled (with ripples): orig. sense, from Lat. *crispus*. So 'crisped', *M. V.* III. ii. 92. [2] Be gone. [3] Possess. Cp. *R. II*, II. i. 83, and II. ii. 188 above (= take possession). [4] Floating vapour, cloud. Cp. *Ham.* II. ii. 514. [5] For 'of'. Cp. l. 250. [6] i. e. as soon as thought on, as quick as thought. Cp. l. 43. [7] He replies absent-mindedly.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?
Prospero. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ariel. Ay, my commander; when I presented[1] Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? 170
Ariel. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd[2] their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As[3] they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss[4] and thorns, 180
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Prospero. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale[5] to catch these thieves.
Ariel. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Prospero. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture[6] can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost; 190
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering*[7] *apparel, &c.*
Come, hang them on this line[8].

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible.* *Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Caliban. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Stephano. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack[9] with us.
Trinculo. Monster, I do smell all filth, at which my nose is in great indignation. 200
Stephano. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

[1] Represented. [2] Cp. I. ii. 405 *n.* [3] As if. [4] Gorse. [5] Decoy. [6] Breeding, education. Cp. *As*, II. vii. 97. [7] Glittering. [8] Linden or lime-tree. [9] i. e. the knave. Cp. *M. V.* iii. iv. 77.

Trinculo. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Caliban. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance[1]: therefore speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trinculo. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Stephano. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trinculo. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Stephano. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
Caliban. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
Stephano. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
Trinculo. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee![2]
Caliban. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
Trinculo. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery[3].—O king Stephano!
Stephano. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.
Trinculo. Thy grace shall have it.
Caliban. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.
Stephano. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.[4]
Trinculo. Do, do: we steal by line and level[5], an't like[6] your grace.
Stephano. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate[7]; there's another garment for't.
Trinculo. Monster, come, put some lime[8] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

[1] i. e. shall close your eyes to it. [2] Ref. to the old song, 'King Stephen was a worthy peer, His breeches cost him but a crown,' &c. [3] Old-clothes shop (Fr. *friperie*). [4] Pun on 'line' (see l. 193), and 'under the line' = under the equator. The jerkin is like to lose its hair, he says, in the tropical heat. [5] i. e. by rule, methodically. [6] Please. [7] Thrust of wit. [8] i. e. bird-lime.

Caliban. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles[1], or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.
Stephano. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to,[2] carry this.
Trinculo. And this.
Stephano. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Prospero. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ariel. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Prospero. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark![3]
[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps[4], and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard[5], or cat o' mountain[6].
Ariel. Hark! they roar.
Prospero. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Prospero. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not[7]; my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage[8]. How 's the day?
Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Prospero. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove[9] which weather-fends your cell[10];
They cannot budge till your release[11]. The king,

[1] Geese supposed to be born out of a certain kind of shellfish that grew upon trees. [2] Get on with you. [3] A cry to set on dogs. [4] Cp. I. ii. 369. [5] Leopard. [6] Wild cat. [7] i. e. show no flaw. [8] Does not bend under his load; 'carriage' = that which is carried. [9] Cp. IV. i. 193. [10] Fends it from the weather. [11] Till their release by you.

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him, that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo:'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections [1]
Would become tender.
Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prospero. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion [2] as they, be kindlier [3] mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets [4] make
Whereof the ewe not bites [5], and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,—
Weak masters though ye be [6]—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak [7]
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs [8] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd [9], and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic

[1] Feelings. [2] Suffer emotion or sorrow. Cp. I. ii. 390 *n*. [3] 'Kindlier' has double sense here: (1) more naturally: as 'one of their kind'. Cp. III. i. 69. (2) more kindly. [4] Rings on the grass were popularly supposed to be caused by the dancing of the fairies. Cp. *M. N. D.* II. i. 9, 86. [5] For the order cp. introd. III. 28. [6] i. e. though valuable as servants they were weak if left to themselves. [7] The oak was sacred to Jove the thunderer. [8] i. e. roots (which spread like spurs). [9] Opened. So I. ii. 37.

I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd [1]
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that [2]
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain [3] fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.[4] [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter [5]
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull [6]! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[7] The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes [8] that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir [9]
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home [10], both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse [11] and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores [12]
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will disease [13] me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.[14]—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

[1] Asked for. [2] Antec. 'senses'. [3] Used of an undefined number. [4] Cp. III. i. 94. [5] i. e. an 'air' (of music) which is 'solemn' and 'the best comforter'. [6] Cp. *M. N. D.* v. i. 4. [7] My eyes, sympathizing with what they see in yours, let fall tear-drops to keep yours company. [8] Fumes of ignorance. Cp. *M.* I. vii. 65, 66. [9] Gentleman. [10] i. e. to the utmost. [11] Compassion. Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 20, &c. [12] Shores of reason. [13] i. e. strip off my disguise. [14] As I was once as Duke of Milan.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ariel. Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Prospero. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom;—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently,[1] I prithee.
Ariel. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gonzalo. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement[2]
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Prospero. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alonso. Whe'r[3] thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted[4] trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been[5], I not know[6]: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,—
An if this be[7] at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign[8], and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs[9].—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Prospero. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age;[10] whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gonzalo. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Prospero. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

[1] Immediately. [2] Cp. I. ii. 14 *n.* [3] Whether: spelt as pronounced. [4] Furnished with enchantment. Cp. IV. i. 123 *n.*, and introd. III. 4. [5] i.e. abused, deluded. [6] Cp. I. 38. [7] Exist. [8] i.e. his suzerainty over it. Antonio had made it a fief of Naples. Cp. I. ii. 112 f., II. i. 118, 119. [9] The wrongs I have done. [10] He addresses old Gonzalo.

Believe things certain.—Welcome! my friends all:—
[*Aside to* Seb. *and* Ant.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify[1] you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Sebastian. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Prospero. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alonso. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost,—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Prospero. I am woe for't, sir.[2]
Alonso. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Prospero. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alonso. You the like loss!
Prospero. As great to me, as late[3]; and, supportable[4]
To make the dear loss[5], have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alonso. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Prospero. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire[6]
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

[1] Prove. [2] See introd. III. 23. [3] As recent, i. e., as Alonso's. [4] Accent 'súpportable'. [5] Cp. II. i. 142. [6] Marvel: orig. sense (Lat. *admirari*).

Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Miranda. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Ferdinand. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Miranda. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle[1],
And I would call it fair play.
Alonso. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Sebastian. A most high miracle!
Ferdinand. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALONSO.
Alonso. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Miranda. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Prospero. 'Tis new to thee.
Alonso. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Ferdinand. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alonso. I am hers:
But O! how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Prospero. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness[2] that 's gone.

[1] i. e. you might wrangle. [2] Sorrow. In I. ii. 307 it = drowsiness; and so 'heavy', II. i. 197, 202.

Gonzalo. I have inly[1] wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alonso. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gonzalo. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alonso. [*To* Fer. *and* Mira.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gonzalo. Be it so: Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly*[2] *following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boatswain. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses[3] since we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare[4] and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.
Ariel. [*Aside to* Prospero.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Prospero. [*Aside to* Ariel.] My tricksy spirit!
Alonso. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger[5].—Say, how came you hither?
Boatswain. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And,—how we know not,—all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several[6] noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo[7] diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld[8]

[1] Inwardly. [2] Cp. I. ii. 14 *n.* [3] Cp. I. ii. 240. [4] Cp. I. i. 7. [5] i. e. they increase in strangeness as they go on. [6] Different, divers. Cp. III. i. 42. [7] More. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 108 *n.* This is a seeming exception to the distinction there stated, but it is explained by the notion of plurality in 'diversity of sounds'. [8] It was the ship that looked 'freshly'.

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice[1], so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping[2] hither.
Ariel. [*Aside to* PROSPERO.] Was 't well done? 240
Prospero. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.
Alonso. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[3] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Prospero. Sir, my liege[4],
Do not infest[5] your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business:[6] at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,—
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every
These happen'd accidents[7]; till when, be cheerful, 250
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to* ARIEL.] Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Stephano. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio![8]
Trinculo. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight. 260
Caliban. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Sebastian. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?
Antonio. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

[1] In a trice. [2] In a dull half-conscious state. [3] Conductor. So *R. II*, IV. i. 157. [4] Addressing him as a vassal does his sovereign: possibly in ref. to the late position of Milan, as a fief of Naples. [5] Harass, vex: orig. sense. [6] i. e. letting your mind beat upon it. [7] I by myself will solve your perplexities about all these accidents that have happened, and you will find my solution probable. For 'resolve of' cp. *H. V*, I. ii. 4, &c.; 'which' refers to the 'solution' implied in 'resolve'; 'every' for 'every one of'. [8] Ital. = Courage! For 'bully' see *H. V*, IV. i. 48 *n*.

Prospero. Mark but the badges[1] of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true[2].—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That[3] could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power[4].
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
Had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Caliban. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alonso. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Sebastian. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alonso. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe[5]: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[6]
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trinculo. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear
fly-blowing[7].
Sebastian. Why, how now, Stephano?
Stephano. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Prospero. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Stephano. I should have been a sore one then.
Alonso. This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.
[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
Prospero. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Caliban. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Prospero. Go to; away!
Alonso. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Sebastian. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.
Prospero. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which—part of it—I'll waste[8]
With such discourse as, I not doubt[9], shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life

[1] Ref. to the stolen finery they are wearing. So in *L. L. L.* v. ii. 762, of a strange disguise. [2] i. e. true, or honest men. [3] For 'so' . . . 'that' cp. l. 315, and introd. III. 20. [4] i. e. command the moon to do things, though she had not the moon's power to do them. [5] Cp. 'weeping-ripe' (*L. L. L.* v. ii. 275). [6] Cp. Beaumont & Fletcher, *The Chances*, iv. 3: 'Is she not drunk too?' 'A little gilded o'er, sir.' It prob. referred originally to the 'elixir of life', which the alchemists sought to obtain by liquefying gold (*aurum potabile*). [7] Cp. III. i. 63. [8] Spend. Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 12 *n.* [9] Cp. II. i. 128.

And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave[1].
Alonso. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Prospero. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off[2].—[*Aside to* ARIEL.] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce[3], art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[1] i. e. the subject of every third thought.
[2] Catch up with the rest of your royal fleet, now far ahead.
[3] To carry out my will.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

PREFACE

Sources of the Play: Shakespeare and English History.—Shakespeare was indebted for the facts of this play to the second edition (1587) of the *Chronicles* of Raphael Holinshed, an industrious and respectable writer for the booksellers in the time of the poet's boyhood. Holinshed was not a remarkable man, but he had the command of a strong plain style, and he shows considerable sense in the selection of incidents. Shakespeare found him agreeable to work from, and seldom went elsewhere for his English history. He does not follow him as he follows Plutarch in his Roman plays, with the close attention of one great student of character to another; but the chief scenes, and their order, come from Holinshed, with characteristic expressions, or the framework of a speech. When mere necessary information had to be conveyed, Shakespeare scarcely took time to put his author into blank verse. Such passages as Northumberland's enumeration of forces in II. i. 278 f. must have been written in a hurry, with the *Chronicles* in front of him. He invented, however, the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London (v. ii. 1–40), and 'roan Barbary' (v. v. 78 f.) is his fancy.

The characters of the play, as we feel them, are his own creation; but they are founded on the truth of what history was then commonly known. This has long been recognized; indeed, had Shakespeare neglected the traditions of history, he would have been defeating a main object of the English historical play. Holinshed was only one of a number of chroniclers competing for the favour of a public which could never hear enough about the tragedies and heroisms of its past. The historical play was one result of this movement of national feeling. From 1588, the year of the Armada, to the close of Elizabeth's reign, more than one-fifth of all the plays whose titles have survived took their subjects from the events

of English history. Thirteen of Shakespeare's plays (more than a third of the whole) are of this sort. They range from the mythical times of King Lear to the days of King Henry VIII, the father of Queen Elizabeth. It is true that they differ enormously in form and intention. *Henry IV* is full of the choicest comedy; *Lear* and *Macbeth* are pure tragedies. In *Richard II*, which Coleridge thought 'the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays', the history forms the plot; in *Lear* and *Macbeth* the history does not form the plot, but is merely the basis or ground of it. Yet all of them illustrate, by their foundation and setting, the strength of contemporary interest in historical subjects. Their influence as history continued into the last century. Marlborough confessed that he had learned nearly all his English history from Shakespeare; and Coleridge believed that a large part of the information on our old names and achievements even in his own time came directly or indirectly from the same source.

In Shakespeare's day *Richard II* was enjoyed, and by the simplest audiences. It was even acted by sailors at sea. On September 30, 1607, the crew of an English merchant-ship performed it off Sierra Leone in honour of an important negro visitor.

Construction and Design.—The historical play was considered by Shakespeare and his public to be a distinct species of drama, with laws of its own. The traditional division of his dramatic work into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies illustrates the prevalence of this view. There is much to be said for it. The construction of an historical play is naturally looser and less regular than that of the other forms of drama. Its plot is determined by history, and the order of its action must imitate the order of events as they occurred in time. All that we are entitled to ask of the dramatist in this matter is that he should so select his subject and conduct his episodes as to secure, if not unity of action, at any rate some unity of interest. The play should have some leading motive which inspires the general action. It should deal, on the whole, with the fortunes of some person worthy of our attention. It should exhibit such events and circumstances as seem to converge

tion, of construction and character-drawing, we are justified in asserting that *Richard II* was written later than *Richard III*, and earlier than the two parts of *Henry IV*. By working out this relation, we obtain 1593 as at least a probable date of composition. Shakespeare was then twenty-nine years of age, and had already secured his popularity on the stage. It was made still more secure by the death in that year of his greatest rival and early master in historical tragedy, Christopher Marlowe.

The Text.—*Richard II*, as we have said, was first published in 1597. It was popular, and was twice reprinted in the following year. These editions differ from all the later versions in being without the deposition scene (iv. i. 154–318), which was restored in the edition of 1608. That it was restored, not freshly added, the reader can see for himself, if he will examine the allusions in the lines before and after. The scene was in the original play. Another edition was issued in 1615, and in 1623 a revised version was published by Shakespeare's literary executors and fellow actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, in their excellent edition of Shakespeare's Plays commonly known as the First Folio. Here and there the previous versions were shortened, to the advantage both of actor and spectator; for the play is a long one. But with respect to Shakespeare, at any rate, we have come to be of the opinion of Goldsmith, that 'the reader receives more benefit by perusing a well-written play than by seeing it acted'; and even those modern editors who most respect the authority of the Folio of 1623 are careful to give the whole text, as it may be collected from the various editions.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Richard the Second.
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } Uncles to the King.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, }
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt: afterwards King Henry IV.
Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkeley.
Bushy, } Servants to King Richard.
Bagot, }
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.
Lord Ross.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Richard, *attended;* John of Gaunt, *and other* Nobles.

K. Richard. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band[1],
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal[2],
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Richard. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,

[1] Same word as 'bond'. Cp. *Ham.* I. ii. 24. [2] Impeachment of treason, which the accuser undertakes under penalty to prove. So vb. 'appeal', ll. 9, 27; 'appealant' (appellant), l. 34, &c. This charge had been made six weeks before at the parliament at Shrewsbury.

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument[1],
On some apparent[2] danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Richard. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd[3] are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Bolingbroke. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Mowbray. Each day still better other's happiness;[4]
Until the heavens, envying[5] earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Richard. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,[6]
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Bolingbroke. First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering[7] the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant[8] to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,[9]
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword[10] may prove.
Mowbray. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

[1] Theme, subject. Cp. *M. N. D.* III. ii. 242, &c. [2] Manifest. [3] Full of high pride or courage. [4] Each . . . the other's. [5] Accent on second syllable. [6] i. e. come on. Final prepositions are frequently so omitted. Cp. introd. III. 25. [7] Caring dearly for. So *H. V*, II. ii. 175, *As*, v. ii. 77, &c. [8] Cp. l. 4 *n*. [9] Add weight to or intensify the stigma. This is the orig. sense of 'aggravate' (Lat. *ad-gravare*); cp. *M. N. D.* I. ii. 84. For 'note' = mark or stigma of disgrace, cp. *J. C.* VI. iii. 2, where the verb is used (Lat. *nota, notare*). [10] Drawn in a right cause.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager[1] tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied[2] to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable[3],
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bolingbroke. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn[4], then stoop:
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.[5]

Mowbray. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:[6]
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Richard. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us[7]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bolingbroke. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles[8]
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers[9],

[1] Biting, bitter (Fr. *aigre*). Cp. *Ham.* I. iv. 2. [2] Bound, obliged. [3] Uninhabitable; keeping the negat. 'in' of Lat. *inhabitabilis*. [4] Pledge, viz. his glove. [5] Before thou canst devise worse treasons. [6] In any degree or grade of combat befitting a knight, any chivalrous form of trial. [7] Put us in possession: the only example of this sense in Shakespeare. In II. i. 83 it = possess; and in *T.* II. ii. 188 = take possession. [8] The 'noble' was worth 6*s.* 8*d.* [9] viz. the English garrison at Calais.

The which he hath detain'd for lewd[1] employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious[2] villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years[3]
Complotted and contrived[4] in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,[5]
Suggest[6] his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,[7]
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Richard. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?

Mowbray. O! let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood[8]
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Richard. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize[9]
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowbray. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt

[1] Vulgar, base: the orig. sense. [2] Almost = insolent. Cp. *M. N. D.* III. ii. 195 *n.* [3] Since the popular revolt of 1381. [4] Conspired and plotted. 'Complotted' (Fr. *comploter*) occurs again, I. iii 189. [5] The Duke of Gloucester was the seventh son of Edward III and so Bolingbroke's uncle. He was put to death at Calais by Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in 1397, on a charge of conspiracy against the king. [6] Prompt in an underhand way. More often it means simply 'tempt', 'seduce', as in III. iv. 75. [7] Gen. iv. 10. [8] This disgrace to his stock. [9] Make partial: not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

Upon remainder of a dear account,[1]
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.[2]
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.[3]
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly[4] begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd[5],
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself[6] I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof,[7] most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Richard. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude[8] and be agreed,
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.[9]
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Richard. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when[10]?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Richard. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.[11]

Mowbray. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,—
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,[12]—

[1] For the unpaid balance of a heavy bill. [2] In 1395 he went with other ambassadors to arrange a marriage between Richard and Isabel, daughter of Charles VI of France. [3] It was Richard who commanded Gloucester's death, and Mowbray's 'neglect of duty' was his delay in carrying out this command. [4] In precise terms. [5] Cp. l. 4 *n.* [6] In my own person. [7] So that the proof may be made at once. [8] Come to terms. [9] It was the custom to be bled at certain seasons. [10] Exclamation of impatience. So *J. C.* II. i. 5, *T.* I. ii. 316, &c. [11] It is no good refusing to obey; 'boot' = profit, advantage (OE. *bót*). [12] i.e. that lives upon my grave despite of death.

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled[1] here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which[2] breath'd this poison.
K. Richard. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.
Mowbray. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times[3] afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.
K. Richard. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.
Bolingbroke. O! God defend my soul from such deep sin.
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight,
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach[4] my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle[5], my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive[6] of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.
K. Richard. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day[7]:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone[8] you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.[9]
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

[1] 'Baffling' (Fr. *bafouer*) was 'originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels'. It is here used generally of disgrace put upon a knight. [2] 'Which' = who, antec. 'his'. [3] Mortal lifetimes. [4] Bring into question or expose to detraction, as in *M. N. D.* II. i. 214, &c., with some notion of 'hindering', 'impeding' in the orig. sense (Fr. *empêcher*), which occurs *H. V*, III. vi. 154. [5] Parley. [6] That which moves, the agent, viz. the tongue. Cp. *H. V*, II. ii. 156. [7] Sept. 17. [8] Set or make *at one*. [9] Mark out one of the two as victor.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's blood[1]
Doth more solicit[2] me than your exclaims[3],
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they[4] see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duchess. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root,
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;[5]
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded[6],
By envy's hand[7] and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine:
That metal, that self-mould[8], that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent[9]
In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model[10] of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

[1] The Duke of Gloucester was also called Thomas of Woodstock. John of Gaunt and he were brothers. [2] Move, rouse: orig. sense (Lat. *sollicitare*). [3] Exclamations. Cp. III. i. 38 'commends', and introd. III. 1. [4] 'Heaven' is regarded as a plural. So in *Ham.* III. iv. 173-5. &c. [5] Four of Edward III's sons had died natural deaths. She contrasts the violent death of her husband, who was the youngest of them all. [6] Faded. The two words were used indifferently. [7] The hand of malice. [8] Selfsame mould. [9] Agree to and approve. The word carries the notion of complicity. Cp. 'Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?' *Oth.* v. ii. 297 (i. e. put your heads together about it). [10] Exact copy. So *H. V*, II. Chor. 16.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,[1]
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duchess. Where then, alas! may I complain[2] myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duchess. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin[3] Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.
Or if misfortune miss the first career,[4]
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant[5] to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes[6] brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duchess. Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy[7] visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices,[8] untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me;[9] let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Because the anointing at a king's coronation was a sacred ceremony, performed in a sacred place by the head of the Church. [2] Cp. III. iv. 18, where 'c.' is transitive. [3] Used loosely at this time for various degrees of relationship. She was Hereford's aunt by marriage, and sister-in-law to Gaunt. [4] i. e. if nobody is seriously hurt in the first course or charge of the tournament. For 'career' cp. *H. V.* II. i. 132 *n.* [5] i. e. retracting his errors (Lat. *recredens*) and appealing for mercy. [6] For 'sometime'. [7] A place in Essex, where the Duke of Gloucester had a mansion. [8] The servants' quarters. [9] i. e. to the Duke of York.

SCENE III.—*Open Space, near Coventry. Lists set out, and a Throne.* Heralds, *&c., attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and* AUMERLE.

Marshal. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aumerle. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Marshal. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold[1],
Stays but the summons of the appealant's[2] trumpet.
Aumerle. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his Throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and Others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* MOWBRAY, *in armour, defendant, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Richard. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear[3] him in the justice of his cause.
Marshal. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Mowbray. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend[4] a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven! [*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *appealant, in armour preceded by a* Herald.

K. Richard. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose[5] him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?

[1] The one adverbial ending does for both. Cp. introd. III. 12. [2] Cp. I. i. 4 *n.* [3] Trans. = put to an oath, as in *J. C.* II. i. 129, &c. [4] Forbid (Fr. *défendre*). [5] Take his deposition, i. e. his statement on oath.

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Bolingbroke. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Marshal. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Bolingbroke. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Marshal. The appealant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Richard. [*Descends from his throne.*] We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood,[1] which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Bolingbroke. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet[2]
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:[3]
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof[4] unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,[5]

[1] They were full cousins. [2] Greet, salute. So ll. 142, 186. It occurs as a subst. *M. V.* II. ix. 89. [3] Ref. to the custom, regarded as peculiarly English at this time, of ending banquets with sweetmeats. [4] Increase its power of resistance, as 'armour of proof': cp. modern 'bomb-proof', &c. [5] Enter it as if it were of wax.

And furbish[1] new the name of John a Gaunt[2],
Even in the lusty haviour[3] of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled[4],
Fall like amazing[5] thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Bolingbroke. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive[6]!
[*He takes his seat.*
Mowbray. [*Rising.*] However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth has a quiet breast.
K. Richard. Farewell, my lord: securely[7] I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order[8] the trial, marshal, and begin.
[*The* KING *and the* Lords *return to their seats.*
Marshal. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry 'amen'.
Marshal. [*To an* Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas,
Duke of Norfolk.
First Herald. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Second Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve[9]
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

[1] Polish, burnish. [2] 'a' worn-down form from 'of' (o'). [3] Carriage, deportment. So *Ham.* I. ii. 81. Orig. = possession (Fr. *avoir*); then assimilated to 'behaviour'. [4] A quadrisyllable. [5] Bewildering, distracting. So v. ii. 85. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 14. [6] Help me to thrive or succeed. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 176 (thrift). [7] Confidently—going in sense with 'couched'. 'Secure' is here used in its orig. sense of confident carelessness of danger. Cp. v. iii. 43, &c. [8] Put in order. [9] Prove, attest.

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire,
Attending[1] but the signal to begin.
Marshal. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder[2] down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound
While[3] we return these dukes what we decree.
[*A long flourish.*
[*To the Combatants.*] Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.[4]
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you[5]
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet[6] our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger[7] paths of banishment.
Bolingbroke. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.
K. Richard. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly[8] slow hours shall not determinate[9]
The dateless limit of thy dear[10] exile;

[1] Awaiting. [2] A sort of truncheon which Richard held as president of the lists. His throwing it down was a sign to stop proceedings. [3] Till. Cp. *M.* III. i. 44. [4] One does not gather from the play that the king withdrew with his council and kept the two combatants seated idly in their chairs for two hours before he returned his decision. [5] Set you on. For the position of 'you' cp. introd. III. 25. [6] Cp. l. 67 above. Perhaps here 're-' gives the force of 'resalute'. [7] Foreign. Not compar. of 'strange'. [8] i. e. stealthy. [9] Fix, limit: a legal term. [10] 'Dear' is used of anything, whether pleasing or the reverse, which touches the heart nearly. Cp. *H. V*, II. ii. 181.

The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Mowbray. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit,[1] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years[2],
My native English, now I must forgo;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Richard. It boots thee not to be compassionate:[3]
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Mowbray. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*
K. Richard. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves[4]—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall,—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised[5] purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Bolingbroke. I swear.
Mowbray. And I, to keep all this.

[1] A dearer or more precious reward. 'Merit' is used (here only) in sense of 'reward merited'. [2] But he had been born only thirty-three years before, in 1365. [3] i. e. to break into self-pity. An uncommon use. [4] i. e. he frees them from their allegiance to him so long as they are exiles. There is no historical authority for this. [5] Deliberate: the usual sense. Cp. 'advice', l. 233, and *M. V.* I. i. 143 *n.*

Bolingbroke. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre[1] of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Mowbray. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world 's my way. [*Exit.*
K. Richard. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* Bolingbroke.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Bolingbroke. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct[2] with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. Richard. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,[3]
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Richard. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,[4]
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:[5]
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

[1] The accent seems to be on the second syllable. [2] Extinguished: the literal sense. So *Ham.* I. iii. 118. Shakespeare uses 'extinct', and 'extincted', never 'extinguished'. [3] i. e. time takes a king's word as valid warrant for a man's death: the metaphor is from coinage-currency. [4] After proper deliberation. Cp. l. 188 *n.* [5] Gaunt voted for his son's banishment. Shakespeare was his own authority for this.

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander[1] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Richard. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and Train.*
Aumerle. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Marshal. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Bolingbroke. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Bolingbroke. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Bolingbroke. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Bolingbroke. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.[2]
Bolingbroke. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember[3] me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages,[4] and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

[1] The reproach of partiality.
[2] i. e. 'like bright metal on a sullen ground' (1 *H. IV*, I. ii. 234).
[3] Remind.
[4] i. e. roamings abroad.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase[1] honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,[2]
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling[3] sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light[4].
Bolingbroke. O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic[5] summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*London. A Room in the* King's *Castle.*

Enter King Richard, Bagot, *and* Green *at one door*; Aumerle *at another.*

K. Richard. We did observe.[6] Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aumerle. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Richard. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aumerle. Faith, none for me[7]; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him? 10
Aumerle. 'Farewell:'

[1] Acquire, win (Fr. *pourchasser*). Cp. *M. V.* II. ix. 43, &c. [2] The royal presence-chamber strewed (as was usual everywhere) with rushes. [3] Growling, snarling. [4] Values it lightly. [5] Imaginary, the mere product of fantasy. [6] This is addressed to Bagot and Green. What was observed is told in l. 23 f. [7] None for my part.

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that[1] taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Richard. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt[2],
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green,[3]
Observ'd his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing[4] of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects[5] with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient manage must be made,[6] my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Richard. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm[7] our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe[8] them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

[1] Emphatic: 'that,' viz. my heart's disdain. [2] It is to be doubted. So III. iv. 69. [3] Bushy was Sir John Bushy, Speaker of the Commons in 1394. Bagot had been Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1384 and 1385. [4] Supporting, enduring. [5] Their affections, inclinations. [6] Expeditious measures must be taken. Cp. II. i. 287 (expedience). For 'manage' = management, control, cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 25; *T.* I. ii. 70. [7] i.e. let out the management of the revenue to certain persons for a fixed sum down. [8] Put down their names.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Richard. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Richard. Now, put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late.

All. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. An Apartment in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK *and Others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze[1];
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,[2]
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf[3] his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state:[4] then there are fond[5]
Lascivious metres, to whose venom[6] sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.[7]

[1] Talk flatteringly. In *H. V*, I. ii. 40 it has its orig. meaning of 'interpret'. [2] Music in its cadences, or 'dying falls'. Cf. *H. V*, I. ii. 182. [3] Not elsewhere in Shakespeare Cp. 'unhappied', III. i. 10. [4] Such as praises of his kingly state or pomp. [5] Foolish. [6] Used several times in Shakespeare as adj. [7] This was very true, at any rate, of Elizabethan times. Cf. *M. V.* I. ii. 78 f. (the young English baron).

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So be it new there's no respect[1] how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.[2]
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection[3] and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy[4] of less happier[5] lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth.
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry[6]
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement, or pelting[7] farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious[8] siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

[1] No consideration, no one considers. [2] Where the will mutinies against what intelligence sees to be right. [3] i. e. from the contagious iniquities of other lands. [4] Malice. So 'envious', l. 62. [5] Double compar., usually with 'more'. [6] The country of the Jews, Judaea. Cp. *H. V*, III. iii. 40. [7] Paltry. So *M. N. D.* II. i. 91. I. iv. 45 f. explain what Gaunt refers to, here and in l. 64. [8] Cp. l. 49 *n.*

Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing[1] death.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd[2], do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?[3]
K. Richard. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O! how that name befits my composition[4];
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits[5] nought but bones.
K. Richard. Can sick men play so nicely[6] with their names?
Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,[7]
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Richard. Should dying men flatter with those that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.
K. Richard. Thou, now a-dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Richard. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, he that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge[8]

[1] Approaching: used of something about to happen, not necessarily regarded as a consequence. [2] Enraged, chafed. [3] Queen Isabel was only about ten years old, though Richard had married her nearly two years before. Shakespeare did not know this, or chose to neglect it. [4] Frame or state of body. [5] Possesses. Cp. I. i. 85 *n.* [6] With such trivial nicety. Cp. *J. C.* IV. iii. 8 *n.* [7] By banishing his son, who was the heir to his name. [8] 'Verge' = edge, margin, border, and so, as here, compass (of a crown). Cp. *R. III*, IV. i. 58–9: 'the inclusive verge Of golden metal that must round my brow.' Wright thinks an allusion is intended to the technical use of 'verge' to describe 'the compass about the king's court, which

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.[1]
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,[2]
And—

K. Richard. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,—
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican[3],
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,—
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age[4],
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee![5]
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Richard. And let them die that age and sullens[6] have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

extended for twelve miles round'. This gives more point to the next line: the whole land being regarded as at the mercy of this little court area, with its 'thousand flatterers'. [1] Play on 'possessed'. In l. 107 it = possessed of your throne; in l. 108 it = possessed with an evil spirit. [2] As landlord his legal status made him completely subject to the law; as a king he was above it. [3] Which was fabled to feed its young with its own blood. Cp. *Lear*, III. iv. 73-4: ''Twas this flesh begot Those Pelican daughters.' He accuses Richard of feeding on the blood of his kindred. [4] 'Crooked' suggested the image of the sickle in the next line. [5] i.e. may thy shame live after thee. [6] Sulks.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Richard. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;[1]
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Richard. What says he?
Northumberland. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Richard. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.[2]
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,[3]
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.[4]
And for[5] these great affairs do ask[6] some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[7] nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd[8] with the number of thy hours;

[1] Richard wilfully misunderstands York, taking 'Harry, Duke of Hereford' as nominative instead of accusative. [2] i. e. we must go on with life's pilgrimage. [3] 'Supplant' = displace; cf. *T.* III. ii. 58. 'Rug-headed' = shaggy-haired, from the coarse frieze 'rugs' made in Ireland; cp. *M.* III. i. 94 ('water-rugs'). 'Kerns' were the light-armed Irish foot-soldiers of the time. [4] Alluding, probably, to St. Patrick's traditional expulsion of snakes from Ireland. [5] Since. [6] Require. [7] Bolingbroke was well received by the King of France and would have married his cousin, had not Richard sent Salisbury to prevent it. [8] Fitted out, furnished. Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 61; *H. V*, IV. Chor. 12.

But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Richard. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?

York. O! my liege.
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal[1].
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties[2] and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue[3] to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,[4] and deny[5] his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K Richard. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can tell;
But by[6] bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Richard. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business[7]. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

[1] Therewith. [2] What belongs to him as one of the royal family [3] Follow upon, succeed. [4] The process by which an heir sues for possession of lands which are in the hands of the court of wards (Fr. *livrée*, delivery). [5] Refuse. [6] Of, with regard to. [7] A tri-syllable.

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross.[1] And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willoughby.[2] Barely in title, not in revenue.

Northumberland. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great[3]; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him[4], a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd[5] with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd[6]
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willoughby. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks[7], benevolences[8], and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.[9]
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm[10].

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

[1] Lord Ross of Hamlake, who became Lord Treasurer under Henry IV.
[2] Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who later married the Duchess of York.
[3] Full, overburdened. [4] 'In' goes with 'wrongs'. [5] Peeled, stripped, plundered (Fr. *piller*): whence 'pillage'. [6] The metre has been spoiled. 'And quite lost their hearts' was copied by mistake from l. 249, and the original words are lost. [7] The 'blank charters' of I. iv. 48. They were signed and sealed by the victims, and the amounts filled in as the King's officers pleased. [8] Forced loans. The term was first used in 1473, so that their mention here is an anachronism. [9] Alluding to Richard's treaty with Charles VI of France in 1396, when he married the French princess Isabel. The truce between the two countries was lengthened by twenty-eight years, and Richard agreed to sell Brest to the Duke of Brittany. [10] Cp. I. iv. 45 *n.*

North. Reproach and dissolution[1] hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
Northumberland. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,[2]
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike[3] not, but securely[4] perish.
Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;
And unavoided[5] is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I see life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings[6] of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,[7]
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine[8],
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war[9],
Are making hither with all due expedience[10],
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,[11]
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,[12]
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh[13];

[1] i. e. death, destruction. [2] Of the brewing of a storm, as in *T.* II. ii. 19, 20: 'Another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind.' [3] i. e. strike sail. [4] Cp. I. iii. 97. [5] Unavoidable. So thrice in Shakespeare. Cf. introd. iii. 4. [6] Regarded as a singular, like 'news'. [7] 'Rainold Lord Cobham' was of the party; but it was Richard, eldest son of the Earl of Arundel, who escaped from Exeter's house, and whose brother had been Archbishop of Canterbury. Probably a line containing his name has dropped out after l. 280. [8] An old spelling of 'Brittany' [9] i. e. warriors. So iii. 52 below. [10] Expedition. Cp. *H. V*, IV. iii. 70, and I. iv. 39 above. [11] i. e. engraft new feathers in it (OE. *impian*). Cp. subst. 'imp' = scion, youngling, *H. V*, IV. i. 45. [12] Referring to Richard's extravagance and the shifts he was put to for money. [13] Otherwise Ravenspurre or Ravenspurn, near Spurn Head, on the Humber

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse,[1] and I will first be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives[2], which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

[1] Subjunctive = if my horse hold out. Cp. introd. III. 24. [2] 'At the right Honorable the Lord Gerard's at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the great of France and his Queen, both upon the same indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, of one side you see the kings and on the other the queens picture' (Plot's *Nat. Hist. of Staffordshire*). The name was used for a variety of means of producing optical delusion (cp. *H. V*, v. ii. 347), and especially for this kind of modelled relief.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit[1], my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less:[2] conceit is still[3] deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;[4]
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd[5] his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals[6] himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that[7] is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest of the revolted faction traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester[8]
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the deliv'rer to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir[9]:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy[10],
And woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

[1] Fancy. [2] i. e. anything but fancy. [3] Ever. [4] My grief has no definite cause; or rather the cause belongs elsewhere, and comes to me at second hand, by reversion (i. e. from Richard, whose fall she vaguely forebodes). [5] Withdrawn. Cp. reflexive use, IV. i. 96. [6] Recalls. Cp. *J. C.* III. i. 51. [7] That which. [8] Steward of the royal household and brother to Northumberland. [9] Child, offspring. So *Venus and Adonis*, Dedic., 'the first heir of my invention'. [10] 'Prodigious' or monstrous birth.

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers[1] in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O! full of careful[2] business are his looks.
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.
Servant. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is 't, knave?
Servant. An hour before I came the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's[3].
What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.—[4]
Go, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there. [*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,

[1] Used transitively also in *M. N. D.* I. i. 4. [2] Anxious, full of care.
[3] Gloucester's. Cp. I. i. 100 *n.* [4] His mind runs on his sister's death.

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.
I should to Plashy too:
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and* QUEEN.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.[1]

Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That 's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wolds in Gloucestershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Bolingbroke. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

Northumberland. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome;
But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.[2]

[1] The hatred of those who do not love the king is likely to extend to his loving followers. [2] Accent on first syllable: so frequently with quadrisyllables in -able, e. g. 'detestable', 'commendable', &c.

But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Bolingbroke. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Northumberland. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?
H. Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
Northumberland. Why, is he not with the queen?
H. Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
Northumberland. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.
H. Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.
Northumberland. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
H. Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge
I never in my life did look on him.
Northumberland. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.
H. Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.[1]
Bolingbroke. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy

[1] Harry Percy was really thirty-five years old at this time, and was twenty-four years older than Prince Hal. Shakespeare assumes Prince Hal to be a good deal older than he was (cp. v. iii. 1 f.), and Percy, as here, a good deal younger: so that they appear generally as of about the same age. He turns this to excellent account in *H. IV* by supposing a youthful rivalry of exploit between them.

As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
Northumberland. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
H. Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

Northumberland. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Bolingbroke. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks[1], which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Bolingbroke. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

Northumberland. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berkeley. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Bolingbroke. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;[2]
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berkeley. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time[3]
And fright our native peace with self-born arms[4].

Enter York, *attended.*

Bolingbroke. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his Grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable[5] and false.

[1] Unfelt, because they had so far led to nothing more tangible.
[2] i. e. 'Lancaster is the title I answer to'.
[3] The time of the king's absence.
[4] i. e. with arms of our own begetting, viz. civil strife.
[5] Capable of deception. For this active use cp. 'defensible' (*H. V*, III. iii. 50), and see introd. III. 3.

Bolingbroke. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust[1] of England's ground?
But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised[2] arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bolingbroke. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?[3]
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested[4] treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms[5] against thy sovereign.
Bolingbroke. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.[6]
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent[7] eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;

[1] i. e. a grain of dust. Cp. *King John*, IV. i. 93: 'A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair.' [2] Almost = to be despised, despicable. So 'detested', l. 109. [3] i. e. with regard to what terms or condition have I committed a fault, and where does it lie? York takes condition in the ordinary sense: it lies in the worst possible condition, he says. [4] Cp. l. 95 *n.* [5] Audacious, defiant arms. So l. 143. [6] As Lancaster, in the character of Lancaster. Compare the stage directions in *L. L. L.* v. ii. 549, 564: 'Enter Costard, for Pompey,' 'Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.' [7] Impartial.

Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery[1] here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd[2] and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

Northumberland. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon[3] to do him right.

Willoughby. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind[4] to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

Northumberland. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach[5] you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in[6] the castle
And there repose you for this night.

Bolingbroke. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle; which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.

[1] Cp. II. i. 205 *n.* [2] Seized, taken possession of. [3] There is an obligation upon your Grace. The order of the phrase is traditional. Cp. *Ham.* v. ii. 63. [4] In this way of doing. [5] Seize, arrest. Cp. *T.* III. iii. 5. [6] 'In' for 'into': frequent in such phrases. Cp. *M. V.* II. viii. 42, v. i. 56, &c.

Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY *and a* Captain.

Captain. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
Salisbury. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Captain. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change,
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy[1] by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*
Salisbury. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing[2] storms to come, woe, and unrest,
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bristol.* BOLINGBROKE'S *Camp.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS; Officers *behind, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN *prisoners.*

Bolingbroke. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part[3] your bodies—
With too much urging[4] your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,

[1] i. e. in hope to enjoy. [2] Bearing witness of. [3] Leave, quit. Often used = depart; only here transitively in that sense. [4] Insisting on, laying stress upon.

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied[1] and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner[2] with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.[3]
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,[4]
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories[5],
Dispark'd my parks[6], and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat[7],
Raz'd out my impress[8], leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Bolingbroke. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and Others, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated[9]:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends[10];
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Bolingbroke. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:[11]
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Only here in Shakespeare. For the form cp. II. i. 16 ('undeaf'). 'Happy' is used as a vb. in Sonnet VI. 6. [2] In a manner. [3] Cp. II. i. 71 *n.* [4] Cp. *R. & J.* I. i. 138: 'Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.' [5] Lordships, or manors. [6] Deprived them of what marks them as parks, i. e. of their enclosures, which distinguish them from a common. [7] A family coat of arms was frequently blazoned in the family windows. [8] A device with a motto (Ital. *impresa*, a motto or emblem). [9] Treated. [10] Commendations, compliments. For the form cp. I. ii. 2 ('exclaims'). [11] This expedition was not really made till 1401.

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and* Soldiers.

K. Richard. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?
Aumerle. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Richard. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child [1]
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue [2] may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Carlisle. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aumerle. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security [3],
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
K. Richard. Discomfortable [4] cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines

[1] 'With' goes both with 'long-parted' (= long parted from) and with 'plays'. [2] i. e. forked. [3] Heedless over-confidence. Cp. I. iii. 97, &c. [4] Comfort-destroying, discouraging. Occurs here only.

And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm[1] from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd[2]
To lift shrewd[3] steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power[4]?
Salisbury. Nor near[5] nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort[6] guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aumerle. Comfort, my liege! why looks your Grace so pale?
K. Richard. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aumerle. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.
K. Richard. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?

[1] Cp. *H. V*, IV. i. 280. [2] Impressed, enlisted. [3] Bitter, biting (lit. 'accursed', 'mischievous'). Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 244. [4] Armed force. So l. 143, &c. Cp. use of 'puissance' in *H. V*, I. Chor. 25, II. ii. 190. [5] Nearer: a contraction probably due to pronunciation. So v. i. 88 below, and *M.* II. iii. 147. [6] Cp. l. 36.

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Sir Stephen Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Richard. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen[1] learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal[2] yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills[3]
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Richard. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. Richard. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

[1] Pensioners or almsmen charged with the duty of praying for the souls of their benefactors. [2] Doubly fatal: because not only was its wood made into bows, but its leaves also are poisonous. [3] A kind of pike or halberd.

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property[1],
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aumerle. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aumerle. Where is the duke my father with his power[2]?
K. Richard. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.[3]
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,[4]
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick[5] sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit[6],
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

[1] Proper nature or quality. [2] Cp. l. 63 above. [3] The proverbial 'six foot of earth' which belongs to every man. [4] i. e. of those they have deposed. [5] Jester. Cp. *H. V.* III. ii. 32. [6] = Vain self-conceit. 'Self' is an adj., here and in other places, e. g. *M.* v. vii. 99: 'by self and violent hands.' 'Conceit' by itself now means 'self-conceit', but not in Shakespeare's time (cp. II. ii. 33).

For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,[1]
How can you say to me I am a king?
Carlisle. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently[2] prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain; no worse can come to fight:[3]
And fight and die is death destroying death;[4]
Where[5] fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Aumerle. My father hath a power[6]; inquire of him
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Richard. Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small[7]
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Richard. Thou hast said enough.
[*To* AUMERLE.] Beshrew thee[8], cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear[9] the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aumerle. My liege, one word.
K. Richard. He does me double wrong,

[1] The metre is defective. Something has dropped out. [2] Immediately. So nearly always. [3] i. e. nothing worse than being slain can come to you by fighting. [4] i. e. to die fighting is to kill as well as be killed, to destroy one's destroyers. [5] Whereas. [6] Cp. l. 63 *n.* [7] We should use 'little'. Cp. introd. iii. 1. [8] Curse, plague upon thee—often playful. [9] Till, plough (OE. *erian*, connected with L. *arare*, &c.).

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

Bolingbroke. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
Northumberland. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say, 'King Richard:' alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
Northumberland. Your Grace mistakes; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you[1],
For taking so the head[2], your whole head's length.
Bolingbroke. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.[3]
Bolingbroke. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
H. Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Bolingbroke. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
H. Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
Northumberland. O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Bolingbroke. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his[4] ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke

[1] As to shorten you. [2] i. e. taking so presumptuous a liberty: as we talk of a runaway horse 'taking its head'. [3] Quibble on 'take' and 'mis-take'. [4] For 'its', as usual.

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restor'd again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A Parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

H. Percy. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Richard. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful[1] bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,

[1] Passive = full of fear; so 'awful', l. 76.

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls[1] by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat[2] the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond[3] methinks he is,—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament[4] of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face[5],
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

Northumberland. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms[6]
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of war-like Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party[7] granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed[8] steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Richard. Northumberland, say, thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;

[1] i.e. perjured them. [2] Threaten. [3] Yonder. Also as adj. l. 135. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 406. [4] Will or testament. [5] The bloom on the face of the country. [6] 'Civil' in sense in which we speak of 'civil war'. 'Uncivil' is almost = uncivilized, brutal (cp. *M. V.* II. ii. 210, *M. N. D.* III. ii. 147). The opportunity for a play on the words could not be missed. [7] Part, side. [8] Fitted with 'barbes', which were coverings for the breast and flanks of war-horses. 'Barbe' is a corruption of 'barde' (Fr. *barde*).

And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.[1]
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires* to BOLINGBROKE.
[*To* AUMERLE.] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aumerle. No, good my lord; let 's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.
K. Richard. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond[2] proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth[3]. O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aumerle. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Richard. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge[4] the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted[5] us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, there inlaid: 'There lies[6]

[1] Cp. III. i. 38 *n.* [2] Cp. I. 91 *n.* [3] Properly = truth; but here used as if connected with 'soothe', i. e. soft words, words of soothing. [4] Lay, beat down. So *M.* IV. i. 55. [5] Worn away. [6] Cp. introd. III. 22.

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.'
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

Northumberland. My lord, in the base court[1] he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Richard. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.[2]
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt from above.*

Bolingbroke. What says his majesty?

Northumberland. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly[3], like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his* Attendants.

Bolingbroke. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. [*Kneeling.*
My gracious lord,—

K. Richard. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had[4] my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least[5], although your knee be low.

Bolingbroke. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Richard. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bolingbroke. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Richard. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies[6].

[1] Lower and outer court (Fr. *basse-cour*), surrounded by the servants' offices, &c. [2] Phaëthon was son to the Sun-God, and having obtained his father's unwilling consent to let him drive for one day the horses of the sun, he was unable to manage them, with the result that they flew low and scorched the earth. Jupiter in a rage struck him dead with a thunderbolt. For 'manage' = management (espec. of horses), cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 25; *As*, I. i. 13. 'Jade' was a term for a worthless or vicious horse.
[3] Foolishly. [4] I had rather. This impersonal use of the verb, with dative of the pronoun, was once common. Cp. 'methinks', &c.
[5] Richard points to his own head. [6] i.e. they can do no good.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?
Bolingbroke. Yea, my good lord.
K. Richard. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Langley. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
First Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
First Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
First Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain[1].
First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.
First Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.[2]
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,[3]
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change[4]: woe is forerun with woe.[5]
[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*

[1] Bewail. No longer used transitively. Cp. reflexive use, I. ii. 42; and similar uses of 'retire', II. ii. 46, IV. i. 96. [2] i. e. if my troubles were so light that weeping could do me any good, I could sing for joy, and never ask a tear from you. [3] She wagers at enormous odds. [4] When a change is imminent; in expectation of a change. Cp. v. ii. 66, &c. [5] Woe heralds woe.

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

Gardener. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks[1],
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

First Servant. Why should we in the compass of a pale[2]
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots[3] disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gardener. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke;
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

First Servant. What! are they dead?

Gardener. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O! what pity is it
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden. We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches[4]
We lop away that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

First Servant. What! think you then the king shall be depos'd?

Gardener. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt[5] he will be: letters came last night

[1] Apricots: the old spelling. [2] Enclosure. [3] The 'knots' or figures in which flower-beds were laid out. Cp. Bacon's Essay 'Of Gardens'. [4] Perhaps 'superfluous' may be accented on the penultimate syllable. Otherwise the metre is defective. [5] It is to be doubted or suspected. Cp. I. iv. 20.

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death through want of speaking.[1]
[*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested[2] thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gardener. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Gardener. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall[3] a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;[4]
Rue, even for ruth,[5] here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

[1] She compares the torture of listening silently as the gardener goes on to the torture of prisoners who refuse to confess. Weights were laid upon their breasts, and the longer their silence the heavier the weights that were applied. [2] Cp. I. i. 101. [3] Let fall. For this transitive use cp. *J. C.* IV. ii. 26. [4] Rue was also called 'herb of grace'. Cp. *Ham.* IV. v. 180. [5] Pity: with play on 'rue' in its sense of 'repent'.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall.*

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne: the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind with* BAGOT.

Bolingbroke. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king[1], and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless[2] end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bolingbroke. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,[3]
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather[4] refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aumerle. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars[5],
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder[6] of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,[7]
That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Bolingbroke. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aumerle. Excepting one, I would he were the best

[1] i. e. worked upon the king to that end. [2] Untimely. Cp. *K. John*, III. i. 44: 'sightless' = unsightly. [3] Cp. I. i. 100 *n.* [4] Pronounced 'ra'er'. Cp. 'wh'er' = 'whether', *J. C.* I. i. 65, &c. [5] Which determined the fortune of his high birth. [6] Foul or dishonouring accusation. [7] As if, by throwing down his gage, he had sealed his accuser's death 'under his own hand' (manual). Since Aumerle probably threw down his glove, 'manual' (Lat. *manus*, hand) gains in point.

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitzwater. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,[1]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point[2].
Aumerle. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitzwater. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aumerle. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
H. Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal[3] as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it if thou dar'st.
Aumerle. And if I do not may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth to the like,[4] forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn[5];
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.
Aumerle. Who sets me else?[6] by heaven, I'll throw at all
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzwater. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitzwater. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.
Fitzwater. How fondly[7] dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

[1] i. e. on finding an opponent of similar birth, &c. Cp. l. 21 above. [2] An anachronism, inasmuch as the rapier was not introduced into England till much later. [3] Cp. I. i. 4 *n*. Used again l. 79. [4] Put the same burden on it, viz. that of bearing his gage (which he proceeds to throw down). [5] Cp. I. i. 74. [6] Is there any other sets me (challenges me to) a match? [7] Foolishly.

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith[1]
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world[2],
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aumerle. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd[3] to try his honour.
Bolingbroke. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories; when he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carlisle. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself[4]
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Bolingbroke. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carlisle. As surely as I live, my lord.
Bolingbroke. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appealants[5],
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, *attended.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Bolingbroke. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Carlisle. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.[6]

[1] He throws down his gage, in answer to Surrey's. [2] i. e. the new era of Bolingbroke's sovereignty. [3] Cp. II. ii. 49. [4] Cp. II. ii. 46 *n.* [5] Cp. I. i. 34. [6] i. e. I may be the last man who should speak in this royal presence, yet it best befits me (as a bishop and spiritual peer) to speak the truth. The construction is lax, but the meaning plain enough.

Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then, true noblesse[1] would
Learn[2] him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent[3] guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O! forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene[4] a deed.
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;[5]
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.[6]
O! if you rear this house against this house,[7]
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Bolingbroke. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct[8]. [*Exit.*

[1] Nobleness; borrowed from French, like many other words of the time. [2] Teach. In Shakespeare's time this was correct. [3] Cp. 1. i. 13. [4] Foul, loathsome: orig. Latin (not specialized modern) sense. [5] A prophecy of the Wars of the Roses. [6] Cp. Matt. xxvii. 33: 'And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of a skull.' [7] Cp. Matt. xii. 25: 'Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand.' [8] Conductor. So *T.* v. i. 244.

Bolingbroke. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer[1].
[*To* CARLISLE.] Little are we beholding[2] to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Richard. Alack! why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours[3] of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime[4] cry, 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk?[5] well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes[6] two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bolingbroke. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Richard. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Bolingbroke. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Richard. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won,
The cares I give I have, though given away;

[1] i. e. for their appearance on trial. [2] For 'beholden'. [3] Their outward favours or countenances. [4] Once. [5] Because he has both to give the lesson—'God save the King'—as a priest does, and lead the response—'Amen'—as the parish-clerk does. [6] Owns. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 404, &c. It is used in modern sense, I. i. 167 above.

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.[1]
Bolingbroke. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Richard. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.[2]
Now mark me how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm[3],
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous rites[4]:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues[5], I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?
Northumberland. [*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Richard. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture[6] of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst[7] thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

[1] ll. 196–9 = my care (or sorrow) is that I have lost and done with my old cares (of office); your care is that you have gained new cares, viz. those that I have lost. I give away to you my cares (of office), but I keep my other cares. [2] Play on 'Ay' and 'I': obvious in the old copies where 'Ay' is printed 'I'. Since 'I (Ay)' must be nothing, 'No Ay (I)' becomes 'No No'; the second 'No' being a substantive. [3] Cp. III. ii. 55. [4] Remit the rites or observances which duty demands from subjects to their king. [5] Accented on second syllable, as in *T.* I. ii. 98, &c. [6] Reading, 'lesson' in the ecclesiastical sense. [7] We should say, 'If thou shouldst, there wouldst thou find'.

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,[1]
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,[2]
And water cannot wash away your sin.

Northumberland. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Richard. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort[3] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous[4] body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

Northumberland. My lord,—

K. Richard. No lord of thine, thou haught[5] insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow.
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops.
Good king, great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling[6] yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.[7]

Bolingbroke. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Richard. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Bolingbroke. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

Northumberland. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Richard. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that 's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine

[1] Richard imagines himself baited by his own wretchedness as a bull or bear is baited by dogs. [2] Cp. Matt. xxvii. 24-26. [3] Company or crew. Cp. *M. N. D.* III. ii. 13, 21. [4] Used to describe the magnificence with which the body of a king is clothed—not his bearing. [5] Haughty. [6] Retain its current value. [7] 'His' for 'its'.

And made no deeper wounds? O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men?[1] Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Bolingbroke. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.[2]
K. Richard. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let 's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Bolingbroke. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Richard. 'Fair cousin!' I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Bolingbroke. Yet ask.
K. Richard. And shall I have?
Bolingbroke. You shall.
K. Richard. Then give me leave to go.
Bolingbroke. Whither?
K. Richard. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Bolingbroke. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.
K. Richard. O, good! convey? conveyers[3] are you all,

[1] 'There resorted dayly to his court above x. M [i. e. ten thousand] persons that had meate and drinke there allowed them' (Holinshed).
[2] By the 'shadow' of his sorrow is probably meant the mere 'external manners' of it (l. 296), e. g. such impulsive acts as the breaking of the glass. So Richard understands it. The 'shadow' of his face is its image in the glass.
[3] A cant term for 'thieves'. Cp. *M. W. of W.* I. iii. 28–30: '*Nym.* The good humour is to steal. . . . *Pistol.* "Convey," the wise it call.'

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and* Guard.

Bolingbroke. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all except the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* AUMERLE.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aumerle. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter the QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower[1],
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,[2]

[1] The Tower of London, which legend said had been built by Julius Caesar. 'Ill-erected' = built to an evil end. Cp. Gray in *The Bard*: 'Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame.

[2] These lines, 11–15, are addressed to Richard, who is compared to the ruins—the mere plan or model being left—of a fine city. All except the mere outline of his honour is blotted out; and what is left of him is the tomb of his former self. He is like a fair inn inhabited by a grim lodger—grief; while triumph, in taking up her quarters with Bolingbroke, has become a common alehouse guest. 'Old Troy', l. 11, was suggested by the current legend which attributed the foundation of London to Trojan voyagers.

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Richard. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd! Hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Richard. A king of beasts indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime[1] queen, prepare thee hence for France,
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid[2];
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,[3]
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize[4]
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire[5] out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

[1] Once, quondam, as in IV. i. 169. [2] Tales of woe that happened in long-past ages. [3] To requite them for their tales of grief. For this use of 'quit' cp. *Ham.* v. ii. 68, &c. [4] Sympathize with. Not elsewhere active transit. in Shakespeare, but used four times in the passive partic. in this sense. [5] To be pronounced as a disyllable. So often with short words ending in -r, or -re.

And, madam, there is order ta'en[1] for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Richard. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;[2]
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy[3] danger and deserved death.
Northumberland. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Richard. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines[4] the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.[5]
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Richard. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.
Northumberland. That were some love but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Richard. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here:
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.[6]
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

[1] Plans, arrangements, have been determined on. Cp. use of 'order' as a verb, I. iii. 99. [2] Since it is you have helped him to the whole. [3] Merited. [4] Not elsewhere trans. in Shakespeare. [5] Hallowmas is Nov. 1, not far from the shortest day. [6] Better far off from each other, than to be near, and yet never the nearer. For 'near' = nearer cp. III. ii. 64. The line reads like a proverb.

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief,
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine[1], and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. [*They kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Richard. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the* DUKE OF YORK'S *Palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

Duchess. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duchess. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duchess. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?[2]
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, 'God save him;'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,

[1] i.e. my heart. Both 'mine' and 'thy' are emphatic. [2] The whole of this is of Shakespeare's own imagining. Richard did not ride through the streets of London in procession with Bolingbroke, but was expeditiously conveyed, first to Westminster, and then, probably by water, from there to the Tower.

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bow our calm contents.[1]
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow[2].
Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.[3]
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duchess. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?[4]
Aumerle. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:[5]
God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?[6]
Aumerle. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aumerle. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aumerle. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who sees it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aumerle. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duchess. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some band[7] he 's enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst[8] the triumph day.

[1] To whose high will we bow, and are calm and contented. This compression of style, which gives the effect as already existing in the causal process, is characteristic of Shakespeare. It is seen in its simplest form in such phrases as 'pale Fear', i. e. Fear that makes men pale. See introd. III. 5. [2] Admit, accept. [3] The Duke of Aumerle had been deprived of that title for opposing Bolingbroke, and degraded to be Earl of Rutland. [4] i. e. who are the new king's favourites? [5] The emphatic repeated negative. [6] i. e. are those tournaments and triumphal shows to come off? [7] bond. Cp. I. i. 2. [8] Cp. III. iv. 28.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aumerle. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason! villain! traitor! slave!
Duchess. What is the matter, my lord!
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duchess. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach[1] the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
Duchess. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duchess. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aumerle. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duchess. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duchess. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd[2].
[*To* Servant.] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
[*Exit* Servant.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duchess. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?[3]
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond[4], mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably[5] set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duchess. He shall be none;[6]
We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

[1] Impeach, inform against. [2] Distracted, confounded. Cp. I. iii. 81. [3] In the interests of history—which, however, are secondary here—it may be remarked (1) that the Duke of York had one other son, Richard, who is the Earl of Cambridge in *H. V*; (2) that Aumerle was York's son by a former wife; (3) that the Duchess's action might be accounted for otherwise—she was Richard II's niece. [4] Foolish, doting. [5] By which each stood bound to the other. [6] He shall be none of them, i. e. he shall not be one of them.

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duchess. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*
Duchess. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King;* HENRY PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Bolingbroke. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son[1]?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
H. Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Bolingbroke. And what said the gallant?
H. Percy. His answer was: he would unto his haunts,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Bolingbroke. As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily[2] bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aumerle. Where is the king?
Bolingbroke. What means

[1] Prince Hal. But see II. iii. 44 *n.*
[2] This may mean either 'happily' or 'haply'. 'Haply' was often spelt as in the text. Perhaps there is a shade of both meanings here and in other passages in Shakespeare.

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aumerle. God save your Grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Bolingbroke. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* H. Percy *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aumerle. [*Kneels.*] For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Bolingbroke. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aumerle. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Bolingbroke. Have thy desire. [Aumerle *locks the door.*
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware! look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Bolingbroke. [*Drawing.*] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure[1], foolhardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?[2]
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[Bolingbroke *unlocks the door; and afterwards relocks it.*

Enter York.

Bolingbroke. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aumerle. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Bolingbroke. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing[3] son.
York. So shall he spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

[1] Heedless, overconfident. Cp. I. iii. 97, &c. [2] i. e. by using these epithets of the king. [3] Digressing, that is, from the path of rectitude.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duchess. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. [*Within.*] A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
Bolingbroke. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King[1].'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
[AUMERLE *unlocks the door.*
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duchess. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.[2]
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old breast once more a traitor rear?
Duchess. Sweet York, be patient. [*Kneels.*] Hear me, gentle liege.
Bolingbroke. Rise up, good aunt.
Duchess. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy[3] sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!
Duchess. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

[1] The title of a well-known ballad—'Of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid'. It may be read in Percy's *Reliques*. [2] A man who does not love his own flesh and blood is incapable of loving anything else—his king, for example. [3] For this sing. use cp. introd. III. 10.

That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
Bolingbroke. Good aunt, stand up.
Duchess. Nay, do not say 'stand up;'
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, '*pardonnez moy*[1].'
Duchess. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word.
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping[2] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse[3].
Bolingbroke. Good aunt, stand up.
Duchess. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Bolingbroke. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duchess. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Bolingbroke. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duchess. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,[4]
With all the rest of that consorted[5] crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers[6]
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duchess. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] 'Moy' rhymes with 'destroy'. Cp. *H. V*, IV. iv. 21. [2] Either (1) mincing, affected; or (2) 'changing one meaning for another' (Wright). [3] Pronounce, proclaim. Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 363. [4] The brother-in-law is the Earl of Huntingdon, who had recently been degraded from the dukedom of Exeter. The abbot is the Abbot of Westminster. [5] Associated, confederated. So below, vi. 15. [6] For 'order' cp. I. iii. 99; for 'powers', III. ii. 68; 'several' = separate, distinct.

Scene IV.—*Another Room in the Castle*

Enter Exton *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?
Servant. Those were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Servant. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly[1] looked on me,
As who should say,[2] 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;'
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid[3] his foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding[4] thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours[5] like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:[6]
As thus, 'Come, little ones;' and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'[7]
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

[1] Wistfully. [2] Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 93. [3] Remove, dispatch. [4] Constantly breeding. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 229, &c. [5] Temperaments, dispositions. [6] i. e. set one text of Scripture against another. It is odd that the same phrase should be used in v. iii. 122. [7] The 'needle's eye' is thought of as a postern or small low gate, through which a large body could scarcely pass. And so in fact the phrase had been explained by some Scriptural commentators, who pointed to the narrow gate of eastern towns which was so called. The texts are from Matt. xix. 14, 24.

Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for[1] they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,[2]
That many have and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar[3]
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock[4].

[1] Since. Cp. l. 3. [2] Find refuge for their shame in recalling, &c.
[3] 'Jar' = tick. His sighs are the tickings of the pendulum within; his thoughts are minutes, his tears the figures that mark them on the outward watch dial (his eyes), his fingers the dial's point, and his groans tell the hour. This elaborate figure illustrates forcibly ll. 1–5: 'I have been studying how I may compare . . . I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.' [4] Name for a small mechanical figure that automatically struck the hours, &c.

This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it have holp[1] madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch[2] in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Richard. Thanks, noble peer;[3]
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.[4]
What art thou? and how comest thou hither, man,
Where no man never comes but that sad[5] dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes[6] royal master's face.
O! how it yearn'd my heart[7] when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.
K. Richard. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Richard. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade[8] hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing[9] Bolingbroke.

[1] Helped. [2] Brooches or buckles were at one time fashionable ornaments in men's hats. Richard thinks that love for him is a strange article of fashion for a man to wear in such a world. [3] Richard mocks his servant's high style of address. Cp. *M. V.* II. ix. 85. [4] A pun is implied on 'royal' and 'noble'. A 'royal' was worth 10*s.*; and a 'noble' 6*s.* 8*d.* A groat was worth 4*d.*, so that there were 10 groats between the value of a 'royal' and a 'noble'. But the cheapest of them, i.e. the noble, valued at 20 groats, says Richard, is worth only half that amount. [5] Grave, solemn. [6] Sometime. Cp. I. ii. 54. [7] Grieved my heart. Cp. *H. V*, IV. iii. 26. [8] Cp. III. iii. 179. [9] To 'jaunce' a horse is to ride it hard and make it career.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keeper. [*To the* Groom.] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.[1]
K. Richard. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
[*Exit.*
Keeper. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
K. Richard. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keeper. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Richard. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Strikes the* Keeper.
Keeper. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?[2] Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*
Go thou and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another: then* Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*
Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
Take hence the rest and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter* Bolingbroke *and* York, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

Bolingbroke. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester[3] in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

[1] i.e. you may stay here no longer. [2] It is difficult to see the precise meaning of this, unless Richard be supposed to contrast this violent form of death with the death by poison implied just before. It has been conjectured that we should read: 'What? mean'st death in this rude assault?' [3] Cirencester. The spelling in the text represents the local pronunciation.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is: I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
Bolingbroke. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitzwater. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted[1] traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Bolingbroke. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter HENRY PERCY, *with the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

H. Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;[2]
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Bolingbroke. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast,[3] and with it joy[4] thy life;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Bolingbroke. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

[1] Cp. v. iii. 138. [2] i. e. conscience and melancholy have weighed him down to the grave. Holinshed relates that shortly after the conspiracy was discovered, as he was going between his monastery and dwelling-house, the abbot 'for thought [i. e. worry and anxiety] fell into a sudden palsy, and shortly after, without speech, ended this life'. [3] Some place more reverend than thou hast chosen hitherto, i. e. more befitting a priest. [4] Enjoy. Cp. 2 *H. VI*, IV. ix. 1: 'Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne?'

Bolingbroke. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent[1].
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Forthwith.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } Brothers to
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } the King.
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's Army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the Same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.
Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE.—*England; afterwards France.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention[1];
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port[2] *of Mars; and at his heels,*
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath[3] *dar'd*
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty[4] *fields of France? or may*[5] *we cram*
Within this wooden O[6] *the very casques*

[1] Imagination. [2] Bearing. [3] For 'hath' with plural subject cp. introd. III. 22. [4] Vast; usually with added notion of 'desolate'. Cp. II. ii. 123, II. iv. 105. [5] Can. Cp. II. ii. 100, *M. V.* III. ii. 162 *n.* [6] i. e. the wooden *Globe* Theatre. Cp. 'the little O, the Earth' (*Ant. & Cl.* v. ii. 81).

That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,[1]
On your imaginary[2] *forces work.*
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance[3]*;*
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment[4] *of many years*
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history;[5]
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Antechamber in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self[6] bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign[7]
Was like,[8] and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling[9] and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Canterbury. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars[10] and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,

[1] Standing, in this great reckoning, as 0's do for thousands. 'Accompt = account. [2] Imaginative. [3] Power, armed force. Cp. II. ii. 190. [4] Performance, work. [5] i. e. to supply an account of the intervals between the Acts: the main function of the Chorus. [6] Self-same. [7] 1410. In 1415—the year the play opens—it was again brought forward. [8] i. e. was like to pass. [9] Scrambling. [10] Diseased beggars (from Lazarus of the parable).

A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Canterbury. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Canterbury. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Canterbury. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die, too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration[1] like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.[2]
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance,[3] scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed[4] wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Canterbury. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy[5],
The Gordian knot[6] of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine[7], is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:[8]
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,[9]
Since his addiction was to courses vain;

[1] Reflection. [2] Ref. to Adam's expulsion from Eden. [3] Headstrong current. [4] The Hydra was a nine-headed water-snake which Hercules killed; the difficulty was that for every head cut off two grew on. [5] Political question. [6] There was a knot of which an oracle said that whoever could untie it should rule Asia. Alexander the Great cut it through with his sword, thus solving the difficulty and fulfilling the oracle. Gordius was king of Asia at the time (hence 'Gordian'). [7] Because it blows on whom it pleases. Cp. *As*, II. vii. 48. [8] He must have got this ability in theory from experience of practical life. [9] For this loose construction ('which' . . . 'it') cp. introd. III. 25.

His companies[1] unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity[2].
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which[3], no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.[4]
Canterbury. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Canterbury. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters[5] against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,[6]
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.[7]
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
Canterbury. With good acceptance of his majesty,
Save that there was not time enough to hear,—
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—
The severals and unhidden passages[8]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Canterbury. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Canterbury. Then go we in to know his embassy;

[1] Companions. So *M. N. D.* I. i. 219. [2] Association with common people. Cp. IV. i. 38. [3] i. e. his power of contemplation. [4] Having in its powers ('faculty') a power of growth ('crescive', from L. *crescere*). 'His' for 'its' as usual. Contrast view of ll. 63–6 with that of ll. 51, 52. [5] Presenters of a bill. [6] Going upon the result of our Convocation of Clergy. [7] i. e. with. [8] Particulars, and clear lines of succession.

Which I could with a ready guess declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Presence Chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in presence.
K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.
Westmoreland. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin[1]: we would be resolv'd[2],
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Canterbury. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely[3] charge[4] your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate[5], whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation[6]
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn[7] our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality[8].
Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

[1] Title of courtesy. [2] Clear our mind. Cp. *T.* v. i. 248. [3] By over-nicety, by sophistry. So v. ii. 94. [4] Burden. [5] i. e. spurious. [6] Vindication. [7] Pledge, engage in the matter. [8] In the brief lives of men.

Cant. Then hear me,[1] gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[2]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala[3] and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest[4] manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction[5] of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find[6] his title with some shows of truth,—
Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,—
Convey'd himself[7] as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

[1] His argument is (1) the Salique land not being in France, the law does not apply; (2) several French kings have claimed in right of women, thus ignoring the law; (3) Scripture authorizes male inheritance through the female. This comes straight from Holinshed, along with some errors. The figures of ll. 57, 61, 64 will not work; 'Charlemain,' l. 75, should be 'Charles the Bald'; and 'Tenth', l. 77, should be 'Ninth'. [2] Interpret. [3] Saale, trib. of Elbe. [4] Dishonourable, unchaste. [5] Death. [6] Provide. Cp. our 'all found'. [7] Passed himself off.

To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
The fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his[1] satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net[2]
Than amply to imbar[3] their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Canterbury. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ:
'When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's[4] tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his war-like spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat[5] on the full power of France;
Whiles[6] his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain[7]
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action[8].

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,[9]

[1] For ''s', wrongly supposed to stand for 'his'. [2] In flimsy meshes of sophistry. [3] Bar in, secure, i. e. solidly defend them. [4] Edward III's. [5] Cp. *Ham.* II. ii. 598. This was the battle of Crécy. [6] While. [7] Maintain, support. [8] i. e. for want of it. Cp. introd. III. 21. [9] In 1415 he was 27.

Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exeter. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
Westmoreland. They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath[1] your highness; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd[2] in the fields of France.
Canterbury. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Henry. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions[3] to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road[4] upon us
With all advantages.
Canterbury. They of those marches[5], gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment[6] of the Scot,
Who hath been still[7] a giddy[8] neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned[9] land with hot assays[10],
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.
Canterbury. She hath been then more fear'd[11] than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded[12] as a stray
The King of Scots[13], whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,

[1] Emphatic. [2] Tented, encamped. [3] Calculate numbers necessary (lit. proportionate to our needs). [4] Inroad. [5] Borders (lit. 'marks'). [6] Purpose, enterprise. [7] Constantly. [8] Fickle, inconstant. [9] i. e. gleaned bare of defenders. [10] Attempts, attacks. [11] Frightened. [12] Put in a pound, or enclosure for strayed animals. [13] David II, at Nevill's Cross, in 1346.

And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.
Westmoreland. But there 's a saying very old and true ;
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin :
For once the eagle England being in prey [1],
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exeter. It follows then the cat must stay at home :
Yet that is but a crush'd [2] necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised [3] head defends itself at home :
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts,[4] doth keep in one consent,[5]
Congreeing [6] in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order [7] to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts [8] ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot [9] upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil [10] citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd [11] justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

[1] Out after prey. [2] Crushed, i. e., by the reasons which follow. But the reading seems wrong. [3] Deliberate. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 143 *n.* [4] The three Estates are compared to the parts in a part-song. [5] Accord, harmony. Cp. l. 206, II. ii. 22. [6] Agreeing together (apparently invented by Shakespeare. Cp. 'congreeted', v. ii. 31). [7] Practice of order. [8] Of various kinds or grades. Cp. IV. vii. 143. [9] Booty, [10] Orderly, law-abiding. [11] Grave-eyed.

That many things, having full reference
To one consent[1], may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,[1]
And you withal[2] shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness[3] and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exit an* Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd[4]; and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery[5]
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.[6]

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Ambassador. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Ambassador. Thus then, in few[7].
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right

[1] Cp. l. 181 *n.* [2] Therewith. Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 12 *n.* [3] Bravery. [4] Cp. l. 4. [5] Empire. [6] i. e. not even with the most perishable of epitaphs. [7] In few words.

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd[1] there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard[2] won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of[3] this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exeter. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us:
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard[4].
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces[5]. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us[6] with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence[7], did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones[8]; and his soul
Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,

[1] Reflect. [2] A lively dance (Fr. *gaillard*, lively). [3] In return for. [4] Name for the winning openings in a tennis-court. [5] 'Chace' = the second impact on the floor of a ball not returned; here vaguely = tennis-play. [6] Twits us. [7] i. e. away from the Court. [8] The earliest cannon-balls were of stone.

To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exeter. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions[1] for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before[2],
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries[3].
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model[4] *to thy inward greatness,*
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,[5]
Were all thy children kind[6] *and natural!*

[1] Cp. l. 137. [2] i. e. going before, as our guide. Cp. Chaucer's 'God to-forn'. [3] Mercury, with his winged heels and helmet, was the messenger of the gods. [4] Figure or form in miniature (i. e. 'little body', l. 17). [5] Wished thee (to) do. Cp. IV. i. 32, v. II. 68; and introd. III. 24. [6] Filial; lit., true to the natural feelings of kinship. Cp. *Ham.* I. ii. 65.

But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt, indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,—
If hell and treason hold their promises,—
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance[1] *while we force a play.*[2]
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set[3] *from London; and the scene*
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*London. Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph. What, are Ancient[4] Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there will be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink[5] and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bardolph. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France[6]: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest,[7] that is the rendezvous[8] of it.

Bardolph. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell

[1] viz. the change of scene from London to Southampton in so short a time; an 'abuse' much objected to by the 'classical' school as contrary to the 'Unities'. [2] i. e. by compressing so much into the limits of a play. [3] Set out. [4] Ensign. [5] Shut my eyes. [6] i. e. in the expedition to France. [7] Resolve. Cp. *M. V.* II. ii. 113 *n.* [8] Nym, like Launcelot in *M. V.*, is not a master of words, and needs less annotation therefore. So with Pistol's tags.

Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bardolph. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pistol. Base tike [1], call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hostess. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly— [NYM *and* PISTOL *draw.*] O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn now: we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bardolph. Good lieutenant [2]! good corporal! offer nothing [3] here.

Nym. Pish!

Pistol. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! [4] thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pistol. *Solus* [5], egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most mervailous [6] face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw [7], perdy [8]
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take [9], and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason [10], you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms [11]: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that 's the humour [12] of it.

[1] Cur. [2] The titles are mixed. Pistol is Lieut. here and once in 2 *H. IV*; elsewhere Ancient (but cp. III. vi. 13). So Lieut. Bardolph was corporal in 2 *H. IV*, and again III. ii. 3 below. [3] i. e. no violence. [4] A kind of white shaggy lap-dog, from Iceland. [5] Pistol takes *solus* for a term of abuse. [6] Cp. I. 70 *n.* [7] Stomach. [8] From Fr. *par Dieu*, by God! [9] Take fire: he plays on his name, and so Nym, ll. 59, 60. [10] Name of a fiend (cp. *M. W. of W.* II. ii. 311). Pistol's rant is like a conjurer's exorcism. [11] In proper form, 'according to the book'. Cp. *As*, v. iv. 94 *n.* [12] Whim: Nym's favourite catchword.

Pistol. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale[1].
Bardolph. Hear me, hear me what I say; he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*
Pistol. An oath of mickle[2] might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall[3].
Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.
Pistol. *Coupe le gorge!*
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete,[4] think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital[5] go,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,[6]
Doll Tearsheet[7] she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*,[8] there 's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.
Bardolph. Away, you rogue!
Hostess. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days.[9] The king has killed his heart.[10] Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.
Bardolph. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?
Pistol. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!
Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?
Pistol. Base is the slave that pays.
Nym. That now I will have; that 's the humour of it.
Pistol. As manhood shall compound[11]: push home.
[*They draw.*
Bardolph. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

[1] Draw (i. e. your sword): a comic use. [2] Great. Cp. archaic 'mervailous' = marvellous, l. 50; 'wight,' l. 64, &c. [3] Stout, valiant. [4] Perhaps a kind of bloodhound. [5] Hospital. [6] For 'lazar' cp. I. i. 15, and for Cressida, *M. V.* v. i. 4 *n.* She was struck with leprosy for her unfaithfulness to Troilus. Doll and she were birds of a feather. [7] She was carried off to prison from Eastcheap at the end of 2 *H. IV.* [8] sc. *verba.* [9] i. e. the boy will be hanged. [10] Falstaff's, by casting him off when he became king. Cp. 2 *H. IV*, v. v. [11] Settle.

Pistol. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.
Bardolph. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.
Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?
Pistol. A noble[1] shalt thou have, and present[2] pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? for I shall sutler[3] be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.
Nym. I shall have my noble?
Pistol. In cash most justly paid. [*Paying him.*
Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Hostess. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian,[4] that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight[5]; that's the even[6] of it.
Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.[7]
Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.[8]
Pistol. Let us condole[9] the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Southampton. A Council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bedford. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.
Exeter. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.
Bedford. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exeter. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,[10]
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[1] = 6*s.* 8*d.* [2] Immediate. [3] Victualler. [4] A daily every-third-day fever! [5] Played off bad humours, i. e. been harsh with him (cp. l. 91). [6] Exact truth. [7] = 'broken and strengthened'. That 'c.' contradicts 'f.' Pistol neither knew nor cared. He went by sound. [8] He goes in for whims and courses of his own. 'To pass a career': a term of horsemanship for 'run a course'. [9] Lament. [10] Lord Scroop of Masham.

Trumpets sound. *Enter* KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head[1] assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent[2] with ours;
Nor leave not[3] one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cambridge. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create[4] of duty and of zeal.
K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.
K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice[5] we pardon him.
Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security[6]:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance,[7] more of such a kind.
K. Henry. O! let us yet be merciful.
Cambridge. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Henry. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons[8] 'gainst this poor wretch.

[1] In force ('head' = armed force). Cp. *Ham.* IV. v. 101. [2] Cp. I. ii. 181. [3] Cp. introd. iii. 30. [4] Created. Cp. 'miscreate', I. ii. 16. [5] On his better reflection. For 'a,' cp. *M. V.* v. ii. 6. [6] False confidence (lit. freedom from care: orig. sense). [7] By suffering or putting up with him ('his' used objectively). [8] Prayers (Fr. *oraisons*).

If little faults, proceeding on[1] distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late[2] commissioners?

Cambridge. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it[3] to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Henry. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cambridge. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Henry. The mercy that was quick[4] in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt[5] our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents[6]
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices[7] of France,
To kill us here in Hampton[8]: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold

[1] Following on, or out of. [2] Lately appointed. [3] i.e. the commission. [4] Alive. [5] Ready. [6] Appurtenances. [7] Designs, stratagems. Cp. l. 144. [8] Southampton.

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!
May[1] it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy[2] my finger? 'tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross[3]
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause[4]
That admiration[5] did not hoop[6] at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously[7]
Hath got the voice[8] in hell for excellence:
And other devils that suggest[9] by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd[10] thee bade thee stand up[11],
Gave thee no instance[12] why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait[13] walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar[14] back,
And tell the legions, 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O! how hast thou with jealousy[15] infected
The sweetness of affiance[16]. Show[17] men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood[18],
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement[19],
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted[20] didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

[1] Can. Cp. I. Chor. 12. [2] Hurt. Cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 22. [3] Palpable. So l. 107. [4] i. e. natural to them. [5] Wonder: orig. sense. Cp. l. 110 ('wonder'). [6] Whoop. Cp. *As*, III. ii. 204. [7] So contrary to the natural order of things: lit. sense. [8] The general vote. [9] Tempt, seduce. [10] Wrought thee to his purpose. [11] i. e. without disguise. [12] Motive, ground. [13] i. e. 'Seeking whom he may devour' (1 Peter v. 8). [14] Tartarus, the hell of the ancients. For 'v.' cp. I. Chor. 12. [15] Suspicion. [16] Trust. [17] Appear. [18] i. e. with impulse. [19] Outward demeanour; lit., the complement of his inward qualities, the two together making up the whole man. [20] Sifted, like fine flour.

To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd [1]
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cambridge. For me, the gold of France did not seduce [2],
Although I did admit it as a motive [3]
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance [3] heartily will rejoice, [4]
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit [5] you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender [6],
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear [7] offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, *and* GREY, *guarded.*

Now, lords, for France! the enterprise whereof

[1] Fully laden (with good qualities) and best endowed. [2] His purpose was to gain the crown for the true heir, his brother-in-law, the Earl of March, who was passed over in 1399. [3] Cp. III. vi. 136 *n.* [4] i. e. rejoice at. [5] Acquit. [6] Regard, care for. Cp. *R. II*, I. i. 32. [7] i. e. which have cost you dear.

Shall be to you, as us, like[1] glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub[2] is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance[3] into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea! the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. Before a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Hostess. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring[4] thee to Staines[5].

Pistol. No; for my manly heart doth yearn[6].
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bardolph. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Hostess. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom[7], if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child[8]; a' parted[9] even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what man! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of[10] sack.

Hostess. Ay, that a' did.

Bardolph. And of women.

Hostess. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did: and said they were devils incarnate.

[1] Alike. [2] Obstacle (term from game of bowls). [3] Cp. 1. Chor. 25. [4] Accompany. [5] First stage on road from London to Southampton. [6] Grieve. [7] She confuses Abraham and King Arthur. [8] For 'chrisom': used of infants who die within the month of birth, from the chrisom or white cloth put on children's heads at baptism. [9] Departed. [10] On, against. Cp. III. vii. 135, and introd. iii. 21 for other varieties.

Hostess. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bardolph. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses[1] rule, the word is, 'Pitch and pay;'[2]
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto*[3] be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals[4]. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pistol. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bardolph. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pistol. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Hostess. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *France. An Apartment in the* French King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the French King, *attended; the* Dauphin, *the* Dukes of Berri and Britaine, *the* Constable, *and Others.*

French King. Thus comes[5] the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully[6] it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line[7] and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English[8]
Upon our fields.

[1] Prob. = sense, prudence. [2] i. e. pay ready money. 'Pitch' = to deposit or deliver goods. [3] 'Be cautious.' [4] Wipe your eyes. [5] 'English' is used collectively, like 'the French' in IV. iv. 81. [6] With more than common care. [7] Strengthen, fortify. Cp. *M.* I. iii. 112. [8] i. e. fatally neglected. Cp. introd. iii. 6.

Dauphin. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—
Though war nor no known quarrel[1] were in question,—
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous[2] youth,
That fear attends her not.
Constable. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception[3], and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus[4],
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure[5] hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.
Dauphin. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions[6] of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection[7]
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.
French King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd[8] upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame

[1] i. e. neither war nor, &c. [2] Whimsical. Cp. II. i. 63. [3] Objection. Cp. IV. ii. 25. [4] L. Junius Brutus, who feigned idiocy to save his life from his uncle King Tarquin, and was afterwards the chief mover in his expulsion, and the first Roman consul. [5] Dung. [6] Cp. I. ii. 137. [7] If projected or planned on a weak and niggardly scale. The construction of ll. 45–7 is confused. [8] Phrase from the training of hounds: 'to flesh' a hound is to train it by giving it pieces of flesh. Cp. III. iii. 11.

When Cressy battle fatally was struck
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mounting[1] sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
French King. We'll give them present[2] audience. Go, and
bring them. [*Exeunt* Messenger *and certain* Lords.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dauphin. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths[3] when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and Train.*

French King. From our brother England?
Exeter. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim[4],
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable[5] line, [*Gives a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook[6] this pedigree;

[1] i. e. aspiring. Cp. I. ii. 105 f. [2] Cp. II. i. 112. [3] Technical term, of hounds when they bay. [4] Not a perverse nor yet a bungling claim. 'A.' and 's.' have much the same meaning, i. e. 'on the *auke* or left hand' (L. *sinistra*), and so perverse, uncouth. [5] Commemorative, calling to memory. [6] Desiring you to look over. Cp. l. 77 ('will').

And when you find him evenly[1] deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly[1] held
From him the native and true challenger.
French King. Or else what follows?
Exeter. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,
That, if requiring[2] fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels[3] of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty[4] jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
French King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Dauphin. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exeter. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of[5] all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages[6] of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance[7].
Dauphin. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds[8] with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exeter. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court[9] of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—

[1] Directly, without flaw. Cp. I. ii. 94 ('crooked titles'), and 'indirectly', l. 94, almost = wrongfully. [2] Asking. [3] i.e. compassion. [4] Cp. I. Chor. 12 *n.* Here almost active = vast and desolating. [5] By granting. [6] Hollow vaults or cavities. Cp. IV. Chor. 4. [7] i.e. in the echo of his artillery ('ordnance'). [8] Contention. [9] He keeps up the tennis metaphor.

As we his subjects have in wonder found—
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters[1] now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

French King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exeter. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed[2] in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath[3] and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing[4] *our swift scene flies*
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage[5] *and behold*
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,[6]
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordenance[7] *on their carriages,*
With fatal mouths gaping on girded[8] *Harfleur.*
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,[9]

[1] Is master of. [2] Has set foot. [3] Breathing time. [4] Wing of imagination. [5] Shore. [6] i. e. astern of it. [7] Cp. II. iv. 126. [8] Girt about, besieged. [9] For dowry. Cp. 'take to wife'.

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
The offer likes[1] *not: and the nimble gunner*
With linstock[2] *now the devilish cannon touches,*
[Alarum; and chambers[3] go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out[4] *our performance with your mind.* [Exit.

SCENE I.—*France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders.*

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage[5] of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm[6] it
As fearfully as doth a galled[7] rock
O'erhang and jutty[8] his confounded[9] base,
Swill'd with[10] the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up[11] every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet[12] from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument[13].
Be copy[14] now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips[15],

[1] Pleases. Cp. IV. i. 16, &c. [2] The stick to which the match was fastened. [3] Small cannon, so called from the chamber containing the charge which was let into the breech. [4] Supplement. See I. Chor. 23 above. [5] Port-holes, i. e. eye-sockets. [6] i. e. overhang threateningly. [7] Fretted away by the waves. [8] Project beyond. [9] Consumed, destroyed. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 277. [10] Gulped down by. [11] Figure from 'bending' a bow. Cp. *M.* I. vii. 79. [12] Fetched: the old form. [13] i. e. matter to fight about: the enemy being destroyed. [14] Pattern, example. [15] Leashes.

Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry! England, and Saint George!'
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II.—*The Same.*

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and* Boy.

Bardolph. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal[1], stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case[2] of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song[3] of it.

Pistol. The plain-song is most just, for humours[4] do abound:

Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield
In bloody field
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pistol. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy.
As duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions![5]
[*Driving them forward.*

Pistol. Be merciful, great duke,[6] to men of mould[7]!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock[8], bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck[9]!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* Nym, Pistol, *and* Bardolph, *followed by* Fluellen.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be a man to me; for indeed three such antics[10] do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered[11] and red-faced; by the means whereof, a[12] faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword;

[1] Cp. II. i. 41 *n.* [2] i. e. set; ref. to a case or set of musical instruments. [3] i. e. plain truth; a 'p.-s.' is the simple air without variations. [4] Freaks. [5] Begone, you wretches! [6] i. e. leader or general: orig. sense, from L. *dux.* [7] Men of earth, poor mortal men. [8] Fine fellow; from Fr. *beau coq.* [9] Chick. [10] Oddities, buffoons. [11] i. e. cowardly. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 86. [12] For 'ha' = he, see introd. iii. 13.

by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing and call it purchase[1]. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel;—I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals[2],—they would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.[3] I must leave them and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you. 62

Fluellen. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines[4] of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss[5] unto the duke, look you—is digt himself four yards under the countermines[6]; by Cheshu, I think, a' will plow up all if there is not better directions. 71

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Fluellen. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Fluellen. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog. 81

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gower. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Fluellen. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military

[1] i. e. acquisition. Cp. *M. V.* II. ix. 43 *n.* To 'convey' (*R. II*, IV. i. 317) was another euphemism. [2] Proverbial, = put up with degradation or insult. [3] Play on (1) to pocket wrongs, (2) to pocket things wrongfully acquired. [4] Regulations: orig. Latin sense. [5] Explain. Cp. IV. i. 37, &c. Apparently a slang use. [6] Should mean 'has dug his countermines four yards under ours'.

man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

Fluellen. God-den[1] to your worship, good Captain James.

Gower. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners[2] given o'er?

Macmorris. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: [*Aside.*] and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Macmorris. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, be my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess[3], ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig[4] i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question[5] 'tween you tway.

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Macmorris. Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Fluellen. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Macmorris. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

[1] Conversational for 'Good even'. [2] Pioneers, sappers. [3] Mass. [4] Lie: the old form. [5] Discussion. Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 347.

Jamy. A! that 's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*
Gower. The town sounds a parley.
Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the English forces below. Enter* KING HENRY *and his Train.*

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle [1] we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,—
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,—
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved [2] Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd [3] soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts [4] to the leviathan [5]
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles [6] yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows [7] the filthy and contagious crowds
Of heady [8] murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

[1] Parley. [2] i. e. half-won (lit. 'half-finished', 'half-destroyed'). Cp. IV. iii. 91. [3] That has 'tasted blood'. Cp. II. iv. 50. [4] Summonses: a legal term. Accent 'precépts'. [5] The great whale. [6] While. [7] Blows over, i. e. keeps away. [8] Cp. I. i. 34.

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry[1]
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and thus avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated[2],
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible[3].

K. Henry. Open your gates! Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish.* KING HENRY *and his Train enter the town.*

SCENE IV.[4]—*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Katharine. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Katharine. *Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appellée,* de hand.

Katharine. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appellés* de fingres; *ouy,* de fingres.

Katharine. *La main,* de hand; *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? nous les appellons,* de nails.

Katharine. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy si je parle bien:* de hands, de fingres, *et* de nails.

Alice. *C'est bien dict, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Katharine. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

[1] Judaea. [2] Cp. introd. iii. 21 ('of'). [3] Able to defend ourselves. [4] SCENE IV.—Remark, in translating this unimportant scene, the contemporary spellings *esté* = été, *vistement* = vitement, *dict, droict, Anglois,* &c.

Katharine. *Et le coude?*
Alice. De elbow.
Katharine. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*
Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*
Katharine. *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez:* de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.
Alice. De elbow, *madame.*
Katharine. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;* de elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*
Alice. De nick, *madame.*
Katharine. De nick. *Et le menton?*
Alice. De chin.
Katharine. De sin. *Le col,* de nick: *le menton,* de sin.
Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*
Katharine. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*
Alice. *N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?*
Katharine. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails,—
Alice. De nails, *madame.*
Katharine. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.
Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur,* d'elbow.
Katharine. *Ainsi dis je;* d'elbow, de nick, *et* de sin. *Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe?*
Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de coun.
Katharine. De foot, *et* de coun? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais. Foh!* le foot, *et* le coun. *Néantmoins je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.
Alice. *Excellent, madame!*
Katharine. *C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à diner.*
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the French King, *the* Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, *the* Constable of France, *and Others.*

French King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Constable. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dauphin. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,[1]

[1] i. e. French sprigs, shoots ('sprays', 'scions') grafted on to ('put in') the wild English stock: allusion to the Anglo-Norman origin of the English.

Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bourbon. *Mort de ma vie!*[1] if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten[2] isle of Albion.
Constable. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden[3] water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades[4], their barley-broth,
Decoct[5] their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor we may call them[6] in their native lords.
Dauphin. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.
Bourbon. They bid us to the English dancing-schools
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;[7]
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper[8] than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth[9], High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit[10] you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

[1] Sound *-e* of *vie*, as in French verse. So with *battailes*, l. 15. [2] Full of nooks or creeks. For Shakespeare's use of 'nook', cp. *T.* I. ii. 227, *As*, III. ii. 441. [3] Boiled (p. part. of 'seethe'), i. e. with barley-malt. The result is 'their barley-broth', or beer. [4] Over-ridden, jaded hacks. [5] Warm up. [6] i. e. our fields. [7] French dancing-masters were the fashion in London. The *lavolta* or lavolt was an Italian dance imported into France, with much bounding and whirling in it. The *coranto* was a kind of galop. [8] Cp. introd. iii. 11. [9] i. e. D'Albret. Shakespeare follows Holinshed in his names. [10] Rid, clear yourselves.

The Alps doth spit and void[1] his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.
Constable. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure when he shall see our army
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.
French King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dauphin. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
French King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge[2]?
Fluellen. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter[3] safe?
Fluellen. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon[4], and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant[5] there at the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony[6]; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.
Gower. What do you call him?
Fluellen. He is called Aunchient Pistol.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Fluellen. Here is the man.
Pistol. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

[1] Discharge. [2] At Blangy, over the river Ternoise. See Preface, p. 337. The French tried, unsuccessfully, to destroy it. [3] An inaccuracy: he was still in charge of Harfleur (III. iii. 51 f.). Nor was he at Agincourt. Further, in Acts I–IV, he should be Earl of Dorset; he became a duke in 1416. [4] Commander of the Greeks before Troy. [5] For these titles cp. II. i. 41 *n.* [6] Julius Caesar's lieutenant, and Augustus' great rival.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Fluellen. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pistol. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom[1] valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Fluellen. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pistol. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax[2], and hanged must a' be,
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pistol. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Fluellen. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for, if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pistol. Die and be damn'd; and figo[3] for thy friendship!

Fluellen. It is well.

Pistol. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Fluellen. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now.

Fluellen. I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the

[1] Brisk, lively. [2] A sacred tablet, kissed by the faithful at Mass. In Holinshed it is a 'pyx', the box containing the consecrated bread. [3] A fig (Sp.). So 'The fig of Spain', l. 62. The phrase was accompanied by a contemptuous gesture.

great commanders' names, and they will learn you[1] by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce[2], at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on[3]; and this they con[4] perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp[5] will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 88

Fluellen. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.[6]

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

Fluellen. God pless your majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Fluellen. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man. 104

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Fluellen. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles[7], and whelks[8], and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 123

Tucket[9]. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit[10].

K. Henry. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Montjoy. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

[1] Teach you: normal use. [2] Earthwork. [3] Stood out for. [4] Learn by heart. [5] i. e. stained as if with hard campaigning. [6] i. e. report what has happened there. [7] Confusion of 'bubo' (glandular swelling) and 'carbuncle'. [8] Pimples, blotches. Chaucer's Somnour had 'whelkes' and 'knobbes' (*C. T.* Prol. 632). [9] Set of notes on a trumpet (Ital. *toccata*). [10] i. e. his herald's coat.

Montjoy. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue[1], and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance[2]. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer[3], his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Montjoy. Montjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment[4], for, to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French:
Who[5], when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before[6], tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.[7]
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

[1] i. e. it is our turn to play our part (a player's phrase). [2] Patient endurance. Cp. II. ii. 46, and dist. II. ii. 159, where = suffering. [3] Make up for. [4] Hindrance (Fr. *empêcher*, to hinder). [5] Cp. *M. V.* I. iii. 137 *n.*, and introd. iii. 26. [6] Cp. I. ii. 307. [7] Giving him a present, as was customary.

Montjoy. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*
Gloucester. I hope they will not come upon us now.
K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAMBURES, *the* DUKE OF ORLEANS, *the* DAUPHIN, *and Others.*

Constable. Tut! I have the best armour of the world[1]. Would it were day!
Orleans. You have an excellent armour[2]; but let my horse have his due.
Constable. It is the best horse of Europe.
Orleans. Will it never be morning?
Dauphin. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—
Orleans. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.
Dauphin. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs[3]: *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus[4], *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes[5].
Orleans. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.
Dauphin. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus[6]: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades[7] you may call beasts.
Constable. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.
Dauphin. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.
Orleans. No more, cousin.
Dauphin. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging[8] of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument[9] for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for

[1] Intentional imitation of Fr. idiom (—*du monde*). So l. 5. [2] Suit of armour. [3] i. e. like a tennis-ball. [4] The winged horse of Greek story, which sprang from the blood of the monster Medusa, whom Perseus killed. [5] With which he once played Argus of the myriad eyes asleep. Hermes is Mercury. [6] See note on Pegasus (l. 14). [7] Cp. III. v. 19. [8] The lying down. [9] Subject-matter. Cp. III. i. 21.

a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world—familiar to us, and unknown—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature!'— 44

Orleans. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dauphin. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress. 49

Rambures. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Constable. Stars, my lord. 80

Dauphin. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Constable. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dauphin. That may be, for you bear a many[1] superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Constable. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted. 89

Dauphin. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Constable. I will not say so for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Rambures. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?[2]

Constable. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them. 101

Dauphin. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orleans. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Rambures. He longs to eat the English.

Constable. I think he will eat all he kills.[3]

Orleans. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Constable. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath. 109

Orleans. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Constable. Doing is activity, and he will still[4] be doing.

Orleans. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Constable. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Constable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans. What 's he? 120

Constable. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orleans. He needs not; it is not hidden virtue in him.

Constable. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw

[1] We still say 'a few'. Cp. IV. i. 128, &c. [2] i. e. bet on them; so confident were the French of victory. Cp. l. 175, and IV. Chor. 19. [3] i. e. none. So in *M. Ado*, I. i. 43-5. The truth is the Dauphin was not present at Agincourt. [4] Cp. I. ii. 145.

it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.[1]

Orleans. 'Ill will never said well.'

Constable. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orleans. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Constable. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with 'A pox of[2] the devil.'

Orleans. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Constable. You have shot over.

Orleans. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot[3].

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Constable. Who hath measured the ground?

Messenger. The Lord Grandpré.

Constable. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orleans. What a wretched and peevish[4] fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Constable. If the English had any apprehension[5] they would run away.

Orleans. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Rambures. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleans. Foolish curs! that run winking[6] into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Constable. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with[7] the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orleans. Ay, but these English are shrewdly[8] out of beef.

Constable. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orleans. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

[1] It is hidden, and when it appears it will abate. Play on falconry language. A falcon was hooded (had its eyes bandaged) before being let fly at game; when unhooded, it at first 'bated' or fluttered its wings.
[2] Cp. II. iii. 29. [3] And so, beaten. [4] Silly. [5] Perception.
[6] Cp. II. i. 8. [7] Are like. [8] Sorely.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark[1]
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb[2] *of night,*
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle[3] *sees the other's umber'd*[4] *face:*
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing[5] *the knights,*
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure[6] *in soul,*
The confident and over-lusty[7] *French*
Do the low-rated English play[8] *at dice;*
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly[9] *ruminate*
The morning's danger, and their gesture[10] *sad*
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate[11] *one jot of colour*
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and overbears attaint[12]

[1] i. e. darkness in which men pore or peer. So l. 23 ('watchful' = by which they watch) and l. 38. [2] i. e. vault. Cp. II. iv. 124. [3] Army in order of battle. So IV. iii. 2. [4] i. e. darkened, shadowed. [5] Completing their equipment. Cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 61. [6] Cp. II. ii. 44. [7] Too lively, frisky. [8] Play for. Cp. III. vii. 98 f. [9] Inwardly. [10] Bearing. [11] Give up, and so lose. [12] i. e. the evil infection of his surroundings.

With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,[1]
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding[2] *true things by what their mockeries be.* [Exit.

Scene I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford,[3] *and* Gloucester.

K. Henry. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry[4]:
Besides, they[5] are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress[6] us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erpingham. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me[7] better,
Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'
K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon[8] example; so the spirit is eas'd:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.[9]
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,

[1] As our unworthy means (viz. of stage-representation) may describe it. Cp. what follows, and previous Choruses. 'That,' l. 45 = so that, as in ll. 6, 41. [2] Calling to mind. [3] B. was neither at Harfleur nor at Agincourt, but regent of England during Henry's absence. [4] Economy, thrift. Cp. *M.* II. i. 4. [5] i. e. the French. [6] Address, prepare ourselves. [7] Cp. III. Chor. 32. [8] Cp. I. i. 76. [9] From Fr. *légèreté*, lightness, nimbleness.

Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and anon[1]
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Gloucester. We shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BEDFORD.
Erpingham. Shall I attend your Grace?
K. Henry. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
Erpingham. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [*Exit.*
K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pistol. *Qui va là?*
K. Henry. A friend.
Pistol. Discuss[2] unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?[3]
K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pistol. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Henry. Even so. What are you?
Pistol. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.
Pistol. The king's a bawcock[4], and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp[5] of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully[6]. What's thy name?
K. Henry. Harry *le Roy.*
Pistol. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Henry. No, I am a Welshman.[7]
Pistol. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Henry. Yes.
Pistol. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pistol. Art thou his friend?
K. Henry. And his kinsman too.
Pistol. The figo[8] for thee then!
K. Henry. I thank you. God be with you!
Pistol. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness. [*Retires.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gower. Captain Fluellen!
Fluellen. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.

[1] Soon, presently. [2] Cp. III. ii. 67. [3] Of the vulgar sort. Cp. I. i. 59. [4] Cp. III. ii. 27. [5] Scion, youngling (OE. *impa*). Cp. *R. II*, II. i. 292 *n*. [6] Dashing fellow. Cp. 'bawcock'. [7] Cp. IV. vii. 12. 111. [8] Cp. III. vi. 60.

It is the greatest admiration[1] in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle or pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you should find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise. 76

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Fluellen. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now?

Gower. I will speak lower. 83

Fluellen. I pray you and peseech you that you will.[2]

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder? 89

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Williams. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate[3]? 100

K. Henry. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king? 104

K. Henry. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element[4] shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections[5] are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with[6] any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 118

[1] Wonder. [2] Henry had given very strict orders on the point to his army. [3] State. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 237. [4] The sky. Cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 128. 'Shows' = appears. [5] Natural emotions or impulses. Cp. *M. V.* III. i. 64. [6] The active of our 'possessed with'. Cp. l. 310.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Williams. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, 'We died at such a place'; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly[1] left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument?[2] Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.[3]

K. Henry. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry[4] upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these

[1] i. e. without due provision. Cp. *M.* IV. iii. 26.
[2] Cp. III. i. 21.
[3] i. e. the due relation between subject and ruler. Cp. II. ii. 109.
[4] Perish in his sins; for 'miscarry' cp. *M. V.* II. viii. 29, &c., and for use of 'sinfully' cp. introd. iii. 8.

men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment[1], though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel[2]: where they feared the death[3] they have borne life away, and where they would be safe[4] they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. 199

Williams. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Williams. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 211

Williams. You pay[5] him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun[6], that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient. 221

Williams. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Williams. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Williams. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine. 230

K. Henry. There.

Williams. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Williams. Thou darest as well be hanged.

[1] Punishment in their native country. [2] 'Before' and 'now' are used like adjectives. [3] i. e. at home. [4] i. e. in the wars. [5] Pay him out. [6] Popgun made of a hollowed shoot of elder.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Williams. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.[1]

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful[2] wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition!
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing[3]. What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony! show me but thy worth:
What is thy soul of adoration?[4]
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure[5] and low-bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm[6], the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced[7] title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

[1] Clip their crowns: with play on the fraud of 'clipping' coins. [2] In lit. sense = full of cares, anxious. Cp. l. 147. [3] Torture. [4] What is the soul (essence) of thy adoration? i. e. of the adoration paid thee. [5] Bending, bowing. [6] Cp. *R. II*, III. ii. 55. [7] Stuffed out (Fr. *farcer*, L. *farcire*), i. e. the swelling title with which he is announced.

That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful[1] bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion[2] to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages[3].

Re-enter ERPINGHAM.

Erpingham. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Henry. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erpingham. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.[4]
I Richard's body have interr'd anew,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries,[5] where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,

[1] Sore-won. [2] Another name for Phoebus, the sun-god (lit. 'the traveller overhead'). [3] Benefit the peasant most. 'Advantages' is sing. by attraction to 'peasant'. Cp. introd. iii. 22. [4] Ref. to deposition and death of Rich. II in 1399. Henry V tried to atone for his father's offence by having Richard's body buried in Westminster. [5] Private chapels where masses were chanted for the souls of particular persons.

Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. My liege!
K. Henry. My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Orleans. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!
Dauphin. *Montez à cheval!* My horse! *varlet! lacquais!* ha!
Orleans. O brave spirit!
Dauphin. *Via! les eaux et la terre!*
Orleans. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu.*
Dauphin. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!
Constable. Hark how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dauphin. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout[1] them with superfluous courage: ha!
Rambures. What! will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattail'd, you French peers.
Constable. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales[2] and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each native curtal-axe[3] a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding[4] foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation[5]:

[1] Put out, extinguish (= do out. Cp. 'don' = do on). [2] Shells. [3] Corruption of 'cutlass' (Fr. *coutelas*). [4] Mean, menial. [5] Looking on: lit. sense (L. *specula*, a watch-tower).

But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance[1] and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare[2] the field,
That England shall crouch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grandpré. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions[3], desperate of their bones,[4]
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver[5] peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand[6]; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping[7] from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit[8]
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors[9], the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle[10]
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dauphin. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Constable. I stay but for my guard: on, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet[11] take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English host; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.[12]

Gloucester. Where is the king?

Bedford. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

[1] For 't.' cp. III. vi. 123; 's.' (Ital. *sonanza*) = ringing sound. [2] A hawk 'dares' its prey when it hovers over it and makes it crouch. [3] Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 63. [4] i. e. whose bones are in a desperate way ('of' = in the matter of). [5] Visor of a helmet. [6] Old candlesticks were often in the shape of a human figure holding the socket for the candle. [7] Cp. III. v. 23. [8] A bit made of gimmal or double rings (L. *gemellus*, twin). [9] Who are to 'dispose' of their remains. [10] Cp. IV. Chor. 9, and IV. iii. 2 below. [11] Trumpeter. [12] Neither S. nor W. was at Agincourt any more than Bedford. The wish of ll. 16–18 was uttered by Sir Walter Hungerford.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exeter. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Salisbury. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exeter. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind[1] thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Bedford. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY.

Westmoreland. O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.
K. Henry. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns[2] me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.[3]
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:[4]
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,

[1] Remind. So l. 84. [2] Grieves. Cp. II. iii. 3. [3] 'To die with us,' explanatory of 'fellowship'; it is a 'fellowship of death' (IV. viii. 106). [4] Oct. 25.

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick [1] and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian [2] shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition [3]:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Salisbury. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself [4] with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles [5] set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmoreland. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

Westmoreland. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind [6]
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

[1] Warwick was not at Agincourt, having been left to govern Calais. [2] i. e. Crispin and Crispian—the two brothers in honour of whose martyrdom under Diocletian the feast was held. [3] Make him rank as a gentleman. [4] Take up your position. [5] i. e. their companies in order of battle. [6] Cp. l. 13.

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?
Montjoy. The Constable of France.
K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me[1] and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves[2], upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.[3]
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.
Montjoy. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward[4].

[1] Finish me (Fr. *achever*). Cp. III. iii. 8. Cp. IV. i. 178 ('native punishment').
[2] i. e. in our native land.
[3] By a deadly rebound, like a skidding bullet. Accent 'rélapse'.
[4] Vanguard.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: Excursions[1]. *Enter French* Soldier, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Pistol. Yield, cur!
Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualite.
Pistol. Quality? Calen O custure me![2] Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss[3].
Fr. Soldier. O Seigneur Dieu!
Pistol. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend[4] my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox[5]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.
Fr. Soldier. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!
Pistol. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys[6];
Or I will fetch thy rim[7] out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Soldier. Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?
Pistol. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious[8] mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Soldier. O pardonnez moy!
Pistol. Sayst thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.
Boy. Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?
Fr. Soldier. Monsieur le Fer.
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.
Pistol. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk[9] him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.
Pistol. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Soldier. Que dit-il, monsieur?
Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.
Pistol. Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

[1] Sallies. [2] The burden of a song of the time, and an attempt to spell phonetically the Irish words 'Cailin ögh a stor mi' = young girl, my treasure. [3] Cp. III. ii. 67. [4] Weigh. [5] Name for the old English broadsword. [6] Pistol imagines 'moy' to be the name of a coin. [7] The lining of the abdomen. [8] Lascivious. [9] Beat, drub.

Pistol. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pistol. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Soldier. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neant-moins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pistol. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one—as he thinks—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pistol. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me! [*Exeunt* Pistol *and* French Soldier.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;[1] and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he[2] knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. *Enter* Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Rambures, *and Others.*

Constable. O diable!

Orleans. O seigneur! le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!

Dauphin. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. *O meschante fortune!*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Constable. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dauphin. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orleans. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bourbon. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

[1] In the old interludes there was generally a roaring devil with long claws, and attached to him a Vice or fool who belaboured him 'with dagger of lath', offering to pare his nails for him. Cp. *Tw. N.* iv. ii. 134 f.; and for grammar, introd. iii. 25.

[2] Cp. ii. iv. 1 *n.*

Let 's die in honour! once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence.
Constable. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orleans. We are enough yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bourbon. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and Forces;* EXETER, *and Others.*

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exeter. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding[1] the plain; and by his bloody side,—
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing[2] wounds,—
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught[3] me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes[4]
And gave me up to tears.
K. Henry. I blame you not;

[1] Garnishing. Cp. *Ham.* IV. v. 37. [2] Honourable, lit., honour-possessing. For 'owe' = possess, cp. *M.* I. iii. 76. [3] Reached: old form. [4] Cp. *Ham.* IV. vii. 190.

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound [1]
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't: in your conscience now, is it not?

Gower. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king. 11

Fluellen. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gower. Alexander the Great.

Fluellen. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or, the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 22

Fluellen. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures [2] in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus. 42

Gower. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Fluellen. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend

[1] Make terms. [2] Similitudes, comparisons, alluding to the Parallel Lives of Plutarch.

Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet[1]: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

Fluellen. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gower. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, *with a part of the English Forces;* WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and Others.*

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet[2], herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exeter. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Gloucester. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined[3] these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Montjoy. No, great king.
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk[4] out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Montjoy. The day is yours.

[1] Cp. II. i. 91, &c. There were 'great-belly' and 'thin-belly' doublets, according as they were padded. [2] Cp. IV. ii. 61. [3] Fixed as the fine. [4] Kick, fling out. Cp. 'jerk' and Scots 'yark'.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?
Montjoy. They call it Agincourt.
K. Henry. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
Fluellen. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.
K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.
Fluellen. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service;[1] and I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.
K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.
Fluellen. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!
K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.
Fluellen. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.
K. Henry. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and Others.*
Exeter. Soldier, you must come to the king.
K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?
Williams. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.
K. Henry. An Englishman?
Williams. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap,—which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive,—I will strike it out soundly.
K. Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?
Fluellen. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.
K. Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.[2]

[1] Fluellian history. [2] Of great rank, and so far removed from the soldier in position that he could not answer his challenge. For 'sort' cp. IV. viii. 80.

Fluellen. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce [1] as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Williams. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who servest thou under?

Williams. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Fluellen. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Williams. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Fluellen. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Knowest thou Gower?

Fluellen. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Fluellen. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him,—as, I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Saucy Jack. For 'Jack' cp. *M. V.* III. iv. 77.

SCENE VIII.—*Before* KING HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Williams. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Fluellen. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Williams. Sir, know you this glove?

Fluellen. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Williams. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Fluellen. 'Sblood[1]! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. 10

Gower. How now, sir! you villain!

Williams. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Fluellen. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Williams. I am no traitor.

Fluellen. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

Warwick. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Fluellen. My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. 23

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Fluellen. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Williams. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 33

Fluellen. Your majesty hear now,—saving your majesty's manhood,—what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me; in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it. 41

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

[1] For 'God's blood'. Cp. 'zounds' (God's wounds), &c.

Fluellen. An 't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Williams. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Williams. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Fluellen. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Williams. I will none of your money.

Fluellen. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Henry. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.
[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Henry. What prisoners of good sort[1] are taken, uncle?

Exeter. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

[1] Cp. IV. vii. 143.

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin;
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name: and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exeter. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take the praise from God
Which is his only.

Fluellen. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Fluellen. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
We'll then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Towards Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach

Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[1] *'fore the king,*
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,[2]
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort[3],
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,—[4]
As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached[5] *on his sword,*
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,[6]
To order peace between them;—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*France. An English Court of Guard.*[7]

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gower. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek today? Saint Davy's day is past.

Fluellen. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in

[1] One who went in front of a procession to clear the way. [2] i.e. the symbol and external show of victory. [3] Style, turn-out. [4] Earl of Essex, sent to Ireland in 1599 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion. He left March 27, and returned, unsuccessful, Sept. 28: so this prologue was written between these dates. [5] Spitted. [6] Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, landed for this purpose in England in May, 1416. [7] Muster-place of head-quarters guard.

all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald[1], beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gower. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Fluellen. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pistol. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Troyan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?[2]
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fluellen. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek; pecause, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pistol. Not for Cadwallader[3] and all his goats.

Fluellen. [*Strikes him.*] There is one goat for you. Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pistol. Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

Fluellen. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

Gower. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Fluellen. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb[4].

Pistol. Must I bite?

Fluellen. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

Pistol. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

Fluellen. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pistol. Quiet the cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

Fluellen. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken

[1] Scabby, scurvy. [2] Parca was one of the fabled three Fates who managed the web of life. [3] The last British king of Wales. [3] A fool's cap, and so, a fool's head.

coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pistol. Good.

Fluellen. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pistol. Me a groat!

Fluellen. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pistol. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Fluellen. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pistol. All hell shall stir for this.

Gower. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect [1], and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, [2] and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking [3] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition [4]. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pistol. Doth Fortune play the huswife [5] with me now?
News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital:
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [6] [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the* French King's *Palace.*

Enter, from one side, King Henry, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and other* Lords; *from the other side, the* French King, Queen Isabel, *the* Princess Katharine, Alice *and other* Ladies; *the* Duke of Burgundy, *and his Train.*

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore [7] we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;

[1] Consideration. [2] See IV. vii. 102 f. [3] Flouting, scoffing.
[4] Disposition. [5] Hussy. [6] Cp. III. vi. 72 f. [7] i. e. for peace.

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!
French King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks[1]:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have[2] lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isabel. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Burgundy. My duty to you both, on[3] equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness[4] on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted[5], let it not disgrace me
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of hearts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd[6],
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate[7] such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

[1] The fierce glance of his eyes is thought of as the shot from a cannon. 'Bent' = the direction in which an eye is bent or a cannon aimed (cp. 'bend', *J. C.* I. ii. 123); 'basilisk' was the name for a fabulous serpent with a deadly eye, and also for a kind of cannon. [2] For 'have' after 'venom' cp. introd. iii. 22. [3] Cp. II. ii. 54. [4] For 'mightinesses'. Cp. introd. iii. 9. [5] Greeted mutually. Cp. I. ii. 182 *n.* [6] Plaited so as to have an even surface (Fr. *plaisser*, L. *plicare*). [7] Uproot.

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems[1]
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies[2], burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd[3] attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour[4]
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let[5] why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burgundy. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

French King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace[6]
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly[7]
Pass our accept and peremptory answer[8].

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto[9]. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isabel. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good

[1] Brings forth. [2] The dried stems of hemlock. [3] Dishevelled. [4] Outward appearance, aspect. [5] Impediment, hindrance. [6] Should your Grace please: indic. for subjunct. Cp. introd. iii. 23. [7] At once, immediately. [8] Declare the answer we positively accept or adopt. [9] Add our seal to it.

When articles too nicely[1] urg'd be stood on[2].

K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us: She is our capital demand, compris'd Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isabel. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except* KING HENRY, KATHARINE, *and* ALICE.

K. Henry. Fair Katharine, and most fair! Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms, Such as will enter at a lady's ear, 100 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katharine. Your majesty sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Henry. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Katharine. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel. 111

Katharine. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Katharine. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 121

Alice. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Henry. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you': then, if you urge me further than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith do: and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady? 134

Katharine. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand vell.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me[3]: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my

[1] With too much nicety. [2] Stood out for. Cp. III. vi. 80. [3] Would undo me. Cp. introd. iii. 24.

eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier:[1] if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined[2] constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katharine. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France? 178

K. Henry. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Katharine. I cannot tell vat is dat. 186

K. Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Katharine. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle. 200

K. Henry. No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me?

Katharine. I cannot tell. 206

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you

[1] Cp. 'He speaks nothing but madman' (*Tw. N.* I. v. 115). [2] Explained by what follows. It is a constancy not minted for general circulation.

come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, –as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Katharine. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divine déesse?*

Katharine. Your *majesté ave fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Henry. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering[1] effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Katharine. Dat is as it sall please de *roy mon père.*

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katharine. Den it sall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katharine. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

[1] Not producing the desired effect, not winning. Cp. II. ii. 118 ('temper').

Katharine. *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre bettre que moy.*

K. Henry. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Henry. O Kate! nice[1] customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list[2] of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding [*Kissing her*]. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English* Lords.

Burgundy. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burgundy. Is she not apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition[3] is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burgundy. Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind.

K. Henry. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively[4], the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

French King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may

[1] Dainty, fastidious [2] Barrier (so 'lists' = the enclosed ground where tournaments were held). [3] Cp. v. i. 84. [4] As through a perspective. Cp. *R. II*, II, ii. 18 *n.*

wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

French King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my lords of England?

Westmoreland. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exeter. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition[1], in French, *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae, et Haeres Franciae.*

French King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

French King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isabel. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction[2] of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet.*[3] *Exeunt.*

[1] Title. [2] Pact, compact. [3] Set of notes on a trumpet.

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden[1] *he achiev'd,*
And of it left his son imperial lord. 410
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft[2] *our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,*
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.

[1] Cp. v. ii. 36. [2] Ref. to earlier popular performances of the three parts of *Henry VI.*

JULIUS CAESAR

PREFACE

Source of the Play: Shakespeare and Plutarch.—Shakespeare's sole authority for the story of *Julius Caesar* was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* (1579; 2nd ed. 1595), which differs from the rest of his originals by being itself a masterpiece. Few translations of the time were more closely read. Shakespeare knew it intimately, and never troubled to go elsewhere for the subjects and matter of his Roman plays. It is improbable, indeed, that the Roman plays would ever have been written but for the stimulating accident of this translation.

In preparing his play Shakespeare did not confine himself to any one *Life*, but made full use of everything Plutarch had recorded about the persons concerned, borrowing impartially from the *Lives* of Julius Caesar, Marcus Brutus, and Mark Antony. It was from Plutarch that he learned the dramatic effectiveness of the contrast between Brutus and Cassius, and between both of these and Antony. The different attitude of the two chief conspirators to Caesar, which Shakespeare makes so much of, is insisted on by Plutarch: 'Brutus could evil away with the tyranny, and Cassius hated the tyrant' (*Life of Brutus*). The measure of Brutus' idealism had already been discovered in an incident related by Plutarch of his early life: how Brutus 'preferring the respect of his country and commonwealth before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause to enter into arms than Caesar, he then took part with Pompey; though oftentimes meeting him before, he thought scorn to speak to him, thinking it a great sin and offence in him, to speak to the murtherer of his father' (*Life of Brutus*). This is the sort of anecdote that lets a light into character, and something of the kind may be found on every other page of the *Lives*.

None of these hints was neglected by Shakespeare. There is a short letter of Brutus quoted by Plutarch, written to the

Pergamenians when the war had begun. It runs as follows: 'I understand you have given Dolabella money: if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, show it then by giving me willingly.' Here is the very style of Brutus' speech to the mob in the second scene of the third Act. Everything is there,—the laconic brevity, the misspent force, the creaking dignity. It is as stiff as a Spartan making a bow. Shakespeare seized on it at once; and then invented (for nothing but its effect on his audience is mentioned in the *Lives*) a speech of Antony's to come after, that with its Ionic suppleness and grace makes the sentences of Brutus seem even stiffer than they are, and his formal idealism a sort of pathetic pedantry.

Something of the same effect of irritation and pity is produced by Brutus' mistakes. When it comes to a question of policy, Brutus is always wrong and always has his way; Cassius is always right, and always gives in. This, again, is Plutarch's: 'The first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that Antonius should be slain;[1] and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that Caesar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all.'[2] Yet a third might be recounted: how he prevailed upon Cassius, against his better judgement, to meet the enemy in Greece.[3] All this, which tells against Brutus, has one important effect: it raises our opinion of Cassius. Plutarch remarks somewhere that the reputation of Cassius had been depressed by his conjunction with the greater Brutus. 'If there was any noble attempt done in all this conspiracy,' he says, 'they refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, but not so well given, and conditioned as he.' Shakespeare throughout has acted on this hint. He makes Cassius seem at first a little mean. His idea was that Brutus should have time to establish himself in our judgements before the test came which was to reveal both

[1] Cp. II. i. 154–91. [2] Cp. III. i. 227–53. [3] Cp. IV. iii. 195–224.

Cassius and Antony as his superiors in everything but nobility of character.

There are many other topics that might be discussed under this head. Lines and phrases might be cited which come straight from the *Lives*—like the image of Caesar as a hunted and slaughtered deer (III. i. 205 f.), which was suggested by the sentence in the original: 'hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters.' But perhaps enough has been said to show the sort of use that Shakespeare made of Plutarch. There is no doubt that for all readers of Shakespeare, and especially for those younger readers who need interpreters, the best commentary on plays like *Julius Caesar* is the *Lives* of Plutarch on which they are founded.

Construction and Design.—Shakespeare's art is shown not only in his recognition of the truth of Plutarch's characters, and in the skilful employment of the hints of his original, but also in the details of dramatic construction: in his omissions, his use of transference and of compression.

And first, of omission. In a prose narrative like Plutarch's, where historical personages are presented fully and at leisure, there are bound to be incidents related and traits of character exhibited which do not at once fit in with the rest; for character is complex, and is at best a harmony of contradictions. In drama, however, there is none of this leisure: it must be rapid and convincing. There is no room for these random contradictions, for there is not time to explain them. Let us take a slight instance. Shakespeare might have informed us—an inferior dramatist would almost certainly have informed us—why two old friends like Cassius and Brutus had drifted apart before the opening of the play. The reason is given in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*: 'they grew strange together for the suit they had for the praetorship.' Caesar, it appears, had preferred Brutus to Cassius for that office, and their conversation on the day of the Lupercalia was the beginning of their reunion.[1] But Shakespeare knew that it would occur to no reader, still less to any spectator, to ask the cause of their estrangement, and that nothing but necessity can justify

[1] Cp. I. ii. 25 f.

a dramatist in explaining his action by previous events. He wished, besides, to avoid the suggestion of anything like pettiness in these two men on their first entrance. By leaving the matter in vagueness he gave dignity to their quarrel and importance to their reconciliation.

Another example of omission may be cited, which concerns the very essence of the plot. According to the *Lives*, Caesar had not absolute faith either in Brutus or in Antony, but trusted Brutus' good nature and Antony's love of ease to keep them from active harm. Here are two passages, the first of which has to do with Brutus alone, the second with both Brutus and Antony. 'Now Caesar did not trust him [Brutus] over much, nor was without tales brought unto him against him: howbeit he feared his great mind, authority, and friends. Yet, on the other side also, he trusted his good nature and fair conditions' (*Life of Marcus Brutus*). 'It is reported that Caesar answered one that did accuse Antonius and Dolabella unto him for some matter of conspiracy: "Tush," said he, "they be not those fat fellows and fine combed men that I fear, but I mistrust rather these pale and lean men," meaning Brutus and Cassius, who afterwards conspired his death and slew him' (*Life of Mark Antony*). Shakespeare made full use of this last passage in Act I, Scene ii; but he was careful to save both Brutus and Antony from suspicions that would have crippled the drama. Were Caesar's trust in Brutus less, were Antony's fidelity to Caesar doubtful, the play would affect us quite differently. It was essential that both should be absolute. In such matters, if the spectator hesitates the play is lost.

Secondly, compression. Shakespeare uses compression, even at the expense of history, when the rules of his art require it. The events of the play occupy about two and a half years; the scenes of action are Rome, Sardis, and Philippi. Now the less time the action takes, and the fewer the changes of place, the better it is for the play. Even an historical play, which enjoys in these respects a traditional licence, gains by such economy and self-restraint. That is why Caesar's triumph over the sons of Pompey, actually celebrated at the beginning of October, 45 B. C., is made to coincide with the festival of the

Lupercalia on the 15th of February in the following year. That is why the triumvirs meet, not by Bologna, as history reports, but at Rome, and why the two actions at Philippi, instead of having three weeks between them, are packed into one day. Even then the last act is desultory, and moves with too much languor.

It should be noted that the placing of the murder in the Capitol, instead of in Pompey's Theatre, is not to be explained in any of these ways. In this matter, as in so many others, Shakespeare followed the custom of his own country. It was the custom in England to kill Caesar 'in the Capitol', just as it was the custom for men to wear doublets and large-brimmed hats: so Caesar in the play is killed there, in spite of Plutarch, and the Roman conspirators wear the dress of sixteenth-century Englishmen, in spite of antiquaries. But he took care to put Pompey's statue in the Capitol, thus making up for one falsity by another.

We come, thirdly, to transference. One of the most skilful alterations—made so easily, and yet so effective—is to be found at the beginning of Act v, where an incident is transferred from one army to the other: I mean the brief dispute between Antony and Octavius about their precedence as commanders in the approaching battle.

> *Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
> Upon the left hand of the even field.
> *Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
> *Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?
> *Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.
>
> (v. i. 16–20.)

Now in Plutarch's account it was Brutus who insisted, and Cassius who yielded. But Shakespeare, feeling, perhaps, that there had been enough of this already between these two, and conscious of a want of firmness in his portrait of their opponents, appropriated the episode to the useful purpose of throwing light on the character of Octavius, and so hinting at the future. Until that moment Antony had seemed the leading Caesarian. With his great speech still fresh in our minds, we had seen him, at the meeting of triumvirs, all but president of their

councils. Now things had changed. The lapse of time, so imperceptible in drama, had altered the balance of power. In the two years that had passed Octavius had grown from adolescence to manhood, had sounded the shallows of his elder colleague, and had seen, beneath his suave advices, the ambitions of a rival. He felt strong enough to proceed alone, and to be master of his cause. The manner of the change is revealed in a moment, in these five lines. They set us right, before the action moves on.

About the politics of the play little need be said, for it seems to contain no political design. The political situation is the same in Plutarch and in Shakespeare: it is taken over with the rest of the story. If it be objected that the mob is Shakespeare's, not Plutarch's, it is enough to reply that Shakespeare gave it a language suitable to its actions. Plutarch records that it behaved foolishly, and Shakespeare makes it talk like a fool. If he seems to enjoy it, we must remember, first, that it was his only means of relieving the severity of the play with a little comedy; second, that crowds have never been remarkable for either dignity or wisdom; and third, that one need not be an aristocrat to be amused by their follies. There is nothing in Shakespeare more truly democratic than the huge and grotesque comedy of his citizen-mobs.

Date of Composition.—We should expect *Julius Caesar* to have been the first of the Roman plays, because of its modest plainness and stiffness of outline. We are able, also, to cite passages in contemporary poems which appear to have been suggested by *Julius Caesar*: a description of Mortimer in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*,[1] which recalls Mark Antony's character of Brutus in the last scene (v. v. 73–5); and some lines in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*[2] on the speeches of Brutus and

[1] In whome in peace th' elements all lay
So mixt, as none could soueraignty impute;
. . . . . .
That t' seemde when heauen his modell first began,
In him it shewd perfection in a man.

[2] The many headed multitude was drawne
By Brutus speech, that Caesar was ambitious,
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

Antony to the mob that can only be explained as a reference to the speeches in Act III, Scene ii. Now the *Barons' Wars* was published in 1603, and the *Mirror of Martyrs* in 1601.

Other supposed allusions have been noted,—for example, the remark of Polonius in *Hamlet* (1601–2): 'I did enact Julius Caesar; I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me' (III. ii. 109–10). Such a passage, however, by itself proves nothing. Plays on Julius Caesar were not uncommon in Shakespeare's generation; and the historical error of putting the killing 'in the Capitol' was, as we have stated, not peculiar to Shakespeare, but occurs in English writers long before his time.

We are left with one fact. *Julius Caesar* cannot have been written later than 1601. To this some information has recently been added. On September 21, 1599, Thomas Platter, a visitor from Basle, saw *Julius Caesar* acted in the newly built Globe Theatre. We accept this date as giving, in all probability, the year of composition.

The Text.—There is no trouble about the standard text of *Julius Caesar*, for there is only one original edition, the First Folio of 1623. If the play was printed before that date, no copies of such an issue have come down to us. We have nothing to regret, however, for the text is very good. The only suspicion it has incurred is due to one of its principal merits, the strict compression of action and language. It has been thought that the editors of the First Folio shortened the play for acting purposes, as they may have shortened *Richard II*; or that they printed from an acting copy already so shortened. In either case—and it must be remembered that both cases are hypothetical—nothing of much consequence can have been lost. We may look long before we find in the conciseness and severe economy of *Julius Caesar* an excuse for one critic's suggestion that it is an abridgement of the real Shakespearean play made by Ben Jonson! It is more reasonable to suppose that in his play of *Julius Caesar* Shakespeare experimented, and kept more closely than usual to the sober lines of his original.

JULIUS CAESAR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JULIUS CAESAR.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Caesar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, } Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Caesar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—*During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical[1], you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?[2] Speak, what trade art thou?

First Commoner. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you? 9

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, in respect of[3] a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler[4].

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Commoner. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.[5]

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty[6] knave, what trade?

[1] i. e. mechanics. [2] Shakespeare was thinking of the English trade-guilds, with their regulations and badges. [3] In comparison with. [4] Bungler, botcher. [5] For the pun cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 123. [6] Good-for-naught.

Second Commoner. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out[1], sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Second Commoner. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover[2] them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather[3] have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.[4]

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication[5] of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort[6];
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

[1] i. e. at heels. [2] Another quibble: (1) re-cover, (2) restore to health. Cp. *T.* II. ii. 72–4. [3] i. e. cowhide (OE. *neát*, ox, cow). [4] He had returned from Spain after defeating the sons of his dead rival Pompey at the battle of Munda (March 17, 45 B.C.), and his triumph took place early in October of that year, though it suited Shakespeare's purpose to place it on Feb. 15, 44 B.C. Cp. l. 71. [5] Reverberation. [6] Rank.

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.[1]
[*Exeunt all the* Commoners.
See whe'r[2] their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[3]
Marullus. May we do so? 70
You know it is the feast of Lupercal[4].
Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Caesar. Calphurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Caesar. Calphurnia!
Calphurnia. Here, my lord.
Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.[5] Antonius!
Antony. Caesar, my lord.
Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia.
Antony. I shall remember:
When Caesar says 'Do this', it is perform'd. 10
Caesar. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Soothsayer. Caesar!
Caesar. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Caesar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

[1] i. e. till you raise its stream at its lowest, level with its highest banks. [2] Whether: written as pronounced. So v. iii. 97. [3] Used of the ceremonious 'trophies and 'scarfs' themselves. Cp. *M. V.* v. i. 206. [4] The Lupercalia, held annually on Feb. 15, near the grotto on the Palatine Hill sacred to Lupercus, the Roman name of Pan. On date cp. l. 34 *n.* [5] At this festival young men ran through the streets striking every one they met with leather thongs, and this was thought to heal certain infirmities in those struck.

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar'. Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.
Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.[1]
Caesar. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Caesar. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Casca. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
Caesar. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.
Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.
Caesar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet.*[2] *Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brutus. Not I.
Cassius. I pray you, do.
Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as[3] I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.[4]
Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,[5]
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;[6]
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

[1] The 15th of March. [2] Set of notes on a trumpet. [3] So l. 173. Cp. introd. iii. 20. [4] He speaks the language of horsemanship. [5] Conflicting emotions. For 'p.' = state of feeling, see l. 48, and cp. *M. V.* III. i. 63 *n.*; *T.* I. ii. 390 *n.* [6] The plural emphasizes the separate acts of the behaviour in question. Cp. II. i. 148; III. ii. 241.

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me[1], gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester;[2] if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal[3] them; or if you know
That I profess myself[4] in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*
Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.
Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour[5].
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with[6] her shores,

[1] Suspicious of me. 'On' = 'of' is frequent. [2] Were it my habit to make my love stale or common by giving it with customary oaths to every new-comer who protested friendship. [3] Defame. [4] i. e. profess friendship. [5] Appearance, countenance. Cp. I. iii. 129. [6] 'With' because of the sense of rage or anger implied in 'chafing'. Cp. double sense of 'fret.'

Caesar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;[1]
But ere we could arrive[2] the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,[3]
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,[4]
And that same eye whose bend[5] doth awe the world
Did lose his[6] lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish. Shout.*
Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.
Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus[7]; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

[1] i. e. contending with the stream. For the form cp. *M. V.* II. viii. 42 ('mind of love'), &c. [2] So twice elsewhere in Shakespeare. Cp. Milton, *P. L.* ii. 409: 'Ere he arrive | The happy isle.' [3] The key-note of the *Aeneid*, which describes Aeneas' settlement in Latium and the establishment of the Roman race. Anchises was Aeneas' father. [4] Like deserting soldiers. [5] Cp. 'bent', *H. V*, v. ii. 16. [6] For 'its', as usual. [7] Ref. to the Colossus of Rhodes—a gigantic figure bestriding the harbour.

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,[1]
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.[2]

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;[3]
What you would work me to, I have some aim[4].
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so[5] with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as[6] this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Brutus. The games are done and Caesar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR *and his Train.*

Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

[1] 'Rome' was pronounced like 'room' as late as last century. Elsewhere in Shakespeare it rhymes with 'doom' and 'groom.' Cp. III. i. 289. [2] Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 37 *n.*, and II. i. 53 below. [3] Cp. l. 71. [4] i. e. can guess. [5] Provided that. [6] Cp. l. 34.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Caesar. Antonius!
Antonius. Caesar.
Caesar. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond[1] Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Antonius. Fear him not, Caesar, he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given[2].
Caesar. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;[3]
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles[4] they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet.* *Exeunt* CAESAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad[5].
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.
Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.
Brutus. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Cassius. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.
Cassius. Who offered him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it

[1] Properly an adverb, but often interchanged with 'yon'. [2] Well disposed. [3] Cp. *M. V.* v. i. 83-8. [4] While. So 'sometimes' = sometime. [5] Grave.

was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped [1] hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded [2] and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 251

Cassius. But soft, I pray you: what! did Caesar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness [3].

Cassius. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 263

Brutus. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope [4] his doublet [5] and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, [6] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 279

Brutus. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. [7] Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 292

[1] Chapped. So 'choppy,' *M.* I. iii. 44. [2] Swooned. [3] Epilepsy. [4] For 'me' cp. introd. III. 14; 'ope' = open is only used predicatively. [5] The actors performed in the dress of their own time. [6] i. e. a tradesman, and so one of those addressed. [7] Cp. I. i. 68–73.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promised forth.[1]
Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cassius. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*
Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cassius. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form[2].
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cassius. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd[3]: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard[4]; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius
He should not humour[5] me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cicero. Good even, Casca: brought[6] you Caesar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!

[1] i. e. out (to supper). Cp. *M. V.* II. v. 11. [2] Appearance of slowness. [3] *sc.* to. Cp. introd. III. 25. [4] Has a grudge against me (cp. L. *aegre ferre*). [5] Play on my humour or inclinations: as Cassius was playing on Brutus. [6] Escorted. Cp. *H. V*, II. iii. 1.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying[1] me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons, they are natural';
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate[2] that they point upon.
Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cicero. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who 's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cassius. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this![3]
Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,

[1] Molesting, hurting. Cp. II. i. 160. [2] Region. Cp. *R. II*, IV. i. 130.
[3] What a night this is! Cp. introd. III. 18.

And, thus unbraced[1], Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone[2];
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder[3],
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;[4]
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed[5] faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.[6]
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance[7] show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:

[1] Unbuttoned. Cp. I. ii. 267 *n.* [2] Thunderbolt, which was believed to fall with the lightning. [3] Clothe yourself in fear; 'in' for 'into'. Cp. *R. II*, II. iii. 160 *n.* [4] Contrary to their character and nature. For 'from' cp. I. iii. 35, &c. [5] i.e. originally designed for special ends. [6] Abnormal, portentous state of things. Cp. l. 68. [7] Patient endurance.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made[1]: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering[2] tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious[3] for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest.

Cassius. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous[4] consequence;
And I do know by this[5] they stay for me
In Pompey's porch[6]: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element[7]
In favour 's[8] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close[9] awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

[1] I must answer for it. [2] Grinning, sneering. [3] Actively form a party. [4] Cp. introd. III. 6. [5] *sc.* time. [6] The porch of Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius. Cp. I. 152. [7] i. e. the sky. So *H. V*, IV. i. 107. [8] Cp. I. ii. 91. [9] Concealed. Cp. *M. V.* II. vi. 47 ('the close night').

Cinna. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cinna. I am glad on 't.[1] What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.
O Cassius! if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it;[2] and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue:[3] all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius[4] Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited[5]. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome.* BRUTUS' *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when![6] Awake, I say! what, Lucius!

[1] Cp. I. ii. 71. [2] Where only Brutus may find it. Cp. v. iv. 12, &c., and introd. III. 29. He was praetor, i. e. chief magistrate after the consuls. [3] Cp. I. ii. 160 *n.* [4] Should be Decimus. [5] Conceived. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 92. [6] Exclam. of impatience, like 'what!'

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?
Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Brutus. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general [1]. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that!
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse [2] from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,[3]
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back.
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees [4]
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel [5]
Will bear no colour [6] for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?
Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Brutus. The exhalations [7] whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them. [*Opens the letter.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

[1] The community. Cp. *Ham.* II. ii. 466; and introd. III. 2. [2] Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 20. [3] Experience. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 145. [4] Steps: orig. sense (Fr. *degré*, L. *gradus*). [5] Ground of complaint or dispute. [6] Cannot be coloured to look plausible. [7] i. e. enkindled vapours, or meteors.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*
Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion[1], all the interim is
Like a phantasma[2], or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments[3]
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother[4] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus. Is he alone?
Lucius. No, sir, there are more with him.
Brutus. Do you know them?
Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,[5]
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour[6].
Brutus. Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,[7]

[1] Impulse. [2] Apparition. [3] i. e. the soul and its bodily agents. The 'g.' is the good or bad spirit which controls a man's actions. With 'm. i.' cp. l. 176 and *M.* I. vii. 80; and with whole passage, *M.* I. iii. 137–41. [4] C. had married Brutus' sister, Junia. [5] Cp. I. ii. 267 *n.* [6] Cp. I. ii. 91. [7] Walk, wearing thy natural appearance.

Not Erebus[1] itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.[2]

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Brutus. He is welcome hither.
Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome too.
Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*
Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cinna. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret[3] the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on[4] the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery[5]. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause

[1] The dark underworld. [2] i. e. by detection or anticipation. Cp. III. i. 35. [3] Trace patterns in, like fretwork. [4] Encroaching on [5] Cp. IV. i, which shows how Roman tyranny got rid of suspects.

To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter[1]? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous[2],
Old feeble carrions[3] and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even[4] virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive[5] mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance[6]
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several[7] infamy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Metellus. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths[8] and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O! name him not: let us not break with him[9];
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver[10]; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy[11] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

[1] Shuffle, equivocate. [2] Deceitful. Cp. *Ham.* I. iii. 15 ('cautel'). [3] Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 63; *H. V*, IV. ii. 39. [4] Flawless. Cp. 'evenly', *H. V*, II. iv. 91. [5] Insuppressible. Cp. introd. III. 3. [6] = Either . . . or. [7] Distinct, particular. Cp. v. v. 18. [8] Cp. I. ii. 42. [9] Disclose to him. [10] Mischievous plotter. For 's.' cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 244. [11] Malice.

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O! then that we could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar. But, alas!
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants[1] to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious[2];
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.
Cassius. Yet I fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—
Brutus. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself—take thought[3] and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should;[4] for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Trebonius. There is no fear[5] in him; let him not die:
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Brutus. Peace! count the clock.
Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.
Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.
Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies[6].
It may be, these apparent[7] prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Decius. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,[8]

[1] i. e. the 'mortal instruments' of l. 66. [2] Cp. l. 164. [3] Turn pensive. Cp. *Ant. & Cl.* III. xi. 1: 'Think and die'. [4] That would be a great deal for him to do, should he do it. [5] Cause of fear. [6] i. e. the ceremonial interpretation of omens and prodigies. So II. ii. 13. This was the special function of the 'augurs' ('augurers' of l. 200). [7] Manifest. [8] All from the popular beast-lore of the time. One dodged behind a tree, in which the unicorn, unable to stop, embedded its horn; bears were blinded with bright glasses, elephants caught in ditches, &c.

Lions with toils[1], and men with flatterers
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brutus. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,[2]
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cassius. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily[3];
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:[4]
And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all except* BRUTUS.
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!
Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently[5], Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience

[1] Nets, snares. [2] Cp. I. ii. 318. [3] Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 3 ('sprightfully and bold'); and introd. III. 12. [4] Keeping steadily to the manner of their part. [5] Unkindly.

Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime[1] hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition[2],
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Portia. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Portia. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical[3]
To walk unbraced[4] and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air[5]
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,[6]
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure?
Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Portia. If this were true then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's[7] daughter.

[1] At some time or other. [2] Temper, disposition. [3] Medicinal. [4] Cp. I. iii. 48 *n.* [5] i. e. unpurged by the sun. [6] In a manner or with restrictions. [7] Cato of Utica (95–46 B. C.), great-grandson of the

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?
Brutus. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.[1]
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Ligarius. Vouchsafe[2] good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brutus. O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick.
Ligarius. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness.[3] Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified[4] spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Brutus. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

more celebrated Cato the Censor. His life was modelled on Stoic principles, and his death also, for when his enemy Caesar won the battle of Thapsus he committed suicide at Utica. Portia had inherited some of the family Stoicism. Cp. l. 300, and the manner of her death.

[1] i. e. characters written there. [2] Deign to accept. [3] He tears off his kerchief from his head. [4] That was dead within me: lit. sense.

SCENE II. *The Same.* CAESAR'S *House.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR *in his night-gown.*

Caesar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! They murder Caesar!' Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord!
Caesar. Go bid the priests do present[1] sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Calphurnia. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Caesar. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.
Calphurnia. Caesar, I never stood on[2] ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.[3]
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use[4],
And I do fear them.
Caesar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.
Calphurnia. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth[5] the death of princes.
Caesar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

[1] Instant. [2] Attached importance to. For 'c.' cp. II. i. 197. [3] An English touch. There was no watch in Rome before Augustus' time. [4] Usage, custom. [5] With secondary meaning, proclaim as with a trumpet. Cp. *R. & J.* III. iii. 151: 'a time to blaze your marriage.' 'Blazon' is the same word.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not; danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calphurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caesar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Calphurnia. Say he is sick.

Caesar. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Caesar. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate:
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua[1],
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

[1] 'Statue' in old edd., printed in many modern edd. 'statuë', to mark the trisyllable. Bacon uses 'statua' a number of times, with pl. 'statuaes'.

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.[1]
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Caesar. And this way have you well expounded it.
Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo! Caesar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding[2] bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable[3].
Caesar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Publius. Good morrow, Caesar.
Caesar. Welcome, Publius.
What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
Brutus. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Caesar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

[1] Cp. III. ii. 138, 139. The technical sense of 'tincture' = the colours &c., of heraldry, is implied; and 'cogn.' is an heraldic term for a badge or device—here the 'napkins' dipped in Caesar's blood, to mark his followers. 'Cogn.' is plural: cp. introd. III. 9. [2] Course of action. [3] Subject. Cp. 'liable to our crown and dignity' (*K. John*, II. i. 490).

Antony. So to most noble Caesar.
Caesar. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Trebonius. Caesar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Caesar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Brutus. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same,[1] O Caesar!
The heart of Brutus yearns[2] to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Artem. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.[3] *The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, 11
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar! thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive[4]. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.
Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy! be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

[1] That things which are like each other are not always the same: ref. to 'like friends' of previous line. [2] Grieves. So in *H. V*, II. iii. 3, &c.
[3] False confidence gives conspiracy a free course. For 's.' cp. *H. V*, II. ii. 44; and for 'gives way,' IV. iii. 39. [4] Conspire. Cp. II. i. 158.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Lucius. Madam, what shall I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Lucius. I hear none, madam.
Portia. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour,[1] like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.
Portia. What is 't o'clock?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.
Portia. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
Soothsayer. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know 'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Portia. I must go in. Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O! I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

[1] Cp. 'From forth the noise and rumour of the field' (*K. John*, v. iv. 45).

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Caesar. [*To the* Soothsayer.] The Ides of March are come.
Soothsayer. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Artemidorus. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.
Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Artemidorus. O Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.
Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last served[1].
Artemidorus. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
Caesar. What! is the fellow mad?
Publius. Sirrah, give place.
Caesar. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CAESAR.
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Brutus. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.
Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus. Cassius, be constant[2]:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.
Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CAESAR *and the Senators take their seats.*
Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently[3] prefer his suit to Caesar.
Brutus. He is address'd[4]; press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

[1] As we talk of 'serving' a summons. [2] Firm, determined. So ll. 60, 72, 73. [3] Instantly. [4] Ready, prepared.

Caesar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress?
Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
A humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Caesar. I must prevent[1] thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children.[2] Be not fond[3],
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked[4] curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing[5] of my banish'd brother?
Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Caesar. What, Brutus!
Cassius. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Caesar. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting[6] quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive[7];
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank[8],
Unshak'd of[9] motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,

[1] Anticipate, be beforehand with: orig. sense (Lat. *prae-, venire*). Cp. v. i. 105. [2] Turn ordinances preordained and decreed from the beginning into things to be played with or cast aside at pleasure. He regards his own acts, and among them this decree of banishment, as ultimate and immutable. [3] Foolish. The phrase runs, '(so) fond (as) to think'. [4] For 'crook' cp. *Ham.* III. ii. 66. [5] Recalling. Cp. *R. II*, II. ii. 49. [6] Not subject to disturbance. [7] Having the power of apprehension. [8] Keeps fast in his place. [9] i. e. by.

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cinna. O Caesar,—
Caesar. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus![1]
Decius. Great Caesar,—
Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me! [*They stab Caesar.*
Caesar. *Et tu, Brute?* Then fall, Caesar! [*Dies.*
Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cassius. Some to the common pulpits[2], and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'
Brutus. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Decius. And Cassius too.
Brutus. Where's Publius[3]?
Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
Brutus. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Brutus. Do so; and let no man abide[4] this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where's Antony?
Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.[5]
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

[1] The Grecian mountain on whose summit the ancient gods were thought to live. [2] The rostra, in the Forum, from which the people were addressed. [3] Not the Publius of IV. i. 4, who is a young man; probably for any old Roman senator. [4] i. e. abide the consequences of it. Cp. III. ii. 120. [5] Cp. II. ii. 13.

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Brutus. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis[1] lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Decius. What! shall we forth?
Cassius. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest[2] and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd[3]
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend[4].
Cassius. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose[5].

Re-enter ANTONY.

Brutus. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.
Antony. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

[1] i. e. base (of Pompey's statue). [2] Cp. introd. III. 11. [3] Satisfied, informed (lit., freed from perplexity). [4] For our friend. Cp. *M.* IV. iii. 10; and biblical phrase 'have to wife'. [5] Constantly turns out very much to the purpose; 's.' is often used as intensive adv.

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank[1]:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,[2]
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,[3]
I shall not find myself so apt[4] to die:
No place will please me so, no mean[5] of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice,[6] and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit[7] me,

[1] Unhealthily overgrown. For this the old cure was blood-letting. [2] Cp. I. ii. 318. [3] Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 61: 'Live thou, I live'; and see introd. III. 24. [4] Ready. Cp. v. iii. 68, and our 'aptitude'. [5] For 'means'. Shakespeare uses either form. [6] With a strength as if malice nerved their action: emphasizing the warmth of their embrace. [7] Cp. I. iii. 162.

Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe[1].
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd[2] in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRUTUS.] You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd

[1] Formed from L. *letum*, death, which was often written *lethum*, from a supposed connexion with Gr. λήθη (lēthē), forgetfulness (whence Lethe, the river of forgetfulness in the under-world, with which some connect the word in the text). Scots law speaks of a 'lethal' or deadly weapon.
[2] Marked. Cp. IV. i. 1, &c.

By that which he will utter?
Brutus. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Antony. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate[1] by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war[2];
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar[3], do you not?
Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

[1] The Greek goddess of retribution. [2] Cp. *H. V*, I. Chor. 6–8. [3] Caesar's grand-nephew, and his heir, who became later the Emperor Augustus.

Antony. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— [*Seeing the body.*
O Caesar!—
Antony. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion[1], I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome[2] of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CAESAR'S *body.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.[3]
Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.
Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens;
BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*
Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers[4]! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure[5] me in your wisdom, and awaken your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against

[1] Emotion. Cp. *M. N. D.* v. i. 295 *n.* [2] For the pun cp. I. ii. 155.
[3] Fully informed, convinced. Cp. 'resolved', III. i. 131. [4] Friends. So I. 50, &c. [5] Judge: orig. neutral sense.

Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is[1] tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 37

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol[2]; his glory not extenuated[3], wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced[4], for which he suffered death. 44

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CAESAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 52

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho! 60

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up. 70

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding[5] to you. [*Goes up.*

[1] Cp. introd. III. 22. [2] i. e. the reasons for and against his death are registered there. [3] Minimized. [4] Made too much of. [5] For 'beholden'.

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Citizen. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Citizen. Nay, that 's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Second Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.
Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it[1].
Second Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Citizen. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor[2] to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[3] in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.
Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O! what would come of it.
Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.
Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.
Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honourable men!
Citizens. The will! the testament!
Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.
Antony. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar.
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.

[1] Pay dear for it. Cp. III. i. 94. [2] i.e. as himself. [3] Handkerchiefs.

Second Citizen. Descend. [ANTONY *comes down.*
Third Citizen. You shall have leave.
Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.
First Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
Second Citizen. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.[1]
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious[2] Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd[3]
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel[4]:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Caesar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest[5] cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua[6],
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!
Second Citizen. O noble Caesar!
Third Citizen. O woeful day!
Fourth Citizen. O traitors! villains!
First Citizen. O most bloody sight!
Second Citizen. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!—Fire!—Kill!—
Slay!—Let not a traitor live.

[1] In B. C. 57. It was one of the hardest and best fought battles in Caesar's Gaulish campaigns; but for Caesar's valiant example his men would have been routed. To be correct, Antony was not in Gaul with Caesar till 54 B. C. [2] Cp. II. i. 178. [3] Cp. III. i 131. [4] i. e. guardian angel (since they were inseparable). [5] Cp. III. i. 121. [6] Cp. II. ii. 76 *n.*

Antony. Stay, countrymen!
First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs[1] they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves[2]?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Cit. Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Citizen. O royal Caesar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber[3]; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves[4].

[1] Grievances, as in I. iii. 118. [2] Cp. 'youths', II. i. 148, and I. ii. 42 *n.* [3] Really on the other side. Shakespeare was misled by Plutarch's translator. [4] *sc.* in. Cp. I. ii. 315.

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Citizen. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place[1],
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.
Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*
Antony. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Antony. Where is he?
Servant. He and Lepidus[2] are at Caesar's house.
Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish[3]. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cinna. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:[4]
I have no will to wander forth[5] of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Citizen. What is your name?
Second Citizen. Whither are you going?
Third Citizen. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Citizen. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
Second Citizen. Answer every man directly.
First Citizen. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Citizen. Ay, and wisely.
Third Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.[6]
Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to

[1] i. e. among the temples in the forum. [2] The third member of the self-appointed triumvirate. He was useful because he brought an army with him from Spain. [3] i. e. just at the moment I wished him. [4] Things burden my imagination in a way that bodes ill luck. Cp. introd. III. 8. [5] Out. Cp. I. ii. 294. [6] Cp. introd. III. 23.

answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me[1] a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen. As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

Second Citizen. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 31

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Second Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. 39

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd[2].

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What! shall I find you here? 10

Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

[1] Here 'me' seems = 'from me'. [2] Cp. III. i. 216.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Octavius. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Antony. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind[1], to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste[2], is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts[3], and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property[4]. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things[5]: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers[6]; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,[7]
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis*[8]. *Before* BRUTUS' *Tent.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers: TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them.*

Brutus. Stand, ho!
Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Brutus. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucilius. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.

[1] Wheel. [2] i.e. sense. [3] Castaway remnants; 'abj.' used literally (L. *abjicere*). [4] A mere appliance, a tool: the stage use of the word. [5] Cp. *M.* II. ii. 30. [6] Forces. [7] Like bears baited by dogs. Cp. *M.* v. vii. 1. [8] In Asia Minor, and capital of the old province of Lydia.

Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change,[1] or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd[2].
Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances[3],
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand[4],
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall[5] their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Brutus. Hark! he is arriv'd. [*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho!
Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Soldier. Stand!
Second Soldier. Stand!
Third Soldier. Stand!
Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Brutus. Cassius, be content[6];
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

[1] i. e. of disposition towards me. [2] Cp. III. i. 131. [3] Signs of familiarity. Cp. I. ii. 304. [4] Held in hand or reined in. [5] Let fall. [6] i. e. calm.

Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted[1] Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off[2].
Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice[3] offence should bear his[4] comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?[5]
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[6]
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius. I am.

[1] Set a mark of disgrace on, stigmatized (L. *notare*). Cp. *R. II*, I. i. 43. [2] Slightingly dismissed. [3] Which only a 'nice' or fastidious person would dwell on. [4] For 'its'. [5] Cp. introd. III. 9. [6] i. e. in the diplomatic part of war—the framing of terms, &c.

Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is 't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you[1]? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, 'better'?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not!
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What! durst not tempt him!
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection[2]. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

[1] Watch your mood. [2] Indirect or crooked means. Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 94.

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters[1] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius[2],
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'[3] mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour[4].
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who[5], much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd[6] vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

[1] 'C.' were round metal tokens used merely for calculations. [2] i. e. on Cassius alone. [3] The god of riches. [4] Cp. l. 114 *n.* [5] For 'which': cp. introd. III. 19. [6] Acc. to the old theory, very fashionable at this time, of the four humours,—blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy (corresponding to the four elements),—the tempering or mixing of which determined a man's 'humour' or 'temperament'.

Brutus. And my heart too.
Cassius. O Brutus!
Brutus. What's the matter?
Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucilius. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* Lucilius, Titinius, *and* Lucius.

Cassius. How now! What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic [1] rime!
Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Brutus. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging [2] fools?
Companion [3], hence!
Cassius. Away, away! be gone. [*Exit* Poet.
Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit* Lucius.
Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place [4] to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha! Portia!
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,

[1] The Cynics were a philosophical sect notorious for their scoffing disregard of social conventions. The name is connected with Gk. κύων (kuōn), dog. In Plutarch the man is not a poet, but really a Cynic philosopher. [2] Ballad-mongering: 'jig' being used not only for a dance, but for any doggerel ballad or the tune to which it was sung. [3] Used as we use 'fellow'. [4] Give way, yield to. Brutus was a Stoic.

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire[1].
Cassius. And died so?
Brutus. Even so.
Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
Brutus. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala,
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question[2] our necessities.
Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?
Brutus. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power[3],
Bending their expedition towards Philippi[4].
Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Brutus. With what addition?
Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cassius. Cicero one!
Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Brutus. No, Messala.
Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Brutus. Nothing, Messala.
Messala. That, methinks, is strange.
Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Messala. No, my lord.
Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

[1] Hot coals, acc. to Plutarch. [2] Examine into. [3] Cp. IV. i. 42.
[4] In Macedonia, near the borders of Thrace. They had crossed over from Sardis.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cassius. I have as much of this in art[1] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Brutus. Well, to our work alive[2]. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cassius. I do not think it good.
Brutus. Your reason?
Cassius. This is it:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added[3], and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cassius. Hear me, good brother.
Brutus. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted[4], all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures[5].
Cassius. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard[6] with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cassius. No more. Good-night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Brutus. Lucius!

[1] In theory. [2] i. e. let us leave the dead. [3] = new-added-to. [4] Neglected. [5] A shipping term. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 15, 21, &c. [6] Treat niggardly.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala:
Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.
Cassius. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Brutus. Every thing is well.
Cassius. Good-night, my lord.
Brutus. Good-night, good brother.
Titinius. } Good-night, Lord Brutus.
Messala. }
Brutus. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Lucius. Here in the tent.
Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave[1], I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other[2] of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Lucius. Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?
Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS *lie down.*
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

[1] Lad: orig. sense. Cp. l. 268. [2] Plural. Cp. introd. III. 17.

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare[1]?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Brutus. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
[*Ghost vanishes.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.
Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Lucius. My lord!
Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?
Lucius. Nothing, my lord.
Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!
Varro. My lord!
Claudius. My lord!
Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Varro. } Did we, my lord?
Claudius. }
Brutus. Ay: saw you any thing?
Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Claudius. Nor I, my lord.
Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius.

[1] Stand on end. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 213.

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro. }
Claudius. } It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles[1] are at hand;
They mean to warn[2] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,[3] thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle[4] is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field[5].
Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent[6]?
Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.
Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Antony. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Octavius. Stir not until the signal.
Brutus. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

[1] Divisions in battle order. Cp. 1. 16, &c. [2] Summon. [3] i. e. making a brave show with fear in their hearts. [4] They had a scarlet device on their standard. [5] Level plain. [6] Exigency.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'
Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown[1]:
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees[2],
And leave them honeyless.
Antony. Not stingless too?
Brutus. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Antony. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cassius. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.[3]
Octavius. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up[4] again?
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Brutus. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Brutus. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain[5],
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable[6].
Cassius. A peevish schoolboy[7], worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masquer and a reveller.
Antony. Old Cassius still!
Octavius. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs[8].
[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*
Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brutus. Ho!

[1] 'p.' = position; i. e. where you will place or plant your blows is yet unknown. For plur. verb cp. introd. III. 22. [2] Hybla was a Sicilian town, famous for its honey. [3] See II. i. 161; III. i. 145, 232. [4] i. e. into its sheath. [5] Breed, stock. [6] Adj. for adv. [7] Octavius was now twenty-one years old (42 B.C.); two years had elapsed since the assassination of Caesar. [8] i. e the stomach for it.

Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucilius. My lord?
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *talk apart.*
Cassius. Messala!
Messala. What says my general?
Cassius. Messala,
This is my birthday; as[1] this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was,[2] am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus[3] strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[4] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted[5] us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Messala. Believe not so.
Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.
Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself,[6] I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent[7]

[1] Redundant use with expressions of time. Cp. 'as yet' = yet. [2] At Pharsalia, in Thessaly, where he was totally defeated by J. Caesar, in 48 B.C. [3] A Greek philosopher, who held, among other things, that visions, dreams, &c., must all be explained by natural causes. [4] Fore. [5] Accompanied. [6] Cp. II. i. 295 *n.*; IV. iii. 144–5. This, which seems to contradict the sequel, is due to a mistranslation in North's Plutarch, which Shakespeare followed. Brutus said that in his inexperienced youth he had condemned Cato's suicide, but was now of the contrary mind. [7] Cp. III. i. 35.

The time of life: arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Brutus. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Brutus. Why, then, lead on. O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[1]
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cassius. O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;

[1] Notes, written messages.

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond[1] troops are friend or enemy.
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.[2] [*Exit.*
Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[PINDARUS *ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pindarus. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cassius. What news?
Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius! now some light[3]; O! he lights too:
He 's ta'en; [*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.
Cassius. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pindarus. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change[4], Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

[1] Cp. I. ii. 193. [2] Cp. *T.* IV. i. 164. [3] Alight. [4] i. e. give and take.

Messala. Where did you leave him?
Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt[1] thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Messala. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.
Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Brutus. O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

[1] Susceptible, ready to receive them. Cp. III. i. 160.

In our own proper entrails.[1] [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look whe'r[2] he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay,—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to Thassos[3] send his body:
His funerals[4] shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What villain doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato[5], ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered and falls.*
Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.
First Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucilius. Only I yield to die:[6]
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Second Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Soldier. I'll tell the news: here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Antony. Where is he?

[1] 'in' = into, as often; 'proper' has the same sense as 'own', which it emphasizes. [2] Cp. I. i. 65 *n.* [3] The island of Thasos, off the Thracian coast. [4] Cp. Fr. *funérailles.* [5] And so Portia's brother. [6] i. e. I yield only to die. For the transposition cp. I. iii. 144 and IV. iii. 93.

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Antony. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*
Clitus. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Brutus. Peace, then! no words.
Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.
Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*
Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?
Clitus. O, Dardanius!
Dardanius. O, Clitus!
Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Volumnius. What says my lord?
Brutus. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Volumnius. Not so, my lord.
Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Volumnius. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
Brutus. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* 'Fly, fly, fly!'
Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly.
Brutus. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect[1];
Thy life hath had some smatch[2] of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—[*He runs on his sword.*] Caesar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?
Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain[3] them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer[4] me to you.
Octavius. Do so, good Messala.
Messala. How died my master, Strato?
Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

[1] i. e. decent, respectable. Cp. I. ii. 59. [2] Smack. [3] Maintain, as his servants. [4] Recommend. Cp. *M. V.* II. ii. 161.

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him [1] that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'
Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part [2] the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt.*

[1] Cp. IV. iii. 114 *n.* [2] Share.

HAMLET

PREFACE

Source, Date, and Text.—The story of Hamlet is a legend of the North, the work of the old Danish rovers. Feng kills his brother Horwendil, King of Jutland, and marries the queen, Gerutha; Amleth or Hamlet is the mad son. He has a foster-sister, who is our Ophelia; there is a foolish-wise listener, who is our Polonius; there are the same baffled courtiers, the same voyage to Britain, and the same fatal message. This Hamlet, however, succeeds in his feigning. He kills and supplants his uncle, and dies, like a king, in battle.

The story, which was written down in Latin towards the end of the twelfth century, came to England by way of France. In 1570 it was put into French by the novelist Belleforest, for his collection of *Histoires Tragiques*, and by 1589 there was an English *Hamlet* on the stage. The subject was popular. There appears to have been a *Hamlet* in the repertory of Shakespeare's company as early as 1594, which may or may not have been by Shakespeare. The tendency of modern scholars is to suppose that Shakespeare had, at any rate, handled the subject much earlier than has been generally believed. There is an undated contemporary reference to a Shakespearian *Hamlet*, made by Spenser's friend, Gabriel Harvey, which some would put as early as 1598.

The first dated notices of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* are of the early years of the seventeenth century. On the 26th of July, 1602, 'a book called the Revenge of Hamlet Prince ⟨of⟩ Denmark as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants' (which was Shakespeare's company) was entered in the Stationers' Register for publication, and in the following year, 1603, the first printed version appeared. This edition, known as the First Quarto, is a poor production, and evidently unauthorized. In 1604 a second and much improved version

was published, which claimed to be 'enlarged as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy'. The claim is just. The Second Quarto, as it is called, is immensely superior to the First both in accuracy and in fidelity, and has fifty leaves to the other's thirty-two.

This *Hamlet* of 1604 is substantially the *Hamlet* we know. It represents a revision by Shakespeare. The third version, which appeared in 1623 in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays (the First Folio), varies, indeed, from the Second Quarto, but only as one good version will vary from another. The Folio *Hamlet* is shorter, and much better printed. It omits many passages contained in the Quartos, and contains some passages which the Quartos omit. It represents, we are to suppose, the acting tradition. The version of 1604 is perhaps nearer to what Shakespeare the dramatist wrote, and the version of 1623 to what Shakespeare the actor-manager put, after trial, upon the stage. The two together (since we are readers, not actors) make up, by the compromise of editors, the modern *Hamlet*.

Construction and Design.—The outline of the action, with its chief groupings and situations, was inherited by Shakespeare from the earlier *Hamlet*, now lost. In this earlier version, if we may conjecture from the First Quarto, Hamlet's speculative bent was much less developed, and his relations with his mother very much less tragic. The Queen, in the First Quarto, is innocent, and convinces Hamlet of her innocence. When he plots against his uncle she is a party to the conspiracy. Her eyes have been opened. She curses the 'sugar'd villainy' of her husband, and sends 'thousand blessings' on her son. This is evidently a very different play from the later *Hamlet*: a different Queen, and, therefore, a different Prince.

Shakespeare, in his last rehandling of the story, cut away these comforts. The suspicion of his mother's guilt had been the first drop of poison in Hamlet's mind. The dramatist now decided that this suspicion should remain, and that this poison should be effectual. In the terrible interview of mother and son, as we now have it, though she does not plead guilt, she cannot plead innocence. She was clearly no murderess; in

the later play-scene it is the King who starts (III. ii. 281). She was ignorant at least how the murder had been done. But her conscience is mottled. She had guessed at the murder, and asked no questions. This terrible truth, as it settles in Hamlet's mind, completes his tragic solitude, and makes him at once and finally the lonely Hero of the play. 'The grotesqueness of the grave-digger, the flowers of the mad girl, the fantastic finery of Osric, the pallor of the ghost, and the grin of the skull' all now become 'oddities in a tangled wreath round one plain tragic figure of a man in black'.

There are only two things in this play, a Person and a Situation. This Person is Hamlet, and after his mother's fall everything becomes circumstance to him, nothing more. The end is fated. There is a curse on the family which even the sentinels feel in the first scene, and it swallows them all, murderer, accomplice, revenger, with their meddling dependents.

The only innocent victim is Ophelia, and yet she was not innocent in the eyes of Fate. She belonged to a falling house, and loved the heir of another. Hamlet's feigned madness must often have approached reality, but never more nearly than when he rejected this girl because she was of his mother's sex, and must share in its disgrace. His much-talked-of indecision is only one aspect of his general misery: of his hopeless answers to the question, Why do anything in a world morally past cure?

HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
LAERTES, his Son.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, } Courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } Officers.
FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.
Players. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark and Mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE.—*Elsinore.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Bernardo. Who's there?
Francisco. Nay, answer me[1]; stand, and unfold yourself.
Bernardo. Long live the king![2]
Francisco. Bernardo?
Bernardo. He.
Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bernardo. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Francisco. For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?
Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.
Bernardo. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[3] of my watch, bid them make haste.
Francisco. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

[1] 'Me' emphatic. [2] The watchword. [3] Partners: orig. sense.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Horatio. Friends to this ground.
Marcellus. And liegemen to the Dane[1].
Francisco. Give you good-night.[2]
Marcellus. O! farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Francisco. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night. [*Exit.*
Marcellus. Holla! Bernardo!
Bernardo. Say,
What! is Horatio there?
Horatio. A piece of him.
Bernardo. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Marcellus. What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Bernardo. I have seen nothing.
Marcellus. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us[3]:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve[4] our eyes and speak to it.
Horatio. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.
Bernardo. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Horatio. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Bernardo. Last night of all,
When yond[5] same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume[6] that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Marcellus. Peace! break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio[7].
Bernardo. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Horatio. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Bernardo. It would be spoke to.[8]
Marcellus. Question, it Horatio.
Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

[1] i. e. the King of the Danes. [2] In full, 'God give you good-night'. [3] By us. [4] Confirm the evidence of. [5] Yon. [6] Illumine. [7] Because the best way of exorcising a spirit was to speak Latin to it. [8] Ghosts never speak first.

Together with that fair and war-like form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark [1]
Did sometimes [2] march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Marcellus. It is offended.
Bernardo. See! it stalks away.
Horatio. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Bernardo. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Horatio. Before my God, I might [3] not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch [4]
Of mine own eyes.
Marcellus. Is it not like the king?
Horatio. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle [5],
He smote the sledded Polacks [6] on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and jump [7] at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Horatio. In what particular thought to work I know not; [8]
But in the gross and scope of my opinion, [9]
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Marcellus. Good now, [10] sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land; [11]
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart [12] for implements of war;
Why such impress [13] of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward [14], that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?
Horatio. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—

[1] i. e. King of Denmark; so 'Norway', l. 61. [2] Sometime, formerly. [3] Could. [4] Avouchment. [5] Parley. [6] Poles with their sledges (Fr. *Polaque*). [7] Pat. [8] i. e. what line of thought to follow. [9] i. e. broadly ('in the gross'), so far as I can see ('scope'). [10] Cp. *T.* I. i. 3 *n.* [11] Makes the subject population toil. Cp. I. ii. 33, and introd. III. 2. [12] Marketing. [13] Impressment. [14] On foot.

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of[1], to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent[2]
Was gaged by our king, which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd[3],
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved[4] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,[5]
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't;[6] which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head[7]
Of this post-haste and romage[8] in the land.
Bernardo. I think it be no other[9] but e'en so;
Well may it sort[10] that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question[11] of these wars.
Horatio. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,[12]
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;[13]
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters[14] in the sun, and the moist star[15]
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse[16] of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen[17] coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures[18] and countrymen.
But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

[1] Possessed of: legal term. [2] A portion sufficient. [3] Bearing or purport of the deed drawn up. [4] Untutored, undisciplined. [5] Snapped up a muster of desperadoes. [6] That wants stomach, courage. [7] i. e. source (as of a river). [8] Rummage, bustle. [9] May be no otherwise: subjunct. 'be'. [10] Suit. [11] Subject. [12] Cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 10-32, II. ii. 17-24. [13] A line or more is missing after l. 116. [14] Used with etymological sense: 'unfavourable aspects of stars' (Fr. *dés-astre*, L. *astrum*, star). [15] The moon. [16] Forerunning (L. *prae-*, *cursus*). [17] Ominous event. [18] Climes, regions.

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.[1] Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily[2] foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death.
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.
Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?[3]
Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.
Bernardo. 'Tis here!
Horatio. 'Tis here! [*Exit* Ghost.
Marcellus. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Bernardo. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit[4] hies
To his confine[5]; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation[6].
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes[7]
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike[8],
No fairy takes[9], nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Horatio. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet[10] mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;

[1] To cross the path of a ghost was dangerous. [2] Haply. [3] A sort of pole-axe. [4] Vagrant and wandering: both in original sense (L. *extravagare*; *errare*). [5] Place of confinement. [6] Proof. [7] i. e. in expectation of its coming. [8] Strike with disease. [9] Blasts. Cp. 'He blasts the tree, and takes the cattle' (*M. W. of W.* IV. iv. 32). [10] Grey.

Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves[1], fitting our duty?
Marcellus. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress[2] of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy[3],
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,[4]
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms,[5] which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know[6], young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,[7]
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands[8] of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein[9]; in that the levies,

[1] Plural, covering the love of each. Cp. v. ii. 250, &c. [2] Queen Dowager. [3] Disfigured (O.Fr. *defeit*, fr. *defaire*, mar, undo). Cp. II. ii. 606. [4] One telling of good fortune, the other dropping tears. [5] i. e. forbidden them expression. [6] That (which) you know. [7] Taking this dream of his superiority for his ally. 'Colleagued': trisyllabic. [8] Bonds. [9] i. e. proceeding.

The lists and full proportions[1], are all made
Out of his subject[2]; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles[3] allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
Cornelius. } In that and all things will we show our duty.
Voltimand. }
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice;[4] what wouldst thou beg, Laertes.
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
Laertes. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour[5], Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.[6]
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son[7],—
Hamlet. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.[8]
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Hamlet. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.[9]
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted[10] colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed[11] lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

[1] i. e. numbers proportionate to his needs. Cp. *H. V*, I. ii. 137. [2] Cp. I. i. 72. [3] Articles or heads of instruction handed over to them. For sing. 'allow' cp. introd. III. 22. [4] Speak in vain. Cp. l. 118. [5] i. e. of youth. [6] Spend it as you will, in the exercise of your best graces. [7] Strictly, nephew and stepson. [8] His mother's marriage had made him more than mere kinsman, and 'less than kind' because he hated his uncle-father. [9] Punning on 'sun' and his new relationship of 'son'. [10] Adj. from 'night'. [11] Lowered. Cp. *M. V.* I. i. 28.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Hamlet. Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour[1] of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound[2]
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow[3]; but to persever
In obstinate condolement[4] is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven[5],
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing[6] woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you[7]. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg[8],
It is most retrograde to our desire;

[1] Behaviour. Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 77 *n*. [2] i. e. is bound. Cp. III. iii. 62, and introd. III. 27. [3] Such as one offers in obsequies to the dead. [4] 'Perséver' (persevere). 'Condolement' = mourning: cp. *M. N. D.* I. ii. 29, &c. [5] i. e. unsubdued to its will. [6] Unavailing. [7] i. e. impart love. [8] University town in Germany: connected with Luther and with the story of Faustus.

And we beseech you, bend you[1] to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart[2]; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse[3] the heavens shall bruit[4] again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.
Hamlet. O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses[5] of this world.
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely[6]. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr;[7] so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem[8] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't: Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe[9], all tears; why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason[10],
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing[11] in her galled eyes,

[1] Bend your will. [2] 'Sits to my heart' goes together, i. e. sits close to it. [3] Bumper. [4] Loudly report (Fr. *bruit*). For this Danish custom cp. I. iv. 8 f. [5] Usages. [6] Absolutely (L. *merus*, undiluted). [7] That was, compared to this king, like Hyperion the Sun-god compared to a satyr (half-man half-goat). For 'to' cp. I. v. 52. [8] Could not permit (cp. *M. N. D.* I. i. 131). [9] Who wept herself to a stone for the death of her seven sons and daughters. [10] The faculty of reasoning. 'D.' is the motion of the mind from one judgement to another (L. *discursus*): cp. IV. iv. 36. [11] Redness.

She married. O! most wicked speed,
It is not nor it cannot come to good;[1]
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Horatio. Hail to your lordship!
Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Hamlet. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.[2]
And what make you from Wittenberg,[3] Horatio?
Marcellus?
Marcellus. My good lord,—
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you. [*To* BERNARDO.] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Hamlet. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon[4].
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!
My father, methinks I see my father.
Horatio. O! where, my lord?
Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Horatio. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. Saw who?
Horatio. My lord, the king your father.
Hamlet. The king, my father!
Horatio. Season your admiration[5] for a while
With an attent[6] ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

[1] Emphatic double negative. [2] i. e. I'll be your servant and you my friend. [3] What are you doing here, what brings you from W.? [4] i.e. close upon the funeral. Cp. 'the hour . . . comes fast upon' (*Tr. and C.* IV. iii. 1–3). [5] Temper your astonishment (L. *admiratio*, wonder). [6] Attentive.

Hamlet. For God's love, let me hear.
Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,[1]
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your father,
Armed at points[2] exactly, cap-a-pe[3],
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd[4], both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Hamlet. But where was this?
Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform[5] where we watch'd.
Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?
Horatio. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.
Hamlet. 'Tis very strange,
Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Marcellus. } We do, my lord.
Bernardo. }
Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?
Marcellus. }
Bernardo. } Arm'd, my lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?
Marcellus. }
Bernardo. } My lord, from head to foot.
Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?
Horatio. O yes! my lord; he wore his beaver[6] up.
Hamlet. What! look'd he frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

[1] 'Vast' = vacant immensity, immensity of desolation. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 327 *n.* [2] At all points. [3] From O.Fr. *cap a pie* (*pied*), 'head to foot'. [4] Reported. [5] Emplacement. [6] The movable lower part of the face-guard.

Hamlet. Pale or red?
Horatio. Nay, very pale.
Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Horatio. Most constantly.[1]
Hamlet. I would I had been there.
Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.
Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Marcellus. } Longer, longer.
Bernardo. }
Horatio. Not when I saw it.
Hamlet. His beard was grizzled, no?
Horatio. It was, as I have seen it in his life, 240
A sable silver'd.
Hamlet. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Horatio. I warrant it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;[2]
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well. 250
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you.[3] Farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laertes. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant,[4] do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Ophelia. Do you doubt that?
Laertes. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,[5]

[1] Fixedly. [2] Regard it still as something to keep silent about. [3] He would rather have their love, as they have his. Cp. l. 163; and for 'loves' I. i. 173 *n.* [4] As the winds are favourable and conveyance can be found. [5] A passing mode and amorous whim.

A violet in the youth of primy nature,[1]
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;[2]
No more.
Ophelia. No more but so?
Laertes. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent[3], does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.[4] Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel[5] doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd[6], his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding[7] of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed;[8] which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,[9]
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.[10]
Ophelia. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

[1] Nature in her 'prime' or spring-time. Cp. *As.* v. iii. 34 *n.* [2] Filling up one perfumed moment. Accent 'suppliance'. [3] In its growing (L. *crescere*, grow). [4] As the body grows the soul within grows with it. The metaphor is from St. John ii. 21. [5] Deceit. [6] i. e. considered. [7] Subject to the approval and acquiescence. [8] As his particular function and position may allow him to carry out his promise. [9] Buds (Fr. *boutons*); for 'disclosed' cp. III. i. 175 *n.* [10] Youth in its own nature is rebellious, and needs no tempter.

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles[1], like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.[2]
Laertes. O! fear me not.[3]
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Polonius. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character[4]. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd[5] thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar[6];
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,[7]
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade[8]. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure[9], but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry[10].
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee![11]
Laertes. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Polonius. The time invites you; go, your servants tend[12].
Laertes. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Ophelia. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

[1] While. [2] Regards not his own counsel. [3] Fear not for me. Cp. IV. v. 122, and introd. III. 14. [4] Inscribe. Accent 'character'. [5] Out of keeping. 'His' for 'its': cp. introd. III. 13. [6] Common. Cp. I. ii. 99. [7] Whose adoption thou hast tried. [8] i. e. by shaking hands with every new-comer. Accent 'comráde'. [9] Opinion: orig. neutral sense. [10] Economy. [11] i. e. ripen it, so that it may bear fruit. [12] Attend, wait.

Laertes. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Polonius. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Ophelia. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Polonius. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me[1],
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polonius. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Ophelia. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Polonius. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.[2]
Ophelia. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Polonius. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.[3]
Ophelia. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Polonius. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.[4] I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal[5] the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,[6]
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire[7]. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley.[8] For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few[9], Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,

[1] Pressed on me. [2] The phrase run out of breath is 'tender': (1) l. 106, financial sense; (2) l. 107, care for, as in IV. iii. 44; (3) l. 109, present, hand over. [3] Cp. l. 6. 'Go to' = get away. [4] Snares for silly decoys (cp. v. ii. 320 *n.*). [5] Prodigally. [6] Extinguished both in light and heat. [7] i. e. real fire. [8] Do not rate your interviews so cheaply as to grant one whenever, like a conqueror, he commands a parley. [9] In few words, in short.

But mere implorators of unholy suits.[1] 129
This is for all: 131
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander[2] any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.[3]
Ophelia. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.[4]
Hamlet. What hour now?
Horatio. I think it lacks of twelve.
Marcellus. No, it is struck.
Horatio. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Hamlet. The king doth wake[5] to-night and takes his rouse[6],
Keeps wassail[7], and the swaggering up-spring reels;[8]
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, 10
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custom?
Hamlet. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,[9]—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd[10] of other nations;
They clepe[11] us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition;[12] and indeed it takes 20
From our achievements, though perform'd at height[13],
The pith and marrow of our attribute[14].
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature[15] in them
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—

[1] Do not be deceived by the innocent colour ('dye') in which his vows are dressed ('investments'); they are mercenary ('brokers'), and plead an unholy suit. [2] Abuse. [3] Come along. [4] i. e. sharp, bitter (Fr. *aigre*). Cp. I. v. 69, &c. [5] Holds a wake or night revel. [6] Cp. I. ii. 127. [7] Carousal. [8] The reels of the 'up-spring', a high-kicking Teutonic dance (Germ. *hüpfauf*). [9] i. e. destined by birth to be subject to the custom. [10] Censured. The Danes were noted drinkers. [11] Call: archaic (OE. *cleopian*). [12] i. e. give us swinish 'additions' or titles. Cp. II. i. 47. [13] Highly, heroically. [14] Reputation. [15] i. e. natural blemish.

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion [1],
Oft breaking down the pales [2] and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners [3] that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,[4]
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo [5],
Shall in the general censure [6] take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.[7]

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. Look, my lord, it comes.
Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health [8] or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,[9]
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd [10] bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements [11]; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd [12],
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon [13],
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature [14]
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*The* Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.
Horatio. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Marcellus. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Horatio. No, by no means.

[1] Some one of the humours of which temperaments are composed. (Cp. *J. C.* IV. iii. 114 *n.*) [2] Palisades. [3] i. e. manners otherwise 'plausive' or applaudable. [4] Due either to nature or accident. [5] Support. [6] Opinion. [7] Ll. 36–8 are corrupt and meaningless. [8] A saved, not a lost spirit. See introd. III. 21. [9] Inviting question or conversation. [10] Buried according to the 'canon' or rule of the Church: accent 'canóniz'd'. [11] Winding-sheets: disyllabic. Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 51 *n.* ('cerecloth'). [12] Entombed. [13] i. e. the earth by night. [14] Us playthings of nature. Or, perhaps, natural fools (cp. introd. III. 21).

Hamlet. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.
Horatio. Do not, my lord.
Hamlet. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.
Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord.
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason [1]
And draw you into madness? think of it;
The very place puts toys of desperation [2],
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
Hamlet. It waves me still. Go on, I'll follow thee.
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Hold off your hands!
Horatio. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery [3] in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve [4]. [Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen,
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me: [5]
I say, away! Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* Hamlet.
Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Have after. To what issue will this come?
Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Horatio. Heaven will direct it [6].
Marcellus. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*Another Part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* Hamlet.

Hamlet. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,

[1] Take away the sovereignty of your reason. [2] Mad whims. Cp. I. iii. 6. [3] Ligament. [4] Sinew, muscle: orig. Latin sense. The killing of the Nemean lion was one of the Labours of Hercules. [5] Hinders me. [6] i. e. the issue (l. 89).

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Hamlet. Alas! poor ghost.
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Hamlet. Speak; I am bound [1] to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Hamlet. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature [2]
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end [3],
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine [4]:
But this eternal blazon [5] must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Hamlet. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Hamlet. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is [6];
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Hamlet. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf [7],
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process [8] of my death
Rankly abus'd [9], but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Hamlet. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that adulterate [10] beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

[1] Obliged. [2] In my lusty days. [3] On end (cp. 'abed' = on bed, &c.). [4] Porcupine. [5] Blazon or proclamation of what eternity is like. [6] i. e. at the best. [7] The wharf of Lethe, the river of oblivion in Hell. [8] False narrative. [9] Grossly deceived. [10] Adulterous. Cp. I. 83 ('emulate').

So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine[1]!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure[2] hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona[3] in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset[4]
And curd, like eager[5] droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,[6]
Most lazar-like[7], with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd[8];
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,[9]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

[1] Compared to mine. Cp. I. ii. 140. [2] Careless, unguarded: orig. sense. Cp. *R. II*, II. i. 267: 'securely perish'. Accent 'sécure'. [3] Possibly yew. [4] Curdle (like a posset). Cp. *M.* II. ii. 8. [5] Cp. I. iv. 2 *n.* Something like rennet is meant. [6] An instantaneous eruption covered my body like bark on a tree. [7] Leper-like. Cp. *H. V*, I. i. 15. [8] Dispatched, and so, bereaved. [9] Without having received the Sacrament (OE. *hūsel*, Eucharist); without appointments or equipment (for my last journey); without the last anointing or extreme unction ('anele' = to anoint).

The glow-worm shows the matin [1] to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*
Hamlet. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? [2] O fie! Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old [3],
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe [4]. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table [5] of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records [6],
All saws [7] of books, all forms, all pressures past [8],
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables [9],—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [*Writing.*
So uncle, there you are. Now to my word [10];
It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.
Horatio. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord!
Marcellus. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!
Horatio. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Marcellus. [*Within.*] So be it!
Horatio. [*Within.*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come. [11]

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Marcellus. How is 't, my noble lord?
Horatio. What news, my lord?
Hamlet. O! wonderful.
Horatio. Good my lord, tell it.
Hamlet. No; you will reveal it.
Horatio. Not I, my lord, by heaven!
Marcellus. Nor I, my lord.
Hamlet. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?
Horatio. }
Marcellus. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Hamlet. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,

[1] Morning (Fr. *matin*). [2] Add hell also to my appeal. [3] Instantly old. [4] He holds his head. [5] Tablet. Cp. l. 107. [6] Fond' = foolish. Accent 'recórds'. [7] Sayings. [8] All past images and impressions. [9] Tablets. Cp. II. ii. 136 ('table-book' = memorandum book). [10] Watchword. [11] Taking up Horatio's cry, which was a falconer's cry to his hawk.

But he 's an arrant knave.
Horatio. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Hamlet. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Horatio. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Horatio. There 's no offence, my lord.
Hamlet. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Horatio. What is 't, my lord? we will.
Hamlet. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Horatio. } My lord, we will not.
Marcellus. }
Hamlet. Nay, but swear 't.
Horatio. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Marcellus. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Hamlet. Upon my sword [1].
Marcellus. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Hamlet. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Hamlet. Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou so? art thou there, true-penny [2]?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage [3],—
Consent to swear.
Horatio. Propose the oath, my lord.
Hamlet. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Hamlet. *Hic et ubique?* [4] then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

[1] The hilt was in the shape of a cross.
[2] Familiar for 'honest fellow'.
[3] The voice came from under the stage.
[4] 'Here and everywhere?'

Hamlet. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner[1]! once more remove, good friends.
Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.[2]
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on[3],
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd[4] thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, 'Well, well, we know,' or, 'We could, an if[5] we would;'
Or, 'If we list to speak,' or, 'There be, an if they might;'
Or such ambiguous giving out[6], to note
That you know aught of me:[7] this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear. [*They swear.*
Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending[8] to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Polonius. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Reynaldo. I will, my lord.
Polonius. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reynaldo. My lord, I did intend it.
Polonius. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers[9] are in Paris;

[1] Pioneer, sapper. Cp. *H. V*, III. ii. 95. [2] i. e. ask no questions and make no remark. [3] Behave like an 'antic' or buffoon. [4] Folded. [5] 'An if' was common = if. 'An' is a clipped form of 'and'. [6] Declaration. [7] The construction is broken: hence 'to'. 'Note' goes with 'shall' (l. 173). [8] Friendliness. [9] Danes. For 'me' cp. introd. III. 14.

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep[1],
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question[2]
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:[3]
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, 'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;' do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Reynaldo. Ay, very well, my lord.
Polonius. 'And, in part, him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so;' and there put on him
What forgeries[4] you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Reynaldo. As gaming, my lord?
Polonius. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling;
You may go so far.
Reynaldo. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Polonius. Faith, no; as you may season[5] it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That 's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly[6]
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed[7] blood,
Of general assault[8].
Reynaldo. But, my good lord,—
Polonius. Wherefore should you do this?
Reynaldo. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Polonius. Marry, sir, here 's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant[9]:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse[10], him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate[11] crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;[12]
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition

[1] Lodge. [2] By this roundabout route of inquiry. [3] i. e. nearer to your object ('it') than you could by more pointed inquiries. [4] False charges. [5] Cp. I. ii. 192. [6] Artfully. Cp. *M. V.* II. iv. 6 *n.* [7] Untamed: term from falconry. [8] Such as generally assails young men. [9] A ruse warranted to succeed. [10] Accent 'convérse'. [11] Aforementioned. [12] Falls in with you to this effect.

Of man and country.[1]
Reynaldo. Very good, my lord.
Polonius. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,—what was I about to say? By the mass I was about to say something: where did I leave? 51
Reynaldo. At 'closes in the consequence.'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'
Polonius. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was a gaming[2]; there o'ertook in 's rouse[3];
There falling out at tennis.' 59
See you now; 62
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach[4],
With windlasses, and with assays of bias[5],
By indirections find directions out:[6]
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?[7]
Reynaldo. My lord, I have.
Polonius. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Reynaldo. Good my lord! 70
Polonius. Observe his inclination in yourself.[8]
Reynaldo. I shall, my lord.
Polonius. And let him ply his music.
Reynaldo. Well, my lord.
Polonius. Farewell! [*Exit* REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?
Ophelia. Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted.
Polonius. With what, in the name of God?
Ophelia. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet[9],
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd[10];
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;[11] 80
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy love?

[1] i. e. the phrase or style of address usual to the man and his country. Cp. I. iv. 20. [2] For 'a' = he, cp. introd. III. 13. [3] Overtaken by drink: cp. I. ii. 127 ('rouse'). [4] We wise, far-seeing ones. [5] By winding courses (cp. Elizabethan phrase, to 'fetch a windlass' about a thing), and indirect attempts (as in bowls, in which we do not aim directly, but allow for the bias of the bowls). [6] By indirect routes find out the straightforward truth. [7] i. e. understand me. [8] By your own observation. [9] My private room. [10] Unfastened. [11] Fallen like gyves or fetters about his ankles.

Ophelia. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.
Polonius. What said he;
Ophelia. He took me by the wrist and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As[1] he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Polonius. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy[2] of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself[3]
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophelia. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.
Polonius. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted[4] him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee;[5] but, beshrew my jealousy![6]
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions[7]
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.[8]
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that[9] we much did long to see you,

[1] As if. [2] Cp. iii. i. 169 *n.* [3] Destroys itself by its own violence. [4] Marked, noted (orig., to mark a book in the margin). [5] Wreck, ruin. [6] A plague on my suspicion! [7] Overreach ourselves by being too wily. [8] Concealment might cause more grief than the disclosure of the love-affair will cause hate. The King and Queen, he assumes, would dislike the match. [9] Besides that.

The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,[1]
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies[2]
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whe'r[3] aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd,[4] lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry[5] and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,[6]
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Rosencrantz. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread[7] pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guildenstern. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent[8],
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guildenstern. Heavens[9] make our presence and our practices[10]
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some* Attendants.

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

[1] They had been boys and young men together. [2] Company: for plur. cp. I. i. 173 *n.* ('loves'). [3] Whether: spelt as pronounced. [4] Disclosed. [5] Courtesy. Cp. v. ii. 115. [6] i. e. the fulfilment and advancement of it. [7] 'Dread' = commanding reverence. [8] i. e. of our inclinations: cp. I. ii. 115 ('bend'), III. ii. 409. [9] We should say 'Heaven' or 'the heavens'. [10] Doings.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Polonius. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Polonius. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;[1]
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Voltimand. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first,[2] he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack[3];
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand[4], sends out arrests
On Fortinbras,[5] which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms[6] against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Giving a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance[7]
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;[8]
And at our more consider'd time[9] we'll read,

[1] The main cause. [2] Our first demand: see I. ii. 17–41. [3] Cp. I. i. 63. [4] Abused with false pretences. [5] Orders to cease operations. [6] Make trial of arms. [7] Such provisions for safe-conduct and facilities. [8] It pleases me well. [9] Some time more suited for considering business.

Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took[1] labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home. [*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
Polonius. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate[2]
What majesty should be[3], what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit[4], 90
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure[5];
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains 100
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.[6]
I have a daughter, have while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise.
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase[7];
but you shall hear. Thus: 111
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.[8]—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Polonius. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu. 121

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,[9]
HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;

[1] Well-handled. [2] Set forth one's views. [3] May be. [4] 'Wit' = judgement, understanding. [5] Turn of speech. [6] Ponder: an affected word, used by Pistol and Touchstone (*H. V*, IV. iv. 8, *As*, III. ii. 70). [7] It means 'endowed with beauty': cp. introd. III. 3. [8] Ladies have evercarried letters in the bosom of their dress. [9] Whilst this machine, his body, keeps going.

And more above[1], hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Polonius. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Polonius. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing;
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me; what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,[2]
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,[3]
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;[4]
What might you think? No, I went round[5] to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;[6]
This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;[7]
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch[8], thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness[9]; and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.
King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Polonius. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that,—
That I have positively said, ''Tis so,'
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Polonius. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.[10]
King. How may we try it further?
Polonius. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.

[1] Moreover. [2] Been the dumb agent of their correspondence. For 'table-book' cp. I. v. 107 *n.* [3] Made my heart shut its eyes, and said nothing. Cp. *H. V*, II. i. 17 ('wink'). [4] With idle eyes. [5] Roundly. [6] Out of the orbit of thy star, out of thy sphere. [7] i. e. profited by it. [8] Waking, sleeplessness. [9] Light-headedness. [10] i. e. of the earth.

Polonius. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras[1] then;
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.
King. We will try it.
Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch[2] comes reading.
Polonius. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.[3]
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

O! give me leave. 170
How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Hamlet. Well, God a-mercy.
Polonius. Do you know me, my lord?
Hamlet. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Polonius. Not I, my lord.
Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Polonius. Honest, my lord!
Hamlet. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. 181
Polonius. That 's very true, my lord.
Hamlet. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,[4]—Have you a daughter?
Polonius. I have, my lord.
Hamlet. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.
Polonius. [*Aside.*] How say you by that?[5] Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?
Hamlet. Words, words, words.
Polonius. What is the matter, my lord?
Hamlet. Between who?
Polonius. I mean the matter that you read, my lord. 200
Hamlet. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging[6] thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty[7] to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward. 210

[1] Screen of tapestry. [2] Used, not in contempt, but in pity: cp. IV. vii. 183. [3] Accost him forthwith. [4] i. e. a carrion good for kissing: cp. 'good drinking water'. [5] What do you say to that? [6] Discharging. [7] Not decent.

Polonius. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet. Into my grave?

Polonius. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness[1] that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you. 222

Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal[2]; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Polonius. Fare you well, my lord. [*Going.*

Hamlet. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Polonius. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Rosencrantz. [*To* POLONIUS.] God save you, sir! [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guildenstern. Mine honoured lord! 230

Rosencrantz. My most dear lord!

Hamlet. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Rosencrantz. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern. Happy in that we are not over happy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rosencrantz. Neither, my lord. 239

Hamlet. What news? 244

Rosencrantz. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.

Hamlet. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither? 251

Guildenstern. Prison, my lord!

Hamlet. Denmark 's a prison.

Rosencrantz. Then is the world one.

Hamlet. A goodly one; in which there are many confines[3], wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Rosencrantz. We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. 261

Rosencrantz. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guildenstern. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

[1] i. e. of expression. [2] With. [3] Cp. I. i. 155.

Hamlet. A dream itself is but a shadow. 270

Rosencrantz. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Hamlet. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.[1] Shall we to the court? for, by my fay[2], I cannot reason.

Rosencrantz. } We'll wait upon you. 278
Guildenstern. }

Hamlet. No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.[3] But, in the beaten way of friendship,[4] what make you at Elsinore?

Rosencrantz. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamlet. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny[5]. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak. 291

Guildenstern. What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet. Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz. To what end, my lord? 298

Hamlet. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth,[6] by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer[7] could charge you withal, be even[8] and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no!

Rosencrantz. [*Aside to* GUILDENSTERN.] What say you?

Hamlet. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you[9]. If you love me, hold not off.

Guildenstern. My lord, we were sent for. 310

Hamlet. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery[10], and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted[11] with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how

[1] The ambitious—monarchs, &c.—being shadows (ll. 268–9), their opposites—beggars—must be bodies; and since a shadow must be the shadow of some body, monarchs, &c., must be the beggars' shadows. 'Outstretched' = straining every nerve, like a runner. [2] i. e. faith (Fr. *foi*). [3] He means, by his thoughts. [4] i. e. to keep the beaten high-road of friendly talk (cp. I. ii. 164). [5] i. e. at a ½d. [6] Cp. ll. 11–12. [7] One more skilled in exposition. [8] Straightforward. Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 91. [9] i. e. upon you. [10] Forestall your disclosure. [11] Carved.

infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express[1] and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Rosencrantz. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Hamlet. Why did you laugh then, when I said, 'man delights not me'?

Rosencrantz. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[2] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[3] them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Hamlet. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man[4] shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere;[5] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Rosencrantz. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Hamlet. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Rosencrantz. I think their inhibition[6] comes by the means of the late innovation.[7]

Hamlet. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Rosencrantz. No, indeed they are not.

Hamlet. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Rosencrantz. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery[8] of children, little eyases[9], that cry out on the top of question,[10] and are most tyrannically clapped for 't:[11] these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages[12],—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.[13]

Hamlet. What! are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted[14]? Will they pursue the quality no longer

[1] Perfectly modelled for its purpose. [2] i. e. meagre. [3] Outstripped: a coursing term. [4] Representing some 'humour' or oddity of character: usually a good deal knocked about. [5] Ready to explode at the least thing. 'Sere' = the catch in a gun-lock; 'tickle' = responsive to the least tickle or touch. [6] i. e. discontinuance. [7] Viz. the recent predominance in London of the boy-actors, which had driven their seniors to tour the provinces. [8] Eyrie, nest. [9] Young hawks, not long from the nest. [10] Whose shrill voices drown debate. [11] Audiences tyrannically backed them. [12] The ordinary (adult) theatres. [13] Afraid of being satirized by the pens of the children's 'writers' (l. 375), e. g. Chapman, Ben Jonson. [14] Paid for, kept (O.Fr. *escoter*).

than they can sing?[1] will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession[2]?

Rosencrantz. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sin to tarre[3] them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.[4] 381

Hamlet. Is it possible?

Guildenstern. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Hamlet. Do the boys carry it away[5]?

Rosencrantz. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.[6] 387

Hamlet. It is not very strange;[7] for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows[8] at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little[9]. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guildenstern. There are the players. 395

Hamlet. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then; the appurtenance[10] of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb,[11] lest my extent to the players[12]—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guildenstern. In what, my dear lord? 404

Hamlet. I am but mad north-north-west:[13] when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.[14]

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Hamlet. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts. 411

Rosencrantz. Happily[15] he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Hamlet. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players;

[1] Follow the profession only so long as their voices are unbroken. [2] What they must themselves succeed to, when they grow up. [3] Hound them on. [4] No market for subjects which did not bring in this controversy. [5] Carry it off. [6] They beat even the Globe Theatre (Shakespeare's), whose sign was a figure of Hercules with the globe on his shoulders. [7] Viz. this revolution in popular favour. [8] Grimaces (Fr. *moue*). [9] Miniature. [10] Proper accompaniment. [11] Be ceremonious with you in this fashion. [12] i. e. the courtesy I extend them. [13] i. e. on one point only (of the compass): viz. his father's murder, &c. [14] When the wind is from any other quarter he can tell one thing from another as well as any man: i. e. on all other points he is sane. 'Hawk' may be variant of 'hack' = hoe. [15] Cp. I. i. 134.

mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.[1]

Polonius. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Hamlet. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,[2]—

Polonius. The actors are come hither, my lord. 420

Hamlet. Buzz, buzz![3]

Polonius. Upon my honour,—

Hamlet. Then came each actor on his ass,[4]—

Polonius. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited:[5] Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.[6] For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.[7] 430

Hamlet. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou![8]

Polonius. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Hamlet. Why

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Polonius. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Hamlet. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Polonius. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 440

Hamlet. Nay, that follows not.

Polonius. What follows, then, my lord?

Hamlet. Why,

As by lot, God wot.

And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was.—

The first row of the pious chanson[9] will show you more; for look where my abridgments come[10]. 448

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is

[1] A pretended conversation, as Polonius draws near. [2] In Cicero's time. [3] Common exclamation against a twice-told tale. [4] Probably from an old song. [5] Whether a play which obeys the rules and sticks to one central scene (e. g. *The Tempest*), or one which obeys no such restrictions and is rather a poem than a play (e. g. *H. V*). [6] Seneca, Roman tragedian (A. D. 2–66), and Plautus, Roman comedian (250–184 B. C.). [7] Equally unrivalled at plays which obey the rules ('the law of writ'), and at plays which do no such thing ('the liberty of writ'). [8] Lines 431–46 make play with an old ballad:—'Have you not heard these many years ago, Jephtha was judge of Israel?' &c. (See Percy's *Reliques.*) [9] i. e. the first stanza of the above ballad. [10] i. e. the players. An 'abridgment' was an entertainment, something that shortened or whiled away the time. Cp. *M. N. D.* v. i. 39.

valanced[1] since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress![2] By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[3] Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring[4]. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see:[5] we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality[6]; come, a passionate speech.

First Player. What speech, my good lord?

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general:[7] but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine[8]—an excellent play, well digested[9] in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury,[10] nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido;[11] and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see:—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast[12],
'tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus:—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arm,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse[13],
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules[14]*; horridly trick'd*[15]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,[16]
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized[17] *with coagulate gore,*
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you.

[1] Has got a 'valance' or fringe (i. e. a beard). [2] The lad who took the female parts. [3] A high cork shoe. The lad had grown. [4] An inner ring on coins, beyond which if they cracked, they ceased to be current coin. [5] 'As their descendants are accused by British sportsmen of including in their gamebags the blackbird and the lark' (D. H. Madden). [6] Cp. I. 371. [7] Too high a dainty for the general public: pronounce 'cav-i-ăr-e'. [8] Were of a higher pitch, were authoritative. [9] Arranged. [10] No salads: plain lines without trimmings. [11] Of the fall of Troy, and the murder of his father Priam by Pyrrhus: told in *Aeneid*, ii. [12] The tiger (cp. *M.* III. iv. 101 *n.*). [13] The wooden horse by which Troy was won. [14] All red: heraldic term. [15] Sketched over: also heraldic. [16] The blood is baked and made into a paste by the heat: Troy was in flames. [17] Covered as with 'size' or glue.

Polonius. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent and good discretion.

First Player. *Anon, he finds him*
Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes wide ;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : [1] *for lo ! his sword,*
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :
So, as a painted tyrant, [2] *Pyrrhus stood,*
And like a neutral to his will and matter, [3]
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm, [4]
A silence in the heavens, the rack [5] *stand still,*
The bold winds speechless and the orb below [6]
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region [7], *so, after Pyrrhus' pause,*
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour ; [8] *forg'd for proof eterne,* [9]
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies [10] *from her wheel,*
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends !

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on : he 's for a jig [11] or a tale, or he sleeps. Say on ; come to Hecuba [12].

First Player. *But who, O ! who had seen the mobled* [13] *queen—*

Hamlet. 'The mobled queen ?'—

Polonius. That 's good ; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Player. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With bisson rheum [14], *a clout upon that head*
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;

[1] The crash makes him stop dead ; 'Ilium' = Troy. [2] Like a tyrant in a picture. [3] As if indifferent to his purpose and object. [4] i. e. in expectation of it. [5] Flying clouds. [6] i. e. the earth. [7] The air ; cp. l. 615. [8] The Cyclops were giants in the service of Vulcan : armourers and blacksmiths to the gods. [9] To be proof (i. e. weapon-proof) eternally. [10] Felloes. [11] A comic turn : technical term. [12] Wife of Priam and mother of Aeneas. [13] Muffled : still used in Warwickshire. [14] Probably = blinding tears (lit. moisture).

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch[1] *the burning eyes of heaven,*
And passion[2] *in the gods.*

Polonius. Look! wh'er[3] he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Hamlet. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed[4]? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time:[5] after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Polonius. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet. God's bodikins,[6] man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Polonius. Come, sirs.

Hamlet. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit* POLONIUS, *with all the* Players *but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Player. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. We'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Player. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* First Player.] [*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Rosencrantz. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Hamlet. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! Now I am alone.
O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit[7]
That from her working all his visage wann'd[8],
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function[9] suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

[1] Mellow, tender: in dialect still, of mellow fruit, or mild 'soft' weather. [2] Passionate sorrow. Cp. *T.* I. ii. 390. [3] Cp. l. 17 *n.* [4] Lodged. [5] Cp. l. 448 *n.* [6] Familiar, for 'God's body!' [7] Fancy. [8] Grew wan; 'her' refers to his 'soul'. [9] The action of all his faculties.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free [1],
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak [2],
Like John-a-dreams [3], unpregnant of my cause,[4]
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property [5] and most dear life
A damn'd defeat [6] was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Swounds [7], I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter,[8] or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites [9]
With this slave's offal. Bloody villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! [10]
O! vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must still unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab [11],
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! [12] I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent [13] him to the quick: if he but blench [14]
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power

[1] Free, i. e., from guilt. [2] Mope. [3] Any dreamy fellow. [4] With no spark of life in me for it. [5] Sacred person: it is the 'property' of a king that his person is sacred. [6] Destruction (lit. undoing): cp. I. ii. 10 *n.*, v. ii. 58. [7] 'God's wounds.' [8] Pigeons were thought to have no gall, because of their mildness. [9] i. e. kites of the air: cp. l. 517. [10] Unnatural, without feeling of 'kin' or 'kind'. [11] Slut. [12] Turn to! [13] Probe. [14] Flinch.

To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
As he is very potent with such spirits[1]—
Abuses me[2] to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative[3] than this: the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,[4]
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Rosencrantz. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guildenstern. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,[5]
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Rosencrantz. Most like a gentleman.
Guildenstern. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosencrantz. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.[6]
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Rosencrantz. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught[7] on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Polonius. 'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Rosencrantz. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;

[1] i.e such as are in low spirits. [2] Deludes me. [3] More relevant. [4] By going round about the matter. [5] For 'he' omitted cp. introd. III. 31. [6] 'Of' = in the matter of. R. is not telling the truth. [7] Overtook (lit. overreached).

For we have closely[1] sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront[2] Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials[3],
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Ophelia. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit* QUEEN.
Polonius. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious[4], so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To* OPHELIA.] Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.[5] We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. [*Aside.*] O! 'tis too true;
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The wanton's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:[6]
O heavy burden!
Polonius. I hear him coming; let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub[7];
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

[1] Secretly. [2] Confront, encounter. [3] Spies. [4] Your Grace.
[5] Give a colour to your being alone: it was a book of devotions. [6] 'To' = compared to; 'painted' = fictitious, like a false complexion. [7] Impediment: from bowls.

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[1]
Must give us pause. There's the respect[2]
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love,[3] the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus[4] make
With a bare bodkin[5]? who would fardels[6] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn[7]
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience[8] does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought[9],
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons[10]
Be all my sins remember'd.

Ophelia. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Hamlet. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Ophelia. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Hamlet. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest[11]?

Ophelia. My lord!

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophelia. What means your lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.[12]

[1] Eluded and got rid of the turmoil of this mortal life. [2] Consideration. [3] Unprized, slighted. [4] Discharge from life: lit., quittance on settlement of a debt. [5] A mere naked dagger. [6] Bundles, packs (Fr. *fardeau*). [7] Frontier. [8] Inward thought. Cp. *H. V*, IV. i. 124. [9] Pensiveness: cp. IV. v. 187. [10] Prayers (Fr. *oraisons*). [11] Virtuous. [12] Lest her beauty corrupt it.

Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce[1] than with honesty?

Hamlet. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love thee once.

Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it[2]: I loved you not.

Ophelia. I was the more deceived.

Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest[3], but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Ophelia. At home, my lord.

Hamlet. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Ophelia. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophelia. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.[4] Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Ophelia. O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown:
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:[5]
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,[6]
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,[7]
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down[8]!
And I, of ladies most deject[9] and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

[1] Intercourse. [2] Have a taste of it, i. e. of the 'old Adam'. [3] Fairly virtuous. [4] Cover your wantonness by affecting the ignorance of innocence. [5] We expect 'scholar's, soldier's': and so in edition of 1603. [6] The hope and fine flower of the State. For colouring epithet, 'fair', cp. introd. III. 5. [7] The mirror of fashion and model of good form. [8] 'Of' = by. [9] Dejected.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy:[1] O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness.[2] There 's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose[3]
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable[4] objects shall expel
This something-settled[5] matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself.[6] What think you on 't?

Polonius. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round[7] with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference.[8] If she find him not,[9]
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and certain* Players.

Hamlet. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.

[1] His youth is a fine flower, full-blown, blasted with the blight of madness. 'Ecstasy' is the state of being 'beside oneself'; for 'feature' = figure, cp. *As*, III. iii. 3. [2] Cp. introd. III. 30 (double negative). [3] 'Disclose': tech. term for young birds' chipping the shell. Cp. v. i. 309; and I. iii. 40 (of buds bursting). [4] Varying. [5] Somewhat-settled. [6] The perpetual beating of his brains on this matter puts him, &c. [7] Plain-spoken. [8] i. e. within hearing of it. [9] i. e. find him out, discover his secret.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated[1] fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings[2], who for the most part are capable of nothing[3] but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:[4] pray you, avoid it. 17

First Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from[5] the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure[6]. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off,[7] though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one[8] must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men[9] and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. 40

First Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently[10] with us.

Hamlet. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren[11] spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.[12] Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt* Players. 51

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Polonius. And the queen too, and that presently[13].

Hamlet. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* Polonius. Will you two help to hasten them?

[1] Periwigs were then almost peculiar to the stage. [2] Those in the 'ground' or pit; they paid a penny, and stood. [3] i. e. of appreciating nothing. [4] Termagant (an imaginary Saracen god) and Herod (the typical tyrant) were favourite ranting parts, descended from the miracle plays. Cp. *M. N. D.* I. ii. 32. [5] Away from. [6] Impressure, i. e. impression, stamp. 'His' for 'its'. [7] Fallen short, inadequately done. [8] Viz. this one judicious person. [9] Read ''em'? [10] Fairly well. [11] Barren-witted. [12] A protest against 'gagging'. [13] Immediately.

Rosencrantz. } We will, my lord.
Guildenstern. }

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Hamlet. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Horatio. Here, sweet lord, at your service.
Hamlet. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal[1].
Horatio. O! my dear lord,—
Hamlet. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue[2] hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied[3] tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant[4] hinges of the knee
Where thrift[5] may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election[6]
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.[7] Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul[8]
Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,[9]
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy[10]. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.[11]
Horatio. Well, my lord:

[1] Came in contact with: cp. *As*, II. i. 67. [2] Accent 'revénue'. [3] Sugared (i. e. with flattery): orig. to make white (with hoar-frost or sugar), from Lat. *candidus*. Cp. *T.* II. i. 287. [4] Responsive. Cp. *Lear* IV. vi. 228: 'pregnant to good pity'. The subj. of 'crook' is the courtier described. [5] Thriving, profit (cp. l. 195). [6] Choice. [7] Cp. l. 386 f. [8] Putting your very soul into your note-taking. [9] Like a startled fox, 'occulted' or hidden in its kennel. [10] Forge. Cp. II. ii. 520 *n*. [11] To judge his looks.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Hamlet. They are coming to the play; I must be idle[1]: Get you a place.

Danish march. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Hamlet. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish:[2] I eat the air, promise-crammed;[3] you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Hamlet. No, nor mine now. [*To* POLONIUS.] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?[4]

Polonius. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Hamlet. And what did you enact?

Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.[5]

Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Rosencrantz. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.[6]

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Hamlet. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Polonius. [*To the* KING.] O ho! do you mark that?

Hamlet. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA's *feet.*

Ophelia. No, my lord.

Hamlet. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Ophelia. Ay, my lord. You are merry, my lord.

Hamlet. Who, I?

Ophelia. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. O God, your only jig-maker.[7] What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours[8].

Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Hamlet. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[9] O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on[10], with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.'[11]

[1] Crazy: a regular sense. Cp. III. iv. 11. [2] i. e. air. 'Of' = on. [3] Ref. to the king's professions of I. ii. 108 f. [4] i. e. as an undergraduate. [5] Cp. *J. C.*, Preface, p. 421. [6] Await your convenience. [7] As one might say, 'the prince of merrymakers'. Cp. II. ii. 530. [8] i. e. these two hours. [9] Half sense, half nonsense. 'Sables' were the dress of decorous middle age, like our broadcloth (cp. IV. vii. 80). [10] Not being thought of. [11] From a ballad lamenting the decline of the May-games, in which the hobby-horse (like our pantomime horse) played a leading part.

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King *and a* Queen, *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns, finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The* Poisoner, *with some two or three* Mutes, *comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The* Poisoner *wooes the* Queen *with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*

Ophelia. What means this, my lord?

Hamlet. Marry, this is miching mallecho[1]; it means mischief.

Ophelia. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.[2]

Enter Prologue.

Hamlet. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Ophelia. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Hamlet. Ay, or any show that you'll show him.

Ophelia. I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?[3]

Ophelia. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King *and* Queen.

P. King. *Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart*[4] *gone round*
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground[5],
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen[6] *did our hands*
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. *So many journeys may the sun and moon*
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you[7]. *Yet, though I distrust,*
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;

[1] Possibly = skulking mischief (from 'miche', to play truant, and Sp. *malhecho*, misdeed). [2] i. e. its subject: cp. l. 245. [3] Cp. *M. V.* v. i. 148-50. [4] The Sun-god's chariot. [5] The salt sea and the round earth (cp. II. ii. 515). Tellus was the Italian deity of mother earth. [6] God of marriage. [7] Am distrustful on your account: cp. I. iii. 51 ('fear').

For women's fear and love hold quantity[1],
In neither aught, or in extremity.[2]
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:[3]
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
P. Queen. O! confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
Hamlet. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.
P. Queen. The instances[4] *that second marriage move*
Are base respects of thrift[5], *but none of love;*
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.[6]
Most necessary[7] *'tis that we forget*
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy,[8]
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our love should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whe'r[9] *love lead fortune or else fortune love.*
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy[10].

[1] i. e. proportion: so that the more they love the more they fear. Cp. *M. N. D.* I. i. 232. [2] They either do neither, or do both to the utmost. [3] My active powers cease to do their functions. [4] Motives. [5] Cp. l. 67. [6] i. e. the fruit: hence 'fall', not 'falls'. [7] Inevitable: cp. *J. C.* II. ii. 36. [8] i. e. grief and joy do so: hence plur. 'destroy'. [9] Cp. II. ii. 17. [10] Ripens him into an enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope! 230
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope![1]
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy[2]
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Hamlet. If she should break it now!
P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.* 240
Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Hamlet. O! but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument[3]? Is there no offence in 't?
Hamlet. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play? 249
Hamlet. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically[4]. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty and we that have free[5] souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.[6]

Enter Player *as* Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Ophelia. You are a good chorus,[7] my lord.
Hamlet. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. 261
Ophelia. Still better, and worse.
Hamlet. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer;

[1] An anchoret's chair in a cell be my end and aim! 'Cheer' = chair: spelt as pronounced (cp. *M.* v. iii. 21). [2] Each adverse thing that makes blank the face of joy. [3] Cp. I. 150. [4] Figuratively: a 'trope' being a figure of speech—with pun on 'trap'. [5] Cp. II. ii. 598. [6] 'Jade' is a poor nag; horses are 'galled' by the rubbing of the saddle; and their withers 'wrung' by the pressure of it between the shoulders. [7] Because he explains the action beforehand (cp. Choruses of *H. V*).

leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.[1]

Lucianus. *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;*
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's[2] *ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,*
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.[3]

[*Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.*

Hamlet. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name 's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Ophelia. The king rises.

Hamlet. What! frighted with false fire?[4]

Queen. How fares my lord?

Polonius. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hamlet. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,[5]
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,[6] if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me[7], with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes,[8] get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?[9]

Horatio. Half a share.

Hamlet. A whole one, I.[10]
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock[11].

Horatio. You might have rimed.

Hamlet. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Horatio. Very well, my lord.

Hamlet. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Horatio. I did very well note him.

Hamlet. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders[12]!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy[13].
Come, some music!

[1] Recalling a line from an old play. [2] Pronounce 'Hécat's', and cp. *M.* III. v. [3] i. e. encroach on healthy life. [4] As we might say, 'blank cartridge'. [5] Cp. *As*, II. i. 33 f. [6] Plumes, such as actors loved. [7] i. e. turn renegade. [8] Provençal roses, the double damask; 'razed' (Fr. *raser*), slashed, cut. The rosettes were cut in the leather. [9] Partnership in a company (lit. 'pack') of players: cp. *M. N. D.* IV. i. 130. [10] Only the highest grade of actors were 'sharers'. [11] For 'ass'. It may mean 'peacock'; or be 'patchock' = ragamuffin (Spenser). [12] A kind of flageolet. [13] Cp. *H. V*, II. i. 52 *n.*

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guildenstern. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Hamlet. Sir, a whole history.
Guildenstern. The king, sir,—
Hamlet. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guildenstern. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered[1].
Hamlet. With drink, sir?
Guildenstern. No, my lord, rather with choler[2]. 320
Hamlet. Your wisdom should[3] show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation[4] would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guildenstern. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame[5], and start not so wildly from my affair.
Hamlet. I am tame, sir; pronounce.
Guildenstern. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you. 330
Hamlet. You are welcome.
Guildenstern. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.
Hamlet. Sir, I cannot.
Guildenstern. What, my lord? 339
Hamlet. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit 's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—
Rosencrantz. Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration[6].
Hamlet. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.
Rosencrantz. She desires to speak with you in her closet[7] ere you go to bed. 351
Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?
Rosencrantz. My lord, you once did love me.
Hamlet. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers[8].
Rosencrantz. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend. 360
Hamlet. Sir, I lack advancement.
Rosencrantz. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?[9]
Hamlet. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.[10]

[1] Upset. [2] Bile, anger. [3] Would. [4] In two senses: (1) purging by medicine; (2) clearing himself of guilt. [5] Shape. [6] Bewilderment and wonder. [7] Cp. II. i. 77. [8] These hands (which he holds out). Cp. the Catechism: 'keep my hands from picking and stealing'. [9] Cp. I. ii. 108 f. [10] It goes on,—'the steed starves'.

Enter Players, *with recorders.*

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw[1] with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?[2]

Guildenstern. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.[3] 371

Hamlet. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guildenstern. My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet. I pray you.

Guildenstern. Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet. I do beseech you.

Guildenstern. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages[4] with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops. 383

Guildenstern. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Hamlet. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret[5] me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Polonius. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel? 401

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Hamlet. Then I will come to my mother by and by. [*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent[6]. [*Aloud.*] I will come by and by.

Polonius. I will say so. [*Exit.* 410

Hamlet. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but* Hamlet.

[1] To step aside, i. e. a word with you in private. [2] To get to windward of me, as if you would drive me (like a stag) into the toil or net. [3] i. e. any excess of duty is due to excess of love. [4] Air-holes. [5] Play on 'fret': (1) irritate; (2) put 'frets' or bars on (to assist fingering). [6] To the full stretch of my inclination.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;[1]
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent[2],
To give them seals never, my soul, consent![3] [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Rosencrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate[4] may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.
Guildenstern. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.
Rosencrantz. The single and peculiar life[5] is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance[6]; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty[7]
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf[8] doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd[9] and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[1] The Emperor Nero had his mother murdered. [2] Reviled. [3] i. e. to seal them with action, with the dagger. [4] The conditions of my position. [5] The life of the private individual, whose single concern is itself. 'Peculiar' = appropriated to oneself (L. *peculiaris*, fr. *peculium*, personal property). [6] Annoyance, i. e. harm (cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 22, *M.* v. i. 83). [7] Majesty (i. e. royalty), when it ceases to be. [8] Whirlpool. [9] Socketed.

Rosencrantz. }
Guildenstern. } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home[1];
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage[2]. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't;[3]
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence[4]?
And what 's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled[5], ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence[6]?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law;[7] but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature,[8] and we ourselves compell'd[9]
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?[10]

[1] Take him to task, and drive it home. [2] From a position of vantage. [3] He thinks of Cain and Abel. [4] To oppose sin face to face. [5] Caught in time. [6] i. e. the proceeds of it. [7] The bench is bribed with the spoil. [8] 'Lies' = is laid before the court; 'his' for 'its'. [9] i. e. are compelled Cp. introd. III. 27. [10] What remains?

Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged[1]! Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd[2]:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.[3]
He took my father grossly, full of bread,[4]
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;[5]
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him.[6] And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent[7];
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The KING *rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Polonius. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him;[8]

[1] Entangled; 'limed' – caught as with bird-lime. [2] Demands examination. [3] Like an ordinary hired assassination. [4] When he was gross and unpurged (l. 85). Cp. I. v. 59–60, and Ezekiel xvi. 49: 'Pride, fulness of bread'. [5] So the Ghost, I. v. 76. 'Flush' = lusty. [6] As we human beings look at things there is a heavy balance against him. [7] Either (1) grasp (to 'hent' is to seize); or (2) design (an Eliz. use). [8] Cp. III. iii. 29.

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat[1] and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Hamlet. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.[2]
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Hamlet. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood,[3] not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Polonius. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!
Hamlet. [*Draws.*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead![4] [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Polonius. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain.
Queen. O me! what hast thou done?
Hamlet. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O! what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Hamlet. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers* POLONIUS.
[*To* POLONIUS.] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better[5]; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so

[1] i. e. much resentment. [2] Cp. III. ii. 95. [3] Cross (OE. *rōd*).
[4] For 'ducats' see *M. V.* I. iii. 1, &c. [5] i. e. the king.

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Hamlet. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there[1], makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction[2] plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words[3]; heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,[4]
With tristful visage, as against the doom,[5]
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index[6]?
Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;[7]
The counterfeit presentment[8] of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls,[9] the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station[10] like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd;[11] for madness would not err[12],
Nor sense to ecstasy[13] was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity[14] of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?[15]

[1] Brands it. [2] Contraction of marriage. [3] A mere 'string' of words: 'rhapsody' is literally the stitching or stringing of songs together. [4] i. e. the earth. [5] As if doomsday were at hand: cp. *M.* II. iii. 85, IV. i. 117. [6] Table of contents, preface. [7] He points to two portraits. [8] Presentment in portraiture: cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 115. [9] Cp. I. ii. 140 *n.* [10] A stance or poise of body. Mercury was winged on heel and helmet, and the herald of the gods. [11] Your senses are paralysed. [12] i. e. err so. [13] Cp. III. i. 169. [14] Proportion (cp. III. ii. 179). [15] Cheated you at blind-man's-buff.

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all[1],
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope[2].
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine[3] in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will[4].
Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct[5].
Hamlet. Nay, but to live,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—
Queen. O! speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Hamlet. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;[6]
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches,[7]—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas! he 's mad!
Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion,[8] lets go by
The important[9] acting of your dread command?
O! say.
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit[10] in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

[1] For 'sans' (without) cp. *As*, II. vii. 32 *n*. [2] Be so sunk in stupor. [3] Cp. v. ii. 6 ('mutine' = mutineer). [4] i. e. seduces it. [5] Give up their colour; 'grained' = ingrained. [6] A clown among kings. The Vice was the leading buffoon in the old Interludes. [7] A patchwork king: with play on 'patch' = clown (cp. *T.* III. ii. 73). [8] Sunk in passion and blind to lapse of time. [9] Urgent, pressing. Cp. *Lear* IV. iv. 26: 'mourning and important tears'. [10] Fancy.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal [1] air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,[2]
Starts up and stands an end [3]. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Hamlet. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable [4]. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects [5]: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away;
My father, in his habit as he liv'd; [6]
Look! where he goes, even now, out at the portal.
[*Exit* Ghost.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy [7]
Is very cunning in.
Hamlet. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word [8], which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction [9] to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place [10],
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost [11] on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy [12] times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb [13] and woo for leave to do him good.

[1] Incorporeal. [2] As if, though a mere outgrowth, it had a life of its own. Cp. *M. V.* III. ii. 87. [3] Cp. I. v. 19 *n.* [4] i. e. of sensation. Cp. IV. vii. 179; *As*, III. v. 23. [5] Change my stern purposes. [6] In his ordinary dress: no longer in armour, as in Act I. [7] Cp. III. i. 169. [8] Repeat word for word. [9] Ointment. [10] Put a skin and film over it. [11] Manure. [12] Corpulent and short-winded. [13] Bend (Fr. *courber*).

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Hamlet. O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.[1] Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,[2]
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.[3]
I will bestow him,[4] and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.
Queen. What shall I do?
Hamlet. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat[5] king tempt you again;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy[6] kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,[7]
Such dear concernings hide?[8] who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.[9]

[1] Custom can make good actions a habit as well as bad. 'Habit', in sense of dress, suggested 'frock', 'livery'. [2] By repentance and prayer. [3] 'Their', as if he had said 'the powers of heaven'. [4] Stow him somewhere. [5] Bloated. [6] Dirty, filthy: form of 'reeky' = smoky. [7] A 'p.' is a toad, a 'gib' a tom-cat (short for 'Gilbert'). [8] Things that concern him so nearly. [9] Ref. to some fable in which an ape, to see if he could fly, let the birds out, got in, jumped from the house-top, and broke his neck.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Hamlet. I must to England; you know that?[1]
Queen. Alack!
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on,
Hamlet. There's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar:[2] and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing[3];
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour[4] room.
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally;* HAMLET *dragging in the body of* POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. [*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.] Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ah! my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips[5] out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!'
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

[1] How did Hamlet know? In IV. iii. 49 he expresses surprise. [2] 'Tis the right sport to have the engineer blown up with his own bomb ('petar', 'petard', a bomb for bursting gates, &c.). 'Hoist' is p. part. of 'hoise', older form of 'hoist'. [3] Two meanings: (1) send me packing; (2) set me plotting. Cp. *Tit. Andr.* IV. ii. 157: 'Go pack with him' (i. e. conspire). [4] Neighbouring. [5] i. e. (he) whips. Cp. introd. III. 31.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us[1] had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,[2]
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore[3]
Among a mineral[4] of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.
King. O Gertrude! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,[5]
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank[6]
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless[7] air. O! come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Safely stowed.
Rosencrantz. } [*Within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guildenstern. }
Hamlet. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come.

[1] i. e. with me: the royal plural. [2] Out of public resort. [3] Some vein of precious metal. [4] Mine. [5] 'So . . . slander': inserted by editors to fill up a blank. [6] To its mark (lit., the white centre of the target, fr. Fr. *blanc*). [7] Invulnerable (cp. I. i. 145).

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Rosencrantz. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Rosencrantz. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence And bear it to the chapel.

Hamlet. Do not believe it.

Rosencrantz. Believe what? 10

Hamlet. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of[1] a sponge! what replication[2] should be made by the son of a king?

Rosencrantz. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Hamlet. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance[3], his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;[4] first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. 23

Rosencrantz. I understand you not, my lord.

Hamlet. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rosencrantz. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Hamlet. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing— 30

Guildenstern. A thing, my lord!

Hamlet. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter KING, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause[6]: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd, 10
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Rosencrantz. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

[1] 'Of' = by. [2] Reply. [3] Favour. [4] 'As an Ape doth nuttes' (1603 ed.). [5] A cry in some game like Hide-and-seek. [6] A deliberate step, taken after hesitation.

King. But where is he?
Rosencrantz. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Rosencrantz. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Hamlet. At supper.
King. At supper! Where?
Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service;[1] two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Hamlet. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Hamlet. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress[2] through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Hamlet. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. [*To some* Attendants.] Go seek him there.
Hamlet. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt* Attendants.
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender[3], as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend,[4] and every thing is bent
For England.
Hamlet. For England!
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Hamlet. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Hamlet. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Hamlet. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*

[1] Only means serving up a variety of dishes. [2] The word for a journey of state. [3] Care for. [4] The wind is favourable, your companions wait.

King. Follow him at foot;[1] tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair:[2] pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice[3] looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,[4]—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process,[5] which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present[6] death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic[7] in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *a* Captain, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Fortinbras. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom.[8] You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye[9],
And let him know so.
Captain. I will do't, my lord.
Fortinbras. Go softly on[10].
[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and* Soldiers.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Hamlet. Good sir, whose powers[11] are these?
Captain. They are of Norway, sir.
Hamlet. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Captain. Against some part of Poland.
Hamlet. Who commands them, sir?
Captain. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Hamlet. Goes it against the main of Poland[12], sir,
Or for some frontier?
Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.

[1] At heel. [2] Everything else that has to do with it. [3] Scar. [4] The Danes had invaded England and imposed tribute, which had begun to lapse (cp. III. i. 178-9). Though now free, England, however, still stood in awe and paid homage to Denmark. [5] Estimate coldly my imperial procedure. Cp. I. iv. 65 ('set'). [6] Immediate. [7] A chronic fever. [8] Cp. II. ii. 76 f. [9] His presence. [10] i. e. slowly (cp. *J. C.* v. i. 16). [11] Forces. [12] i. e. the main body of the country.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it[1]; 20
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker[2] rate, should it be sold in fee[3].
Hamlet. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Captain. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Hamlet. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume[4] of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Captain. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Rosencrantz. Will 't please you go, my lord? 30
Hamlet. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time[5]
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse[6],
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whe'r it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,[7]
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing 's to do;'
Sith[8] I have cause and will and strength and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge[9]
Led by a delicate and tender prince,[10]
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,[11] 50
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument[12],
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake.[13] How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,[14]

[1] Rent it (cp. *R. II*, I. iv. 45). [2] Richer. [3] In fee-simple, which gives absolute possession. [4] Internal abscess. [5] That for which he sells his time. [6] Range of mind (cp. I. ii. 150 *n.*). [7] i. e. that comes from so thinking. [8] Since. [9] Cost. [10] i. e. delicately nurtured and of tender years. [11] Mocks at it. [12] Great occasion (cp. *H. V*, III. i. 21). [13] i. e. think nothing too trifling to fight about in such a case. [14] A fantasy of fame, that tricks the senses.

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot[1]
Wherein the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain[2]? O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, *and a* Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Gentleman. She is importunate, indeed distract[3]:
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Gentleman. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously[4] at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection[5]; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Horatio. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit* Gentleman.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:[6]
So full of artless jealousy[7] is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* OPHELIA.

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Ophelia.
How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.[8]

Queen. Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

[1] i. e. of ground. [2] Too small to hold them, alive or dead. 'Continent' = that which contains: orig. sense. [3] Distracted. Cp. III. i. 164 ('deject'). [4] Viciously. [5] Putting two and two together. [6] Each trifle seems prelude to some great disaster. [7] Suspicion without the art to conceal itself. [8] The dress of a pilgrim. The 'cockle' in the hat was a scallop-shell: a sign that one had been to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain.

Ophelia. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Ophelia. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Ophelia.

Larded[1] with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Ophelia. Well, God 'ild you![2] They say the owl was a baker's daughter.[3] Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.[4]

Ophelia. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. How long hath she been thus? 67

Ophelia. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; but he most violent author
Of his own just remove[5]: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death;[6] and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger[7] to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:

[1] Garnished. [2] i. e. yield you, reward you. [3] There was a tale that Christ turned a baker's daughter into an owl for refusing Him bread. [4] i. e. thinking on him (cp. II. ii. 587, 591). [5] Removal. [6] They were like a pool stirred up. [7] i. e. in secrecy.

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,[1]
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear.[2] O my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering-piece[3], in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers[4]? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?
Gentleman. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,[5]
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head[6],
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as[7] the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,[8]
They cry, 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs![9]
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laertes. Where is the king? Sirs, stand you all without.
Danes. No, let's come in.
Laertes. I pray you, give me leave.
Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*
Laertes. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king!
Give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,

[1] Shrouds himself in gloomy mystery. [2] Beggared for matter, and compelled to invent, they will not scruple to whisper accusations of myself in every ear they meet. [3] A small cannon loaded with case-shot which scattered when fired. So many fatal wounds, he says, are superfluous. [4] Bodyguard. The French king's bodyguard used to be Swiss, and so is the Pope's to-day. [5] Lifting his head over his barrier (i. e. the shore-edge). Cp. *H. V*, v. ii. 292 ('list'). [6] A 'head' is a force raised, espec. in insurrection. [7] As if. [8] As if all decision lay with them. [9] They run 'counter', like false hounds, i. e. back the way they came, taking the old scent for new.

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear[1] our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.[2] Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.
Laertes. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laertes. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! 130
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds[3] I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly[4] for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laertes. My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge, 140
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?[5]
Laertes. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laertes. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.[6]
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce 150
As day does to your eye.[7]
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laertes. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue[8] of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

[1] Cp. I. iii. 51 ('fear'). [2] 'His': possessive of 'it'. [3] This and the next. [4] Thoroughly. [5] As in a sweepstake, in which the winner draws all stakes indiscriminately. [6] Cp. *R. II*, II. i. 126 *n*. [7] Cp. IV. i. 42 ('level'). [8] Faculty.

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.[1]

Ophelia. They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!
Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia. You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.

O how the wheel becomes it![2] It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.[3]
Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.[4]
Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.[5]
Laertes. A document[6] in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines[7]; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.[8] O! you must wear your rue with a difference[9]. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.[10] They say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes. Thought[11] and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

[1] 'Fine' = fine-run; 'instance' = evidence, token: here, her sanity. [2] i. e. the spinning wheel, as an accompaniment to the song. [3] Some forgotten story. [4] This nonsense has more in it than any sense. [5] The language of flowers. 'Pansies' (Fr. *pensées*) were literally 'thoughts'. [6] Instruction (fr. L. *docēre*, teach). [7] She turns from Laertes to the King. Fennel was flattery, columbines for faithlessness. [8] Rue for the Queen: for repentance. Also called 'herb of grace': a good Sunday name for it. Cp. *R. II*, III. iv. 104–7. [9] 'Difference' meant a modification to a coat of arms to distinguish a junior or lateral branch of a family. The Queen and she had 'different' causes to rue. [10] Daises for deceit, violets for faithfulness. [11] Cp. III. i. 85.

His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' ye! [*Exit.*

Laertes. Do you see this, O God? 201

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,[1]
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,[2]
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd[3], we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laertes. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,[4]
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment[5] o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,[6]
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.[7]

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Another Room in the Same.*

Enter Horatio *and a* Servant.

Horatio. What are they that would speak with me?

Servant. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Horatio. Let them come in. [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sailor. God bless you, sir.

Horatio. Let him bless thee too.

Second Sailor. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio. *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we*

[1] Share it in common. [2] i. e. of whom of your wisest friends. [3] Implicated. [4] The means of his death. Accent 'óbscure'. [5] Armorial tablet. [6] Customary display. [7] So that, &c.

were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.[1] *These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, 32

Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter King *and* Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith[2] you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laertes. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats[3],
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd[4], 10
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,[5]—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.[6] The other motive,
Why to a public count[7] I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender[8] bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, 20
Convert his gyves to graces;[9] so that my arrows,

[1] i. e. to express the momentousness of it: like small shot in a large bore. [2] Cp. IV. iv. 45. [3] Deeds (Fr. *fait*). [4] Nerveless. [5] Mixture of 'be it either' and 'whichever it be'. [6] Like planets in 'conjunction', which move always in proximity. [7] To an action at law. [8] i. e. the common sort: lit. kind, class (Lat. *genus*). [9] Like him all the better for his fetters. The 'spring' (l. 20) is from popular natural history.

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Laertes. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms[1],
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,[2]
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections.[3] But my revenge will come.
King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger[4]
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,[5]—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?
Messenger. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.
King. From Hamlet! who brought them?
Messenger. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit* Messenger.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked[6] *on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.* HAMLET.
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse[7] and no such thing?
Laertes. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character[8]. 'Naked,'
And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'
Can you advise me?
Laertes. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou.'
King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?[9]
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laertes. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

[1] Conditions. [2] If I may praise what she was. [3] Stood high above the age, challenging it to match her perfections. [4] Let danger pluck me by the beard. [5] 'I', for royal 'we', indicating personal attachment. [6] Destitute. [7] Deception. [8] Handwriting. [9] How is it possible, and yet how otherwise explain the letter?

As checking at his voyage,[1] and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice[2]
And call it accident.
Laertes. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.[3]
King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege[4].
Laertes. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.[5] Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can[6] well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast;[7] so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.[8]
Laertes. A Norman was 't?
King. A Norman.
Laertes. Upon my life, Lamord.
King. The very same.
Laertes. I know him well; he is the brooch[9] indeed
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed

[1] As a hawk 'checked' when she forsook the game she was flown at to pursue another. [2] Make no charge against our stratagem. [3] Instrument. [4] Seat (Fr. *siège*): i. e. ranking lowest. [5] 'Weeds' = dress (OE. *wæd*); 'health' = well-being; cp. III. ii. 139 ('sables'). [6] Cp. *T.* IV. i. 27 ('can'). [7] i. e. one with it in body, and half in nature. 'Incorps'd' = incorporated. [8] His figures and tricks went beyond all that my imagination could invent. [9] i. e. the most conspicuous ornament (cp. *R. II*, V. v. 66 *n.*).

If one could match you; the scrimers[1] of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion[2], guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.[3]
Now, out of this,—
Laertes. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laertes. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.[4]
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still[5],
For goodness, growing to a plurisy[6],
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing.[7] But, to the quick o' the ulcer;
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?
Laertes. To cut his throat i' the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;[8]
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss[9],
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse[10] the foils; so that, with ease
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated[11], and in a pass of practice[12]
Requite him for your father.

[1] Fencers (Fr. *escrimeurs*). [2] Action: fencing term. [3] Have sword-play with him. [4] The events of experience prove that as love comes with time so time abates it. [5] For ever. [6] Plethora (as if from L. *plus, plur-is*, more). [7] Good resolutions, without will, are like sighs, which while they give ease drain the blood from the heart (an old belief: cp. *M. N. D.* III. ii. 96). [8] Give sanctuary to a murderer (viz. Hamlet). [9] Off-hand. [10] Inspect. [11] Unblunted, with the button off. [12] A treacherous thrust (cp. l. 67).

Laertes. I will do 't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank [1],
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm [2] so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue [3]
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal [4]; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape [5]. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof [6]. Soft! let me see;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings [7]:
I ha 't:
When in your motion [8] you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce [9], whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck [10],
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.
Laertes. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers [11], nettles, daisies, and long purples [12],
That liberal [13] shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver [14] broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress [15],

[1] An ointment from an itinerant quack. [2] Plaster. [3] All herbs that have the virtue of healing (cp. *As*, IV. i. 18). [4] Therewith. [5] To the 'figure' or part we have to play (cp. l. 151). [6] Explode in the trial (like a cannon on test). [7] Your respective skills. [8] Cp. l. 101. [9] For the occasion. [10] Thrust (Ital. *stoccata*). [11] Ragged robins. [12] Purple orchis. [13] Free-spoken. [14] Small branch. [15] Incapable of feeling it (cp. III. iv. 126).

Or like a creature[1] native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch[2] from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laertes. Alas! then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laertes. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out.[3] Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it.[4] [*Exit.*
King. Let 's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, *with spades and mattock.*

First Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
Second Clown. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial[5].
First Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?
Second Clown. Why, 'tis found so.
First Clown. It must be *se offendendo*[6]; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal[7], she drowned herself wittingly.
Second Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—
First Clown. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.
Second Clown. But is this law?
First Clown. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.[8]

[1] Endowed by nature to live in it. [2] Cp. II. ii. 168 *n.* [3] When these drops are gone I shall weep outright. Tears are the 'woman' in us (cp. *H. V*, IV. vi. 31). [4] His tears put it out ('dout' = do out). [5] i. e. not suicide. [6] For *se defendendo*, in self-defence. [7] For *ergo*, therefore. [8] Coroner's inquest law.

Second Clown. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clown. Why, there thou sayest[1]; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian[2]. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up[3] Adam's profession. 34

Second Clown. Was he a gentleman?

First Clown. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown. Why, he had none.

First Clown. What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself[4]— 42

Second Clown. Go to.

First Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. 48

First Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

Second Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke[5].

Second Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown. To 't.

Second Clown. Mass[6], I cannot tell. 60

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO *at a distance.*

First Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan[7]; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit Second* Clown.

First Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time, for-a! my behove,
O! methought there was nothing meet.[8] 70

[1] i. e sayest truth. [2] Fellow Christian (from sense of being 'on a level'). [3] Keep going. [4] 'And be hanged'. Sec. Clo. interrupts with 'get away'. [5] i. e. consider your day's work done. [6] Swearing by the Mass, as before by the Virgin. [7] An alehouse-keeper near the theatre? [8] A jumble from *The Aged Lover Renounceth Love* (*Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557).

Hamlet. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness[1].

Hamlet. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clown. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil[2] the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Hamlet. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls[3] it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder![4] This might be the pate of a politician[5], which this ass now o'er-offices[6], one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Horatio. It might, my lord.

Hamlet. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Horatio. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless[7], and knocked about the mazard[8] with a sexton's spade. Here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em[9]? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clown. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and[10] a shrouding sheet;
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Hamlet. There 's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities[11] now, his quillets[12], his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce[13] with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries[14]; is this the fine of his fines[15], and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him

[1] i. e. a sort of second nature. [2] Into. [3] Bumps. [4] There was a legend that Cain killed Abel with the jawbone of an ass. [5] With sense always of 'intriguer'. [6] Lords over it by virtue of his office. [7] Jawless. [8] Head (lit. goblet). [9] Chuck them about like loggats: which were pieces of timber thrown at a mark. [10] And moreover. [11] Fine-drawn distinctions (L. *quidditas*, the 'quid' or 'what' of a thing, its real essence: a schoolman's term). [12] Quibbles. [13] Head. [14] All the terms relating to bonds and tenure of land. [15] The *finis* (end) of his fines.

no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? [1] The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box,[2] and must the inheritor [3] himself have no more, ha?

Horatio. Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Horatio. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Hamlet. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance [4] in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clown. Mine, sir,

O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clown. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown. For no man, sir.

Hamlet. What woman, then?

First Clown. For none, neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?

First Clown. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How absolute [5] the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.[6] By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked [7] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.[8] How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

First Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

First Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

[1] Indentures were written in pairs on the same sheet, divided by an 'indented' line, and half given to each party. [2] The very deeds 'conveying' his lands to him will hardly find room in this box of a grave. [3] Possessor. [4] Two meanings: (1) conveyance of property; (2) security. [5] Dogmatic. [6] We must speak with precision and steer clear of equivocation, or we shall be undone ('card' = compass-card). [7] Spruce. [8] Chafes the chilblain on his heel. Democracy was picking up.

First Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet. How came he mad? 170

First Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet. How strangely?

First Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground?

First Clown. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.[1]

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clown. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.[2] 183

Hamlet. Why he more than another?

First Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body.[3] Here 's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years. 190

Hamlet. Whose was it?

First Clown. A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

First Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet. This!

First Clown. E'en that. 200

Hamlet. Let me see.—[*Takes the skull.*]—Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[4] she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. 215

Horatio. What 's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Horatio. E'en so, my lord. 221

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with

[1] Hamlet, then, was thirty. [2] For this colloquial dative 'you' cp. l. 189, and introd. III. 14. [3] For 'your' cp. IV. iii. 26. [4] Appearance.

modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it;[1] as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious[2] Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw[3].

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, *&c., in procession: the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following;* KING, QUEEN, *their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites[4]? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo[5] its own life; 'twas of some estate[6].
Couch we awhile,[7] and mark. [*Retiring with* HORATIO.

Laertes. What ceremony else?

Hamlet. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laertes. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise[8]: her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order[9],
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards[10], flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants[11],
Her maiden strewments[12], and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.[13]

Laertes. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls[14].

Laertes. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Hamlet. What! the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

[1] It is a modest reasonable inquiry, on the lines of probability. [2] Imperial. [3] Gust, blast. [4] i. e. cut down, curtailed. [5] Cp. II. i. 103. [6] Rank. [7] Let us hide. [8] Warranty. [9] i. e. the rule of the Church. [10] Potsherds. [11] Wreath (Germ. *kranz*): it was of white, for virgins. [12] The strewing of flowers. [13] 'Home' is her 'long home'. [14] Souls departed in peace.

Laertes. O! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious[1] sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.[2]
Hamlet. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
Laertes. The devil take thy soul! [*Grapples with him.*
Hamlet. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetive[3] and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen,—
Horatio. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The* Attendants *part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Hamlet. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag[4].
Queen. O my son! what theme?
Hamlet. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O! he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Hamlet. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?[5]
Woo 't drink up eisel?[6] eat a crocodile?
I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone[7],
Make Ossa[8] like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

[1] Quick to apprehend. [2] Mountains in Thessaly: types of loftiness. [3] Spleenful. [4] Move: a more serious word then. [5] 'Woo 't' = wilt thou: familiar, as to a spoilt child. [6] Vinegar (OFr. *aisil*). Cp. *Sonn.* cxi. 10: 'I will drink Potions of eisel'. [7] The sphere of the sun. [8] Also in Thessaly (cp. l. 276 *n.*).

I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,[1]
His silence will sit drooping.
Hamlet. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit* HORATIO.
[*To* LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push[2].
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living[3] monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hamlet. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Horatio. Remember it, my lord?
Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes[4]. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,[5]
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall[6]; and that should teach us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Horatio. That is most certain.
Hamlet. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd[7] about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them,[8] had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold—
My fears forgetting manners—to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,

[1] When her golden-downed young ones are hatched (cp. III. i. 175 *n.*). 'Couplets', because pigeons lay two eggs at a time. [2] i. e. to immediate decision. [3] Everlasting: with hint that Hamlet shall be made a living sacrifice to it. [4] Mutineers in irons (cp. III. iv. 83). [5] i. e. know and acknowledge. Lines 7–11 are parenthesis, after 'rashly'. [6] Go flat: used of liquor. [7] Thrown loosely round. [8] 'Find out' is regarded as one word: cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 134, &c.

O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded [1] with many several sorts of reasons
Importing [2] Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,[3]
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,[4]
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Horatio. Is 't possible?
Hamlet. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Horatio. I beseech you.
Hamlet. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They [5] had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists [6] do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Horatio. Ay, good my lord.
Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma [7] 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,[8]
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.[9]
Horatio. How was this seal'd?
Hamlet. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave 't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Horatio. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.
Hamlet. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat

[1] Cp. IV. v. 38. [2] Seriously concerning. [3] Such bugbears and goblins in my continued existence. The king had drawn a lurid picture of the danger of letting Hamlet live. [4] On the first glance through the letter, without a moment off for leisure. [5] i. e. his brains. [6] Statesmen. [7] i. e. link (as opp. to the 'period', which disconnects). [8] Great weight: with quibble, as if 'Asses heavily laden'. [9] Not even a 'short shrift'.

Does by their own insinuation grow.[1]
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.[2]
Horatio. Why, what a king is this!
Hamlet. Does it not, think'st thee,[3] stand me now upon[4]—
He that hath kill'd my king and wiv'd my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,[5]
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,[6]
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In[7] further evil?
Horatio. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.
Hamlet. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery[8] of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Horatio. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osric. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
Hamlet. I humbly thank you, sir. [*Aside to* HORATIO.] Dost know this water-fly?
Horatio. [*Aside to* HAMLET.] No, my good lord.
Hamlet. [*Aside to* HORATIO.] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess:[9] 'tis a chough[10], but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
Osric. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.
Hamlet. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.
Osric. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.
Hamlet. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.
Osric. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

[1] They have brought destruction on themselves by worming their way in. Cp. II. ii. 606 ('defeat'). [2] Between the thrusts and fell and furious points of mighty opponents. [3] i. e. thinks it thee = seems it to thee (OE. *thincan*, to seem). [4] Is it not incumbent on me? For the order cp. *R II*, II. iii. 138. [5] Cut me out of my hope of being chosen king. [6] 'Proper' = own. [7] i. e. come into. [8] Bravado. [9] Let a man be but rich in beasts, he shall feed, though a beast, at the king's table. [10] Jackdaw.

Hamlet. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion[1].

Osric. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Hamlet. I beseech you, remember— 109

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osric. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences[2], of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry[3], for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.[4] 117

Hamlet. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;[5] though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.[6] But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article[7]; and his infusion[8] of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.[9]

Osric. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Hamlet. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?[10] 130

Osric. Sir?

Horatio. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.[11]

Hamlet. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?[12]

Osric. Of Laertes?

Horatio. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Hamlet. Of him, sir.

Osric. I know you are not ignorant— 140

Hamlet. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me[13]. Well, sir.

Osric. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Hamlet. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with

[1] Temperament. [2] 'Differences' = distinguishing qualities. [3] The chart or calendar of gentility. [4] i. e. turn to this 'chart', and you will find it contains ('continent') every 'part' or accomplishment a gentleman would care to see. [5] His definition loses nothing in your lips. Hamlet adopts the style. [6] And yet be so far from keeping pace with his qualities that the inventory would merely roll about ('yaw') in comparison with such a clipper as he is. [7] i. e. moment. [8] The composition of his nature. [9] Nothing shows anything like him but his mirror, and whoever else would follow in his track is no more than his shadow. [10] What is the concern? Why do we employ our uncultivated tongues on this most cultivated gentleman? [11] Can't you understand your own lingo on the tongue of another? Persevere, and you'll do it. [12] i. e. why do you name him? [13] Commend me.

him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.[1]

Osric. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation[2] laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.[3] 150

Hamlet. What's his weapon?

Osric. Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osric. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed[4], as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns[5], as girdle, hangers[6], and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit[7]. 160

Hamlet. What call you the carriages?

Horatio. I knew you must be edified by the margent[8], ere you had done.

Osric. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet. The phrase would be more german[9] to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on; six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it? 171

Osric. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.[10]

Hamlet. How if I answer no?

Osric. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Hamlet. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me[11]; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osric. Shall I re-deliver[12] you so?

Hamlet. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osric. I commend my duty to your lordship. 189

Hamlet. Yours, yours. [*Exit* OSRIC.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Horatio. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.[13]

[1] To know a man well a man must compare him with himself; so that he must first know himself. [2] Reputation. [3] In his merit (lit. reward) he's without a fellow. [4] Put on it, staked. [5] Belongings. [6] The four straps attaching sword to girdle. [7] i. e. generous design. [8] The margin: i. e. by a note. [9] Germane. [10] Hamlet gets a handicap of 3 in 12. [11] Time for exercise. [12] Report. [13] Osric's anxiety to be a full-fledged courtier is like the young lapwing, which is in such a hurry to be hatched that it runs off with the shell on its head.

Hamlet. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it.[1] Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter,[2] a kind of yesty collection[3] which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions;[4] and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.[5] 202

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Hamlet. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 211

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Hamlet. In happy time.[6]

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Hamlet. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Horatio. You will lose this wager, my lord. 219

Hamlet. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice;[7] I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Horatio. Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving[8] as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horatio. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 231

Hamlet. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.[9] Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, *and* Attendants *with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* King *puts the hand of* Laertes *into that of* Hamlet.

Hamlet. Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong; But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman. 241
This presence[10] knows,

[1] Was a courtier in the cradle; cp. II. ii. 399 ('comply'). [2] i. e. form of address. [3] Frothy knowledge. [4] i. e. all opinions alike, foolish and wise. [5] Blow them, and they burst like bubbles. [6] Good! (cp. Fr. *à la bonne heure*). [7] But cp. II. ii. 315; and l. 301 below. [8] Misgiving (cp. 'gainsay'). [9] To be ready for our end when it does come. [10] Those here present.

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception[1]
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.
Laertes. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive[2], in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd.[3] But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Hamlet. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.
Laertes. Come, one for me.
Hamlet. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.[4]
Laertes. You mock me, sir.
Hamlet. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
Hamlet. Very well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd[5], we have therefore odds.
Laertes. This is too heavy; let me see another.
Hamlet. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
Osric. Ay, my good lord. [*They prepare to play.*
King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,[6]

[1] Objection. [2] Incitement. [3] A definite opinion and precedent for making peace, so that my name shall be ungored by calumny. [4] Stand in burning relief. [5] Improved. [6] Return in the third bout any hit received in the first or second.

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union[1] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle[2] to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Hamlet. Come on, sir.
Laertes. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Hamlet. One.
Laertes. No.
Hamlet. Judgment.
Osric. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laertes. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;[3]
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*
Hamlet. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laertes. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin[4], rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Hamlet. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup! it is too late.
Hamlet. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laertes. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laertes. [*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Hamlet. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afeard you make a wanton of me[5].
Laertes. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osric. Nothing, neither way.
Laertes. Have at you now.
[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.
King. Part them! they are incens'd.
Hamlet. Nay, come, again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*
Osric. Look to the queen there, ho!

[1] Pearl (L. *unio*). [2] Kettledrum. Cp. I. iv. 8 f. [3] He poisons the wine with poison inside the pearl. [4] Handkerchief. [5] Merely play with me.

Horatio. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osric. How is it, Laertes?
Laertes. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,[1] Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Hamlet. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink; I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Hamlet. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
Laertes. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated[2] and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.
Hamlet. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the* KING.
All. Treason! treason!
King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Hamlet. Here, thou licentious, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion;—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [KING *dies.*
Laertes. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd[3] by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Hamlet. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,[4]
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,[5]—O! I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Horatio. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.[6]
Hamlet. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.

[1] Like a decoy caught in my own snare (cp. I. iii. 115). Woodcocks were trained to decoy other birds. [2] Cp. IV. vii. 138. [3] Mixed. [4] Dumb characters in it or dumb spectators of it. [5] A 'sergeant' was a sheriff's officer. [6] He will commit suicide, in the Roman fashion. Cp. *J. C.* V. i. 101 f.; *M.* V. vii. 30–1.

O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What war-like noise is this?

Osric. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This war-like volley.

Hamlet. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:[1]
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents[2], more and less,
Which have solicited[3]—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Horatio. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the English* Ambassadors, *and Others.*

Fortinbras. Where is this sight?

Horatio. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fortinbras. This quarry cries on havoc.[4] O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Ambassador. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Horatio. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump[5] upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;

[1] Crows, triumphs over it. [2] Occurrences. [3] Urged. [4] This pile of dead calls for merciless revenge. 'Quarry' is game dead or alive; 'cry havoc': orig. to give an army the order 'havoc!' as the signal for pillaging (cp. *J. C.* III. i. 273). [5] Cp. I. i. 65.

Of deaths put on[1] by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fortinbras. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory[2] in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Horatio. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:[3]
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.
Fortinbras. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on[4],
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

[1] Instigated. [2] i. e. rights still remembered. [3] Hamlet's, whose message will bring others forward to say what they know. [4] Put on to it.

MACBETH

PREFACE

Source of the Play: The Two Murders.—The plot of *Macbeth* is taken from the Scottish *Chronicle* of Holinshed,[1] and taken so thoroughly that it contains scarcely a single incident to which the chronicle cannot present a counterpart. These incidents are not all drawn from one story. Up to the preparations for the murder of Duncan Shakespeare is faithful to his original. The rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno are followed, both in the play (I. ii, iii) and in Holinshed, by the journey of Macbeth and Banquo to Forres and their encounter with the witches, when 'sodenly in the middes of a launde,[2] there met them iij women in straunge and ferly[3] apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde'. At this point, however, he deserts the history of Macbeth and Duncan for the story of an earlier murder, the murder of King Duffe by Donwald, lieutenant of the castle of Forres.

His reasons for doing this are obvious. Holinshed's account of the murder of Duncan is brief and undramatic. All he has to say is that 'communicating his purposed intent with his trustie frendes, amongst whom Banquho was the chiefest, upon confidence of theyr promised ayde, he [Macbeth] slewe the king at Enuernes (or as some say at Botgosuane), in the vj yeare of his reygne'. But this is a common conspiracy. It surrounds Macbeth with noble followers; his tragic solitude is gone; and it leaves no room for his wife. The situation that Shakespeare desired he found in the murder of Duffe. His eye was caught, probably, by its resemblance in some important particulars to the other story. It has its witches who dwell in Murrayland by Forres, like the weird sisters; what is more to the point, it is Donwald's wife who incites him to the crime. The convenience, too, of having the main action in the house of the

[1] See *Richard II*, Preface, p. 257. [2] Glade. [3] Wonderful.

conspirators did not escape him. What would otherwise have read like an ordinary political assassination became in this way the most terrible kind of domestic tragedy. We are enabled to study the murderers under their own roof, and to overhear their most intimate conversations. Their arrangements for the murder are the same as Donwald's. Donwald and his wife, like Lady Macbeth, gave the king's two chamberlains so generous a banquet that 'theyr heades were no sooner got to the pyllow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, rather than to have awaked them out of theyr drunken sleepe' (cf. II. ii). When day broke, and the murder was discovered, Donwald, like Macbeth, killed the chamberlains in an affected fit of rage, and by overacting his part roused the suspicions he intended to allay (cf. II. iii. 112 f.). 'Suche was his over earnest diligence in the inquisition and triall of the offendours . . ., that some of the Lordes began to mislike the mater, and to smell foorth shrewed tokens, that he shoulde not be altogither cleare himselfe.' The monstrous signs and portents that follow the murder (II. iv. 1–20) are also taken from the older tale.

For the rest of his plot Shakespeare went back to the proper story. How closely he followed it may be inferred from the use he makes of Holinshed in Act IV, Scene iii: the long and undramatic conversation between Malcolm and Macduff comes almost literally from the chronicle. In only one place has he cut his original; and in only two others has he invented a notable circumstance not to be found there. He omits all mention of the ten years of vigorous and successful government with which Macbeth is said to have begun his reign; and he invented the apparition scene of the fourth Act and the sleep-walking scene of the fifth. His reason for passing over the first ten years can easily be understood. According to Holinshed, it was not until Macbeth had grown tired of virtue and nervous about the succession that he planned the death of Banquo and his son. Shakespeare, on the other hand, without even hinting at the lapse of years between the second Act and the third, passes straight from the one murder to the other. In this respect he has treated Holinshed's Macbeth as he treated

Plutarch's Brutus: he has concealed as far as possible the public merits of the first and the private failings of the second.[1] To present contradictions of character and reconcile them is the congenial task of history: it is seldom possible in drama.

There is another question which people sometimes ask at this point: how far *Macbeth* agrees with history? The answer is: so far as Holinshed's *Chronicle* does. And the question how far Holinshed's *Chronicle* is good history is no part of our inquiry.

Construction and Design.—Some questions of construction we have already dealt with; let us look at design. We are very apt, in talking of such plays as *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, to forget how bald and uninspired the original stories are, and to attribute to the special insight of Shakespeare a choice of subject which was often quite casual and accidental. 'He could have made as good a tragedy of the story of Bluebeard.' When he chose the story of Macbeth, however, he was not guided wholly by chance. What he wanted at that time was a tale from Scottish history, with opportunities of compliment in it to the reigning house of Stuart. The discovery that the story of Macbeth and Banquo contained just the materials required was first made at Oxford, in 1605, when the students entertained King James with a Latin play on the subject. Probably Shakespeare heard of this performance and looked the story up; or he may have come upon it himself. In any case, it is easy to see why it was selected. It is not only concerned with the legendary ancestors of the Stuart kings, Banquo and Fleance, but part of the plot turns upon the royal succession and the future fortunes of their race. What could be imagined better suited to gratify the king, especially since Holinshed had gone out of his way to save the playwright trouble by tracing the whole genealogy from Banquo down?

Another promising element in the story was the witches. Not 'the supernatural', which sounds as if it were all a business of ideas. Witches were real in the days of King James. Their existence was recognized by new and special enactments of James's reign, and they swarmed in consequence. To deny their existence would have been to question the com-

[1] See *Julius Caesar*, Preface, pp. 419–20.

mon sense of the Crown and its Ministers, and to accuse the king of having misspent his time. For he was learned in the whole science of witchcraft above his fellows, and had written a treatise on it—a 'Demonologie'—before he came south to England. When Shakespeare, therefore, set about elaborating the witches of the story, he was only doing what he does so often,—depicting the life of his time as it appeared to itself. It is worth noting that since the play was meant to please the king, and the king was an authority on witches, Shakespeare was careful to get the subject up. How thoroughly he did so was first pointed out by Dr. Johnson, and has since been fully revealed.

The desire to compliment the king, which guided the poet in his choice of a subject, affected him also in the construction of his play. He was led inevitably to emphasize the two elements that we have been discussing: the business of Banquo and the Stuart succession, and the business of the witches. Macbeth and Banquo are never allowed to come to an understanding. The prophecy of the weird sisters stands always between them; and Macbeth is haunted with a vision of Banquo's descendants enjoying the crown which he had won at the price of sleep. The great tableau in the fourth Act—the 'show of eight kings, . . . Banquo's Ghost following'—is the symbolical realization of his fears. Shakespeare invented it partly to confirm these fears, but chiefly because it gave such opportunities for impressive flattery, when all the ancestors of James filed past upon the stage. Perhaps the most obvious piece of compliment in the play is the passage about the touching for the king's evil and the royal gift of prophecy (IV. iii. 146–59). Indeed the compliment is here so palpable as to have been thought unworthy of Shakespeare. But the critics who ascribe it to some other pen only succeed in showing how little they understand either the nature of kings or the necessities of authors.

We have dwelt on the relations of the play to the chronicle. It is time to disclose, in one example, how little the best drama need depend on story. The greatest and most profoundly studied character in the play, after Macbeth himself, is his wife. On the stage she holds an audience far more closely than any

of her fellow actors. We could not imagine the play without her. Yet all that Holinshed has to say about her is contained in a single sentence: 'but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning[1] in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a Queene.'

Date of Composition.—We cannot tell for certain when *Macbeth* was written, but we can come within a year or two of the truth. We know that it must have been written not earlier than 1603, and not later than 1610. It cannot have been written before 1603, the year of the accession of James I, because in several passages—in IV. i. 120, for example—James is clearly referred to. It cannot have been written after 1610, because in April of that year it was seen at the Globe by a London playgoer, Dr. Simon Forman, who has left an account of it in his Journal. This leaves us seven years to choose from, with a strong likelihood that the true year will be nearer to 1603 than to 1610; for a play so complimentary to the new king, and so much concerned with his Scottish ancestry, was more likely to be thought of soon after his coming to England than when he and his subjects had grown used to each other. We may say, then, that 1605 or 1606 is most probably right.

As it happens, the one other piece of evidence that can be imported into the discussion is in favour of these dates. Though slight in itself, it serves to turn the balance. It is drawn from a sentence of the porter's at the beginning of the third scene of the Second Act, about the 'equivocator, . . . who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven'. These expressions, it has been thought, refer to the trial of one Garnett, a Jesuit, in March 1606, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Whether they do or not we can never be certain; but we are entitled to use one probability, however small, to strengthen another. On these grounds we decide on 1606 as the date required.

The Text.—*Macbeth*, like *Julius Caesar*, was first printed in the Folio edition of 1623, which is therefore our sole authority for the text. The state of the text, unfortunately, is far from satisfactory. In the life of the play upon the stage, and in its

[1] Burning.

passage from the stage to the printing house, it appears to have suffered a variety of corruptions. The metre is often harsh, and seems in places to disappear altogether. The language is often not merely obscure—which would be nothing new or strange in Shakespeare—but dark, which Shakespeare's language never is. It is full of words which occur nowhere else in his writings. The shortness of the play—it is the shortest of them all—and its rapidity of movement make these obstacles more evident than they would be in a longer and more leisurely composition: we are whirled along so fast that we have no time to step over them. Probably this very shortness and abruptness is another sign of corruption. The play affords unlimited opportunities for mere spectacle, and passages may well have been omitted or cut down as the spectacular business grew. Yet when all is said, these are spots on the sun. No queries can obscure the heroic grandeur of the tragedy. The play is warm with passion and, triumphing over the damages and disorders of time, goes straight to the heart.

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his Sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } Generals of the King's Army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } Noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.
Boy, Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE and Three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE.—*Scotland; England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A desert Heath. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin![1]
Second Witch. Paddock[2] calls.
Third Witch. Anon.[3]
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:[4]
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Name for a (gray) cat. 'Malkin' is a pet diminutive from 'Mary'.
[2] Toad (OE. *pad* + ock). Graymalkin and Paddock are familiar spirits of the witches, which were generally imagined as appearing in the form of cats and toads. [3] Instantly: like the modern 'Coming!' [4] The pleasures of the witches, like their morals, were the inverse of ours.

Scene II.—*A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. *Enter* King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Malcolm. This is the sergeant
Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge[1] of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Sergeant. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that[2]
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;[3]
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's jade:[4] but all 's too weak;
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion[5] carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,[6]
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Duncan. O valiant cousin[7]! worthy gentleman!
Sergeant. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells.[8] Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,

[1] i.e. thy knowledge. [2] To that end. [3] 'K.' and 'g.' were respectively light-armed and heavy-armed soldiers from Ireland or the Hebrides. Cp. l. 30 ('skipping kerns'). 'Of' = with. [4] Fortune, like a light and fickle woman, seemed to smile on the rebel and his cause. [5] Darling (Fr. *mignon*). [6] 'Which,' for 'who'. Macbeth never parted from him till he had made an end of him. 'Nave' = navel. [7] Duncan and Macbeth were both grandsons of an earlier king, Malcolm II. [8] As from the bright East storms sometimes break, so what seemed a source of comfort swelled into a flood of trouble. 'Discomfort' had a stronger meaning then than now: see *R. II*, III. ii. 36, 65.

But the Norweyan lord[1] surveying vantage[2],
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.
Duncan. Dismay'd not this
Our captains[3], Macbeth and Banquo?
Sergeant. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks[4];
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize[5] another Golgotha[6],
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Duncan. So well[7] thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Sergeant, *attended.*

Enter Ross.

Who comes here?
Malcolm. The worthy Thane[8] of Ross.
Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.[9]
Ross. God save the king!
Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,[10]
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor,[11] began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom[12], lapp'd in proof[13],
Confronted him with self-comparisons,[14]
Point against point, rebellious[15] arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish[16] spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

[1] The 'Norweyan (Norwegian) lord' was Sueno or Sweyn, King of Norway, who is reported to have invaded Fife in the time of Duncan and Macbeth. [2] Perceiving, on a survey, a favourable opportunity. [3] Pronounce as if 'capitains'. [4] Charges. [5] Make memorable. Cp. *R. II*, I. i. 120 ('partialize'). [6] Another 'place of skulls'. Cp. Mark xv. 22. [7] As well. [8] An old Scottish title, nearly equivalent to Earl. [9] That looks as if he brought strange tidings. [10] The King of Norway, as usual. Cp. IV. iii. 189 ('England'), &c. [11] Cp. I. iii. 72–3 *n.* [12] viz. Macbeth. Bellona was the ancient goddess of war. [13] Wrapped in armour of proof. [14] Faced him in person to prove which was the better man. [15] Contending. [16] Inordinate, insolent.

Duncan. Great happiness!
Ross. That[1] now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition[2];
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch[3],
Ten thousand dollars[4] to our general use.
Duncan. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest[5]. Go pronounce his present[6] death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Duncan. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Second Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee,[7] witch!' the rump-fed ronyon[8] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail[9],
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.[10]
Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;[11]
And the very ports they blow,[12]
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card[13].
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid[14];

[1] So that. [2] Terms. [3] Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth. [4] Shakespeare has slipped some centuries. There were no 'dollars' till 1518. [5] Warmest interest or affection. [6] Instant. [7] Avaunt! Begone! [8] 'Rump-fed' may mean 'fed on the best joints,' 'pampered'. 'Ronyon' is obscure in meaning and origin. Dr. Johnson defines it as 'a fat bulky woman'. [9] Tradition says that when witches took the form of an animal, the tail was always wanting. [10] Did she intend to 'do' like a rat, and gnaw a hole in the 'Tiger'? [11] 'Other' is plural: cp. introd. III. 17. Witches were supposed to have control over winds. [12] She can decide the very ports they blow to. [13] The compass card, with its needle. [14] His eyelid, imagined as a pent-house or shed sloping out from the main building. Cp. *M. V.* II. vi. 1.

He shall live a man forbid [1].
Weary se'nnights [2] nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
Second Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters,[3] hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,[4]
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.[5]
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.[6]
Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth.
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy [7] finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,[8]
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macbeth. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[9] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show [10]? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction

[1] Forbidden, i. e. banned by his fellows. [2] Seven-nights, weeks. [3] That manage 'weirds' or destinies. [4] That post or ride over sea and land. [5] They dance in a ring, three times for each witch's design. Three, nine, and their multiples had a special significance in witches' charms. Cp. I. 22 above and IV. i. 1-2. [6] The weather had suddenly changed from fair to foul, under the witches' influence. Cp. I. i. 11-12. [7] Chapped. [8] Your appearance would seem to indicate that you are women. [9] Things of fantasy, mere products of imagination. Cp. l. 139. [10] Appear.

Of noble having and of royal hope,[1]
That[2] he seems rapt withal[3]: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.[4]
First Witch. Hail!
Second Witch. Hail!
Third Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
Third Witch. Thou shalt get[5] kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers,[6] tell me more:
By Sinel's[7] death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman;[8] and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe[9] this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*
Banquo. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?
Macbeth. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on[10] the insane root[11]
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.
Banquo. You shall be king.
Macbeth. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Banquo. To the self-same tune and words. Who 's here?

[1] 'You greet with present grace of noble having and great prediction of royal hope' (cf. similar symmetrical arrangement, ll. 60, 61 below); i. e. you grace him with the title of present or actual noble possessions (viz. Glamis and Cawdor), and predict his future royalty. [2] So that. [3] Therewith. [4] 'Who neither beg your favours nor fear your hate.' Cp. ll. 55–6 *n.* [5] Beget. [6] Because they stop short. [7] Macbeth's father. [8] This is inconsistent with I. ii. 53–8, where C. is said to have been defeated in single combat by M. himself. Cp. further ll. 111–14 below. [9] Own, possess. [10] We talk of 'dining on' things. [11] The root that makes men insane. Several plants were thought to have this property (e. g. hemlock). For the use of the adj. cp. v. iii. 43 ('oblivious antidote') and introd. III. 5.

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,[1]
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,[2]
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,[3]
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Angus. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition[4], hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Banquo. What! can the devil speak true?
Macbeth. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Angus. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line[5] the rebel
With hidden help or vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack[6], I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. [*To* Ross *and* Angus.] Thanks for your pains.
[*To* Banquo.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane[7] of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?
Banquo. That, trusted home,[8]
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

[1] The fight with Macdonwald (I. ii. 9–23). [2] Between the attempt to do justice to his own state of wonder, and, at the same time, to give M. his due of praise, the king is brought to a standstill; speech fails him. [3] This was the later 'fresh assault' of I. ii. 33. [4] Title. Cp. III. i. 100. [5] Fill out, reinforce: used technically of strengthening fortifications. Cp. *H. V*, II. iv. 7. [6] Wreck. Cp. l. 29. [7] Thaneship. So l. 122. [8] Trusted, believed in whole-heartedly.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins,[1] a word, I pray you.
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.[2]—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting[3]
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated[4] heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use[5] of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,[6]
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.[7]
Banquo. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir[8].
Banquo. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments,[9] cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.[10]
Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon[11] your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour:[12] my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.[13] Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn

[1] He turns aside to speak to Ross and Angus. 'Cousin' was often used as a term of friendship between sovereigns or peers. [2] Two of the prophecies have been fulfilled. They usher in auspiciously the last and greatest—like prologues to some high action whose theme is royalty and empire. [3] Incitement. [4] Settled securely in the breast. [5] Usage. [6] In which murder is yet but a thing of the fantasy, of the imagination. Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 299. [7] His normal state is like that of a harmonious commonwealth, in which the various 'functions' are 'single' or at one. Now, under the shock of these 'imaginings', the action of his faculties is smothered in speculation, and nothing exists for him but the unreal world of the imagination. Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 63-9. [8] Stirring. [9] Our garments when they are strange to us. [10] Time, with its hour by hour succession, brings us to the end of the roughest business. [11] Await. [12] Grant me your indulgence. [13] He explains his abstracted behaviour by saying that he was trying to remember something.

The leaf to read them.[1] Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,[2]
The interim having weigh'd it,[3] let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.[4]
Banquo. Very gladly.
Macbeth. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *and* Attendants.

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission[5] yet return'd?
Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back ; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die ; who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death[6]
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,[7]
As 'twere a careless[8] trifle.
Duncan. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross *and* Angus.

O worthiest cousin![9]
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee ; would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine![10] only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all[11] can pay.
Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,

[1] i. e. in the book of his memory. [2] When we have more time. ll. 153–5 are addressed to Banquo. [3] i. e. having weighed it in the interval. [4] Speak our hearts freely. [5] Those commissioned to execute him. [6] That had studied the part, how to die magnanimously. [7] Cp. I. iii. 76 ('owe'). [8] Uncared for. Cp. 'sightless', I. v. 50, and introd. III. 4. [9] If there had been an 'art to find the mind's construction in the face', Duncan would have sent Macbeth post-haste after Cawdor. [10] That it might have been in my power to make a due proportion between thanks and payment, i. e. fewer thanks and more payment. [11] More than all I have.

In doing it,[1] pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward[2] your love and honour.
Duncan. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so,[3] let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Banquo. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Duncan. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.[4] Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland[5]; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.[6]
Macbeth. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:[7]
I'll be myself the harbinger[8], and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Duncan. My worthy Cawdor!
Macbeth. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires![9]
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be[10]
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Duncan. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,[11]
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,

[1] i. e. loyal service. [2] That tends to safeguard. [3] And must be no less known, &c. [4] Duncan weeps for joy. [5] Cumberland, which then meant Cumberland, Westmorland, and part of Strathclyde in Scotland, was held by Duncan as a fief of the English king. [6] Put me still further under obligation to you: addressed to Macbeth. [7] i. e. any trouble he may have will be no trouble at all, seeing it is for the king. [8] Forerunner: but with much of the earlier literal sense of 'one who goes before a royal party to purvey lodgings or harbourage'. [9] It is still day. He is thinking already of the crime that must be done by night. [10] i. e. be done. [11] During M.'s aside, Banquo has been praising him to Duncan.

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Inverness.* MACBETH'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles[1] *I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives*[2] *from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing*[3]*, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it[4]; what thou wouldst highly,
That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.[5] Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise[6] with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round[7],
Which fate and metaphysical[8] aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal[9].

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Thou'rt mad to say it.[10]
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation[11].

[1] 'Whiles' and 'while' are used indifferently. [2] Messengers. [3] The share of rejoicing due to her as his 'partner of greatness'. [4] The turn for evil which should accompany it. [5] What he 'would have' is Duncan's death. It is the murder of Duncan that 'cries', and that he rather fears to do than wishes it should be undone. [6] Accent on first syllable. [7] i. e. the crown, or royal circlet of gold. Cp. IV. i. 88–9. [8] Supernatural: the usual meaning in Shakespeare's time. [9] With. Cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 12 *n.* [10] She is startled at first by the news, which fitted into her schemes with almost shocking aptness. [11] Let us know so that we could prepare.

Messenger. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming;
One of my fellows had the speed of him[1],
Who, almost dead for breath,[2] had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady Macbeth. Give him tending;
He brings great news.—[*Exit* Messenger.] The raven himself is hoarse[3]
That croaks the fatal entrance[4] of Duncan
Under my battlements.[5] Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal[6] thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access[7] and passage to remorse[8],
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it![9] Come to my woman's breast,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances[10]
You wait on nature's mischief[11]! Come, thick night,
And pall[12] thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[13]
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter[14]!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present[15], and I feel now
The future in the instant[16].
Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?
Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady Macbeth. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.

[1] Outrode him. [2] i. e. for want of it. Cp. introd. III. 21. [3] The messenger was hoarse; but even the croaking raven must be hoarse with so portentous a message. [4] Trisyllable, to be sounded 'enterance'. Cp. III. vi. 8. [5] There is a natural pause after 'battlements'. [6] Deadly. [7] Accent on last syllable. [8] Compunction, compassion: whether before (as here) or after the deed. [9] Intervene between my purpose and the effecting of it. [10] Invisible forms. For 'sightless' cp. I. vii. 23; and see introd. III. 4. [11] Attend on, assist at the mischief of the world. [12] Robe. [13] Heaven is regarded as asleep, covered with a blanket of darkness. [14] She uses the language of I. iii. 50, of which her husband had sent her a version in his letter. [15] The present, with its blindness to the future. [16] In this present moment.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time;[1] bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;[2]
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macbeth. We will speak further.
Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear;[3]
To alter favour[4] ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses[5].
Banquo. This guest of summer,[6]
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve[7]
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty[8], frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage[9], but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Duncan. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime[10] is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'eyld us[11] for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.[12]

[1] To deceive beholders, suit your looks to the occasion. Cp. I. vii. 81. [2] i.e. give it to me to dispatch. [3] Show an open, unruffled expression. [4] Change countenance. [5] 'Gentle' is not so much an epithet of 'senses' as a description of the effect of the air upon them. Cp. III. iv. 76 *n.* and introd. III. 5. [6] It comes to this country only in the summer. [7] Attest, confirm. [8] Projection (that 'juts' out). Cp. *H. V*, III. i. 13. [9] Convenient corner (Fr. *coin*). [10] Sometimes. [11] God yield us: colloquial for 'God reward us'. [12] In ll. 11–14 Duncan talks of his visit, which, though prompted by love, gives his hostess trouble. Such love, he says, is sometimes a trouble; yet, as it is love, we give thanks for it. And so (he says playfully), you should thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single[1] business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to[2] them,
We rest your hermits[3].
Duncan. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor[4]; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp[5] him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady Macbeth. Your servants ever
Have theirs[6], themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,[7]
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Duncan. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our[8] graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess.[9] [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*The Same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer[10], *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then, enter* Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up[11] the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success;[12] that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,[13]
We'd jump[14] the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that[15] we but teach

[1] Slight: contrasting with 'double' of l. 15. Cp. *Coriol.* II. i. 39–40: 'your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single.' [2] In addition to. Cp. III. i. 52. [3] Beadsmen, bound to pray for the welfare of their benefactors. [4] One who went ahead of a royal party to provide food. [5] Helped. [6] Their families. [7] In account, ready to be counted. To render an account of it would only be accounting to him for what is his. [8] 'Our' is disyllabic. [9] He leads her in. [10] Orig. 'assayer' (Fr. *essayeur*), one who 'tried' all dishes before they were served. Then, as here, the chief waiter. [11] Entangle, as it were, in a net, so that it could effect nothing. [12] And so catch or win success by the stoppage of the consequence. 'His' for 'its' refers to 'consequence'. [13] Only here, in this temporal life only, which is like a bank in the ocean of time. [14] Hazard. Cp. *Cymb.* v. iv. 187: 'You must . . . jump the after inquiry on your own peril.' [15] So that.

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends[1] the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek,[2] hath been
So clear[3] in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off[4];
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin[5], hors'd
Upon the sightless[6] couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That[7] tears shall drown the wind.[8] I have no spur[9]
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself
And falls on the other.[10]—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has?

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought[11]
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn[12] now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely?[13] From this time

[1] Offers, presents. This is how usurpers become tyrants. They fear that their own methods may be employed against them. [2] Borne his powers (as a king) so meekly. [3] Unspotted, guiltless. [4] To 'take off' = to make away with, murder. Cp. III. i. 105, v. vii. 100. [5] Many read 'cherubim'. But the other form was used as a plural by old writers and may be taken as a plural here. [6] Cp. I. v. 50, and *M. for M.*, III. i. 122, 'the viewless winds'. [7] So that. [8] i. e. lay it, as rain does. [9] i. e. no private grievance. [10] His inordinate ambition is like a rider vaulting into the saddle, who overdoes the leap and falls on the other side. The ellipse of some word like 'side' seems necessary to the sense. [11] Won. [12] Claim, demand to be worn. [13] She compares the change in his resolution to the change in a reveller, when he wakes up sick and pallid from his drunken sleep.

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,[1]
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[2]
Macbeth. Prithee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady Macbeth. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere[3], and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness[4] now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my breast from out his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains[5] out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macbeth. If we should fail,—
Lady Macbeth. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,[6]
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail[7] so convince[8]
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only[9]; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy[10] officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell[11]?

[1] i. e. the 'golden opinions' of l. 33 above. [2] That liked fish, but would not wet her feet. [3] Hang together, fit. [4] That fitness of theirs. [5] 'The' for 'its': not uncommon. [6] Only screw your courage up to the point where it sticks and stays firm: a metaphor from machinery. [7] Carousing (OE. *wæs hael*, be of health). [8] Overcome: the orig. sense (L. *convincere*). Cp. IV. iii. 142. [9] The memory was thought to be in the rear of the brain. When the fumes of intoxication mount to the brain, the rear-guard memory first succumbs (cp. *T.* V. i. 67). The 'receipt' or receptacle of reason (i. e. the brain itself), thus left unguarded, is filled with the fumes, and becomes a mere 'limbeck', i. e. 'alembic' or still. [10] Soaked in liquor, like sponges. [11] Destruction, murder (OE. *cwellan*, to destroy). Cp. *M. N. D.* V. i. 294.

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd[1],
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?
Lady Macbeth. Who dares receive it other[2],
As[3] we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up[4]
Each corporal agent[5] to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:[6]
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Inverness. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a* Servant *bearing a torch before him.*

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
Fleance. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
Fleance. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry[7] in heaven;
Their candles are all out.[8] Take thee that too.[9]
A heavy summons[10] lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.[11]

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Give me my sword.—
Who 's there?
Macbeth. A friend.
Banquo. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices[12].
This diamond he greets your wife withal[13],
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up[14]
In measureless content.

[1] Accepted. [2] Otherwise. [3] Considering how. [4] Suggested by the bending of a bow, or gathering up the body for a spring. Cp. 'unbend', II. ii. 46. [5] Every faculty of my body. [6] He gives her the advice she had given him earlier, I. v. 64–5. [7] Economy. [8] Cp. *M. V.* v. i. 220. [9] i. e. some piece of his armour, which he is taking off. [10] i. e. to sleep. [11] Cp. l. 20. Banquo had dreamt of the witches' prophecy, and in his dreams his unrestrained imagination had played with 'cursed thoughts',—the temptations of ambition. [12] Servants' quarters. [13] Cp. I. v. 31. [14] i. e. closed the day.

Macbeth. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.[1]
Banquo. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macbeth. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,[2]
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.
Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,[3]
It shall make honour for you.
Banquo. So[4] I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear.[5]
I shall be counsell'd.
Macbeth. Good repose the while!
Banquo. Thanks, sir: the like to you.
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink[6] is ready
She strike upon the bell.[7] Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible[8]
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:[9] I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon[10] gouts[11] of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs[12]

[1] Their will had not free play. It was limited by the defects of scanty preparation. [2] When I can win over an hour of your time to be at my service. Observe the royal 'we'. [3] If you will adhere to my scheme of action, when it is formed. Cp. 1 *H. VI*, I. ii. 44: 'By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.' [4] Provided that. [5] i. e. free from ties that might fetter his action as a true and loyal subject. [6] The hot drink or posset usually taken before going to bed. Cp. II. ii. 7. [7] i. e. that she strike. 'Strike' is subjunctive. Cp. *T.* v. i. 119. [8] Apprehensible by the senses. Cp. *R. II*, II. iii. 84 ('deceivable'), and introd. III. 3. [9] Either my eyes are ridiculously deceived, or else my eyes alone are right. [10] The hilt (because often made of the wood called 'dudgeon'—a kind of boxwood). [11] Drops (Fr. *gouttes*). [12] Gives information.

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world[1]
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse[2]
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings,[3] and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch,[4]
Thus with his stealthy pace toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,[5]
Which now suits with it. Whiles[6] I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives[7].
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*The Same.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.[8] Hark!
Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.[9] He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets[10],
That[11] death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macbeth. [*Within.*] Who's there? what, ho!
Lady Macbeth. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed

[1] Hemisphere. [2] Deceive. [3] Offerings to pale H. 'Hecate' is, as usual, a disyllable. She was a goddess of the underworld, and witches were supposed to celebrate her rites. She appears in person in III. v. [4] Whose howl marks the periods of his watch, like the sentinel's cry. [5] i. e. by breaking the awful silence. [6] Cp. I. v. 6. [7] 'Gives', not 'give', because of (1) the demands of rhyme, (2) the attractive proximity of two intervening sing. nouns, 'heat' and 'breath'. Cp. introd. III. 22. [8] She had taken wine to fire her courage. [9] Cp. Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, v. ii: 'I am the common bellman That usually is sent to condemn'd persons The night before they suffer.' Here Duncan is the condemned person. [10] A mixture of hot milk, eggs, ale or sack, &c., usually taken about bedtime. Cp. II. i. 31. [11] So that. So in l. 25, &c.

Confounds us.[1] Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't.[2] My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady Macbeth. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady Macbeth. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.
Macbeth. [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight.
Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.
Macbeth. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other:
As[3] they had seen me with these hangman's[4] hands.
Listening[5] their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.
Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought[6]
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,[7]
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,[8]
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?
Macbeth. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

[1] To attempt the deed and fail is ruin for us. [2] She had gone to do it herself, but her resolution failed. Her 'unsexing' had not been complete. [3] As if. [4] Executioner's. The word covered these varieties. Cp. *M. V.* IV. i. 125 ('the hangman's axe'). [5] Transitive, as in *J. C.* IV. i. 41. [6] Thought on. [7] Our cares are thought of as a ravelled or tangled skein of silk, which sleep unravels and knits up. 'Sleave' or 'sleave-silk' was soft floss-silk used for weaving. [8] Life is a banquet, of which the first course is labour, and the second rest.

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'
Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend[1] your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.[2] If he do bleed,
I'll gild[3] the faces of the grooms withal[4];
For it must seem their guilt.[5] [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas[6] incarnadine[7],
Making the green one red.[8]

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—[*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.[9] [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly[10] in your thoughts.

[1] Cp. I. vii. 79 *n.* [2] Cp. Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* (1612): 'Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils.' [3] Cp. II. iii. 119 *n.* [4] Therewith. [5] There is a quibble on 'gild' and 'guilt'. Cp. *H. V*, II. Chor. 26 ('gilt' . . . 'guilt'). [6] The idea is of tumbling seas, with wave over wave like a swaying crowd. [7] Redden: lit. to make carnation or flesh-coloured. [8] Either (1) making the green one, red; or (2) making the green, one red. (1) gives the punctuation of the First Folio, 'the green one' being Neptune. (2) = making the green of the sea one uniform red. [9] Your firmness has deserted you. [10] Poor-spiritedly.

Macbeth. To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.[1]
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key.[2] [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:[3] come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name![4] Faith, here's an equivocator,[5] that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven.[6] O! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose[7]: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose[8]. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.[9] [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon,[10] I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.* 24

Enter Macduff *and* Lennox.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.[11]
Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

[1] Self-reflection unmans him; his only resource is in action that never looks back. [2] Cp. *M. V.* IV. ii. 16; and modern 'high old time'. [3] Because when grain is plentiful, the price goes down. [4] i. e. Satan's. He had sworn by Beelzebub already. [5] Meaning a Jesuit. According to the 'doctrine' of equivocation dissimulation and false evidence are justified if they are means to a good end. Malone saw a reference here to the trial of Garnett, the Jesuit, in 1606, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. [6] Equivocate himself into heaven. [7] A French pair of breeches, commonly very wide. [8] A tailor's smoothing iron, so called because the handle is shaped like a goose's neck. [9] Cp. *Ham.* I. iii. 49–50 ('the primrose path of dalliance'). [10] 'Coming! Coming!' (lit. instantly). [11] Cp. *R. & J.* IV. iv. 3-4: 'The second cock hath crow'd, The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.' There is a conflict of time. It is now morning: the porter is accused of lying late, and explains that he drank till three. But the murder was committed about two o'clock (II. i. 3; v. i. 38–9), and not more than half an hour can have elapsed between M.'s return from Duncan's room and the beginning of the knocking.

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.
Macbeth. Good morrow, both.
Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macbeth. Not yet.
Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.
Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.[1]
This is the door.
Macduff. I'll make so bold to call[2],
For 'tis my limited[3] service. [*Exit.*
Lennox. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macbeth. He does: he did appoint so.
Lennox. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion[4] and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time.[5] The obscure bird[6]
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.
Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee![7]
Macbeth. } What 's the matter?
Lennox. }
Macduff. Confusion[8] now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building[9]!
Macbeth. What is 't you say? the life?
Lennox. Mean you his majesty?

[1] When we take pleasure in a task we do not feel the pain of it. Cp. *T.* III. i. 1–2. [2] As to call. [3] Fixed, appointed. [4] Conflagration, used metaphorically for 'social confusion'. [5] The 'confused events' are 'the hatch and brood of time' (2 *H. IV*, III. i. 86): they are newly hatched or born to the time, which is pregnant with woe. [6] The bird of darkness, the owl. [7] i. e. heart cannot conceive nor tongue name thee. [8] Ruin, destruction. Cp. III. v. 29. [9] A rendering, in language reminiscent of St. Paul's Epistles, of the constitutional idea of the king as the Lord's anointed (cf. *R. II*, III. ii. 54–7; IV. i. 125–8).

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon[1]: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.] Awake! awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,[2]
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image![3] Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites[4],
To countenance this horror![5] Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macduff. O gentle lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?
Banquo. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality[6],
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,[7]
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss?
Macbeth. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macduff. Your royal father's murder'd.

[1] The Greeks had a fable of a woman called Gorgo, the sight of whose face turned the beholder to stone. [2] Sleep is regarded as the portrait or likeness of death. [3] The image or likeness of the Great Day of Judgement. [4] Spirits, ghosts. [5] Be in keeping with it. [6] Mortal life. [7] For the first sing. vb. cp. l. 147; for the second cp. introd. III. 22.

Malcolm. O! by whom?
Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macbeth. O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macduff. Wherefore did you so?
Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd [1], temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition [2] of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood; [3]
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: [4] who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!
Macduff. Look to the lady.
Malcolm. [*Aside to* DONALBAIN.] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument [5] for ours?
Donalbain. [*Aside to* MALCOLM.] What should be spoken
Here where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush and seize us? [6] Let 's away: our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Malcolm. [*Aside to* DONALBAIN.] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion. [7]
Banquo. Look to the lady: [8]
[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, [9] let us meet,

[1] Distraught. [2] Haste. [3] The colours come from heraldry. Cp. *Lucrece*, st. 8, 9, 10: the 'silver white' of her cheeks, blended with the red of her blushes, produces the mixed colour Gold (heraldic 'Or'). So in *Cymb.* v. iii. 34: 'gilded pale looks' = brought some red into their cheeks. Here the red blood on the silver white of Duncan's skin makes the colour of gold. Cp. II. ii. 57. [4] i. e. their naked daggers clothed with blood. 'Unmannerly' alludes to their rude assault on Duncan's life. It is a violent image. [5] Theme. [6] i. e. in a place so riddled with treachery that we cannot tell from what tiny invisible hiding-place our fate may rush upon us. [7] Sorrow like ours strikes the spirits motionless. [8] 'On Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned' (Wheatley). [9] i. e. when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies, which may take cold from exposure.

And question[1] this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence[2] I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macduff. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macbeth. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,[3] 140
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.
Malcolm. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy[4]. I'll to England.
Donalbain. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers[5] in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[6]
Malcolm. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim:[7] therefore, to horse; 150
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross *and an* Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.[9]
Ross. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage[10]: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp[11].

[1] Examine, inquire into by questions. [2] Pretension, design. Cp. 'pretend', II. iv. 24. [3] i. e. return clothed and in our right minds. [4] Easily. [5] For sing. vb. see introd. III. 22. [6] The nearer in blood, the more bloody. For 'near' = nearer cp. *R. II*, III. ii. 64. He means they have most to fear from their own near kin, e. g. from Macbeth, their father's first cousin. [7] The intentions of the murderers are thought of as a shaft, aimed at others besides Duncan. The end for which Duncan was murdered is not yet attained. The shaft is still in the air, and the safest way to avoid it is to fly out of range. [8] To steal away ourselves is a justifiable form of theft, when there 's no other hope of safety. [9] Has made my former experiences seem trifles. [10] Man's life is a play, and the earth his stage. [11] i. e. the sun, on his toilsome journey. There is some notion of 'travailing' in 'travelling' here.

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,[1]
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place[2],
Was by a mousing owl[3] hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses,—a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions[4] of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as[5] they would
Make war with mankind.
Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macduff. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[6]
Macduff. They were suborn'd.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up[7]
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like[8]
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.[9]
Macduff. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone[10]
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff. Carried to Colmekill[11];
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.

[1] Is it that night (which has produced such a murder) is in the ascendant, or that the day is ashamed to look upon what the night has brought forth? [2] 'Place' = pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk. [3] Whose prey, therefore, is naturally on the earth. [4] Darlings. Cp. I. ii. 19. [5] As if. [6] Propose to themselves. Cp. Fr. *prétendre*, and II. iii. 138 ('pretence'). [7] Devour greedily. Cp. IV. i. 24 ('ravin'd'). [8] Likely. [9] M. stood next in succession after D.'s two sons. [10] Near Perth. The kings of Scotland were crowned and invested there. [11] The island of Icolmkill or Iona, the ancient burying-place of the kings of Scotland.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! [1]
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old Man. God's benison [2] go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine [3],—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Sennet [4] *sounded. Enter* MACBETH, *as king*; LADY MACBETH, *as queen*; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady Macbeth. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing [5] unbecoming.
Macbeth. To-night we hold a solemn supper [6], sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me [7]; to the which [8] my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice,
Which still [9] hath been both grave [10] and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow. [11]
Is 't far you ride?

[1] The meaning is: may the change of kings go off well, lest the new state of things make us regret the easiness of the old. For the metaphor cp. I. iii. 144-6. [2] Blessing (O.Fr. *beneisson*, fr. L. *benediction-em*). [3] i. e. 'appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth' (Johnson). [4] The name for a particular set of notes on the trumpet. [5] Altogether, wholly: an obsolete form found as late as 1665. Cp. adv. use of 'nothing' in 'nothing loath', &c. [6] i. e. a state supper. Any stated ceremonious event could be called 'solemn', e. g. a banquet, or a tourney: and this agrees with orig. Lat. *sollemnis*. [7] Lay your commands upon me. [8] i. e. your commands. [9] Ever. [10] Weighty: orig. sense (L. *gravis*). [11] i. e. for our consultation.

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,[1]
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macbeth. Fail not our feast.
Banquo. My lord, I will not.
Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd[2]
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly.[3] Hie you to horse; adieu
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome[4], we will keep ourself[5]
Till supper-time alone; while then,[6] God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH *and an* Attendant.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Attendant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us. [*Exit* Attendant.] To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.[7] Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd[8]: 'tis much he dares,
And, to[9] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.[10] He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

[1] Subjunct. = if my horse go not the better. 'The better' means 'with so much the better pace, because of the distance to be covered in the time'. [2] Settled. Cp. III. vi. 24. [3] Business of state craving our joint attention. [4] i. e. more sweetly welcome. [5] The royal plural. [6] Till then. [7] Simply to be a king is nothing; but to be a king and reign in safety—that is something. [8] Which claims to be feared. [9] In addition to. Cp. I. vi. 19. [10] For 'genius' cp. *J. C.* II. i. 66 *n.*, and for the rest *Ant. & Cleop.* II. iii. 19-22: 'Thy demon,—that's thy spirit which keeps thee,—is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar's is not; but near him, thy angel Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.' The idea is the instinctive feeling of inferiority which one man may have in the presence of another.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with [1] an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd [2] my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel [3]
Given to the common enemy of man [4],
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! 70
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! [5] Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Murderer. It was, so please your highness.
Macbeth. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of [6] my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which [7] held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you, [8] 80
How you were borne in hand [9], how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion [10] craz'd
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Murderer. You made it known to us.
Macbeth. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. [11] Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue, [12]
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave 90
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Murderer. We are men [13], my liege.
Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

[1] By. [2] Defiled. [3] i. e. his immortal soul. [4] The Devil. [5] M. challenges fate to come into the lists, and fight with him in single combat to the death. 'List', in this sense, and 'champion' = challenge to a contest, occur only here. 'To the utterance' is *à* [*l'*]*outrance*, to the uttermost. [6] A use of 'of' still common in dialect. [7] 'Which' was used freely of all genders. [8] Went through the proof in detail. [9] Abused with false pretences. Cp. *Ham.* II. ii. 67. [10] Understanding. [11] The point of our second meeting. [12] Are you so deeply imbued with the Gospel precepts (viz. to pray for those that despitefully use us) as to pray, &c. [13] Not saints.

Shoughs[1], water-rugs[2], and demi-wolves[3], are clept[4]
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file[5]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper,[6] the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd[7]; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike:[8] and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;[9]
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,[10]
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,[11]
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Murderer. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,[12]
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.[13]
Macbeth. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Second Murderer. True, my lord.
Macbeth. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance[14]
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life[15]: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it,[16] yet I must not,
For[17] certain friends that are both his and mine,

[1] 'What we now call *shocks*' (Johnson), i.e. dogs with shaggy hair. [2] Shaggy water-dogs. Cp. *R. II*, II. i. 157 ('rug-headed'). [3] Dogs bred between wolves and dogs. [4] Called: archaic by Shakespeare's time (OE. *cleopian*). [5] List or catalogue (cp. v. ii. 8) with values attached to the various items in it: distinguished from the general catalogue that ranks all alike. For 'valu'd' cp. III. iv. 41, and introd. III. 4. [6] i.e. watch-dog. [7] Enclosed. [8] A particular title, distinct from the bill or list in which all are written alike without distinction. For 'addition' cp. I. iii. 106. 'From' goes with the idea of distinction implied in 'particular'. [9] If they are worthy to be ranked in this 'file', they must show that they possess qualities which distinguish them from the common herd. [10] Cp. I. vii. 20. [11] Cp. *Ham.* I. iii. 62-3. [12] Tugged about in my wrestle with fortune. [13] Of it. [14] Variance, discord. Cp. Hardyng, *Chronicle* (1470), CLIII. i: 'In Wales Morgan made war and great distaunce.' [15] My most vital parts. 'Distance' in l. 116, being also a term of fence, suggested a combat between swordsmen. For the form cp. v. ii. 11, and *R. II*, v. i. 80 ('short'st of day'). [16] Command that my will should be taken as the sufficient justification of what I had done. [17] Because of.

Whose loves[1] I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Murderer. Though our lives—
Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you.[2] Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't;[3] for 't must be done to-night,
And something from[4] the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness:[5] and with him—
To leave no rubs[6] nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
Second Murderer. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight[7]: abide within.
[*Exeunt* Murderers.
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a* Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?
Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady Macbeth. Say to the king, I would attend[8] his leisure
For a few words.
Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady Macbeth. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,[9]
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

[1] Cp. v. ii. 3 *n.*, and v. vii. 90. [2] He can read their spirits in their eyes. [3] Macbeth promises an exact reconnaissance with a view to ascertaining the precise moment for action. [4] Somewhat away from. [5] It being always kept in mind that I require to stand clear of suspicion. The pass. part., 'thought', is used absolutely. [6] Rough patches: a term from the game of bowls. [7] Straightway. [8] Await. [9] Cp. III. i. 43-4 ('we will keep ourself Till supper-time alone').

Using[1] those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy[2]
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macbeth. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself,[3] whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth[4].
But let the frame of things[5] disjoint, both the worlds suffer,[6]
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie[7]
In restless ecstasy.[8] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic[9], foreign levy[10], nothing
Can touch him further.
Lady Macbeth. Come on;
Gentle my lord,[11] sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macbeth. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;[12]
Present him eminence,[13] both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while,[14] that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,[15]
And make our faces vizards[16] to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady Macbeth. You must leave[17] this.
Macbeth. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife;
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.
Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.[18]
Macbeth. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's[19] summons

[1] Almost = making companions of: an idiom found both in Gk. and Latin (*χρῆσθαι, uti*). [2] Outside or beyond all remedy. [3] He is thinking of the way a snake or worm gathers itself together, even after it has been cut in pieces. [4] The tooth she had *before* scotching, and which she has still. [5] The whole frame of the universe. [6] i. e. both earth and heaven. 'Suffer': euphemism for 'perish'. In later times all executed Jacobites were said to 'suffer'. Cp. *T.* II. ii. 40 *n.* [7] This 'torture' is thought of as a rack. [8] The state of being 'beside oneself' (Gk. *ekstasis*). Cp. IV. iii. 170. [9] e. g. Macdonwald's rising. [10] e. g. Sueno's invasion. [11] The usual order. [12] i. e. be mindful of your attentions to him. [13] Offer him eminence, i. e. show how eminent you hold him. [14] Used absolutely, like 'thought' in III. i. 132: 'it being (though it is) unsafe the while.' [15] i. e. must stoop to flattery to keep our new honours fresh. [16] Visors, masks. [17] Leave off. [18] The copyhold or lease of life which they have from Nature is not eternal. 'Eterne' is Chaucerian. [19] Cp. II. i. 52 *n.*

The shard-born beetle[1] with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,[2] there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady Macbeth. What's to be done?
Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck[3],
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,[4]
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond[5]
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky[6] wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Park, with a Road leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Murderer. Macbeth.
Second Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.[7]
First Murderer. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated[8] traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Murderer. Hark! I hear horses.
Banquo. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
Second Murderer. Then, 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation[9]
Already are i' the court.
First Murderer. His horses go about.[10]

[1] A 'shard' is a 'pad' of cow-dung, and this is the dung-beetle, which flies at evening. [2] i. e. which calls to slumber. [3] Chick: a common term of endearment. [4] Night that closes up the eyes: a term from falconry, used of sewing up the eyes of a hawk (Fr. *siller*). 'Scarf up' (l. 47) shows that blindfolding is meant here. [5] i. e. the bond by which they hold their lives from Nature. Cp. l. 38 above, and *R. III*, IV. iv. 77: 'Cancel his bond of life.' [6] Either (1) the misty wood, or (2) the wood full of rooks. (1) survives in dialect, and is the more probable, though no doubt the word was suggested by 'crow'. [7] We need not distrust him; his account of what we have to do agrees exactly with our instructions. Macbeth had sent a third agent to make sure. [8] Belated. [9] The note or list of the guests expected to supper. [10] Take the roundabout horse-path to the castle.

Third Murderer. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Second Murderer. A light, a light!
Third Murderer. 'Tis he.
First Murderer. Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Banquo. It will be rain to-night.
First Murderer. Let it come down.[1]
[*They set upon* BANQUO.
Banquo. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*
Third Murderer. Who did strike out the light?
First Murderer. Was 't not the way?
Third Murderer. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Second Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair. 21
First Murderer. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees[2]: sit down: at first and last,[3]
The hearty welcome.[4]
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macbeth. Ourself[5] will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state[6], but in best time[7]
We will require[8] her welcome.
Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst: 10
Be large[9] in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There 's blood upon thy face.

[1] They rain blows upon him. [2] Ranks. They take their places in order of precedence. [3] Now once and for all. [4] 'The' implies 'the welcome proper on such occasions'. [5] Cp. III. i. 43, &c. [6] A 'state' was a royal chair with a canopy over it. With ll. 3-6 cp. Holinshed: 'The king (Henry VIII) caused the queene to keepe the estate, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer' (ed. 1587, p. 805). [7] At the most fitting time. [8] Ask. [9] Liberal, expansive.

Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's, then.
Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.[1]
Is he dispatch'd?
Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macbeth. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Murderer. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;[2]
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air[3]:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.[4] But Banquo 's safe?
Murderer. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.[5]
Macbeth. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies: the worm[6] that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.[7] [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer:[8] the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;[9]
Meeting were bare without it.
Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Lennox. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,[10]
Were the grac'd[11] person of our Banquo present;

[1] 'Tis better outside you than inside him. The jingle of 'thee' and 'he' triumphs over grammar. [2] Cp. III. i. 108. [3] That encases or surrounds us. [4] A prisoner to doubts that will not let me be. 'Saucy' was a more serious word then than now. [5] i.e. to life, whose source is nature. Cp. II. ii. 8, III. ii. 38. [6] A small serpent. Any small creeping animal could then be called a 'worm'. [7] We'll hear each other again, i.e. have another talk. [8] The usual and proper encouragement to the guests. Cp. l. 2 above. [9] To give a feast without making it abundantly clear that it is given cheerfully makes it look like something that must be paid for. If mere feeding were all, that is best done at home; when we feast abroad we look for something more—the cheerful ceremonies of hospitality. [10] Were Banquo here we should have all that is most honourable in our country under one roof. [11] Full of grace, gracious. Cp. III. i. 95 (valu'd file = file full of values), IV. i. 24 ('ravin'd' = full of ravin, ravenous), and see introd. III. 4.

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance![1]
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macbeth. The table 's full.
Lennox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macbeth. Where?[2]
Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[3]
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him and extend his passion[4]:
Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?
[*She comes up to* MACBETH, *and speaks to him apart.*
Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady Macbeth. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan.[5] O! these flaws[6] and starts—
Impostors to[7] true fear—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd[8] by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.[9] [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady Macbeth. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

[1] I hope that his absence is due to neglect, which I may challenge him for, rather than to some mischance which I must pity him for. [2] Macbeth, looking round, sees every place taken. It is not until he looks again that he recognizes the occupant of his chair. [3] As quick as thought. [4] Dilate and prolong his fit. For 'passion' cp. *M. N. D.* v. i. 295 *n.* [5] Cp. II. ii. 53-6; and for the 'air-drawn dagger', II. i. 33 f. [6] Sudden gusts, properly of wind, here of emotion. [7] Compared to. [8] Vouched for, i. e. an old wife's tale. [9] i. e. we shall leave our dead unburied, to be devoured by birds of carrion. 'Maw' = stomach.

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal[1];
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders[2] on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady Macbeth. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macbeth. I do forget.
Do not muse at me[3], my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.[4]
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation[5] in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd[6] rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger[7];
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert[8] with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,[9] protest me

[1] Purged the common weal (commonwealth) and made it gentle. For this use of the adj. cp. I. vi. 3 *n.* [2] i. e. mortal wounds. Cp. the murderer's report, l. 27. [3] Be in amaze at me. [4] i. e. I thirst to pledge you all, and Banquo, and to drink all good wishes to all. [5] The power of sight, the light of vision: from orig. Latin sense (*specŭlari, speculatio*). [6] i. e. with his hide and horn. [7] The tigers of Hyrcania, south of the Caspian Sea, were proverbial for their fierceness. [8] Where no one could come between them. Cp. *R. II*, IV. i. 73–4. [9] Either (1) 'inhabit' is used to express continuance in a given situation, and 'trembling' is an adjective. Cp. *P. L.* vii. 62: 'Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven' (= rest in a state of laxity). Or (2) 'inhabit' is transitive, 'trembling' is a noun, and the meaning is 'if I dwell in trembling'. Cp. 'to dwell in fear and trembling'.

The baby of a girl[1]. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*] Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
Lady Macbeth. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd[2] disorder.
Macbeth. Can such things be
And overcome[3] us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.[4]
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady Macbeth. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.[5]
Lennox. Good-night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady Macbeth. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;[6]
Augurs and understood relations[7] have
By maggot-pies[8] and choughs[9] and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?[10]
Lady Macb. Almost at odds[11] with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?[12]
Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?
Macbeth. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:

[1] A girl's doll. Cp. Lilly's *Charles I* (1651): 'Whose father sold babies . . . in Cheapside'. [2] Admirable: in orig. sense of 'strange', 'wonderful' (Lat. *admirari*). [3] Come over, pass over. [4] The singularity of his being the only person present who is moved makes him regard his own temperament as if it were something odd. 'Owe' = own, possess, as in I. iii. 76, &c. [5] i. e. do not stand upon precedence, but leave all at once. [6] In the *Faerie Queene*, I. ii. 31 f., the tree that was once Fradubio warns the Red-Cross Knight. [7] 'Augurs' = auguries, i. e. prognostications by signs and omens. When the relations of such signs to the secret facts are understood, then 'the murder is out'. [8] Magpies. [9] Jackdaws. [10] What time of night is it? [11] At variance. It was almost dawn. [12] What say you to Macduff's refusal to come at my bidding?

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.[1]
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.[2]
Lady Macbeth. You lack the season[3] of all natures, sleep.
Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse[4]
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:[5]
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate![6] you look angerly.
Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver[7] of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[8]
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound[9];
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

[1] As to go o'er. [2] Which must be done first, and examined afterwards. [3] Preservative. [4] Self-deception. [5] The fear of the novice not yet hardened by usage. [6] Cp. II. i. 52 *n.* [7] Secret plotter. [8] The cavity leading to Ach., a river of the infernal world. [9] Either (1) 'a drop that has profound, deep, or hidden qualities' (Johnson); or (2) 'deep, and therefore ready to fall' (Wright). The moon was supposed to shed a foam on particular herbs, &c., when strongly solicited by enchantment.

And that distill'd by magic sleights[1]
Shall raise such artificial[2] sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:[3]
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know security[4]
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[*Song within*, 'Come away, come away,' *&c.*
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another* Lord.

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne.[5] The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of[6] Macbeth: marry,[7] he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought[8] how monstrous[9]
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact[10]!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words,[11] and 'cause he fail'd
His presence[12] at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?[13]
Lord. The son of Duncan,

[1] Tricks of art. [2] Produced by art. [3] Confounding, destruction. [4] Careless confidence: orig. sense (L. *securitas*). Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 97, &c. [5] Carried on. So l. 17 below. [6] By. [7] A common oath: orig. the name of the Virgin Mary. [8] i. e. who can want the thought: the reverse of what is said. Cp. the common double emphatic negative. [9] 'Monstrous' is trisyllabic: the 'r' is trilled. Cp. I. v. 40. [10] Deed: orig. sense (L. *factum*). [11] Because of his plain speaking. [12] Failed to be present. [13] Cp. III. i. 30 *n.*

From whom this tyrant holds[1] the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward[2] with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid[3]
To wake Northumberland and war-like Siward:
That, by the help of these—with him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,[4]
Do faithful homage and receive free honours;[5]
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate[6] the king that he
Prepares for some attempt at war.
Lennox. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy[7] messenger turns me his back,[8]
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'
Lennox. And that well might
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide.[9] Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd![10]
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded[11] cat hath mew'd.
Second Witch. Thrice and once[12] the hedge-pig[13] whin'd.
Third Witch. Harper[14] cries: 'Tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone

[1] Withholds. [2] Edward the Confessor. [3] In his aid. Cp. *R. II*, III. ii. 203 ('upon his party'). [4] Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives. [5] Honours conferred by a tyrant meant slavery to his will. [6] Exasperated. [7] Gloomy-faced (at receiving such an answer). [8] For this colloquial 'me' cp. introd. III. 14. [9] i. e. get out of Macbeth's reach. [10] i. e. our country suffering under, &c. [11] Brindled, i. e. 'streaked, tabby, marked with streaks' (Johnson). [12] Their way of saying 'four times'. Cp. I. iii. 35-6. [13] Hedgehog. [14] Either (1) the name of an unknown demon, the Third Witch's familiar; or (2) an error for 'Harpy'. Some editions of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (Pt. I, II. vi) read 'harper', corrected later to 'harpy'.

Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's[1] sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's[2] wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy[3], maw[4] and gulf[5]
Of the ravin'd[6] salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd[7] in the moon's eclipse[8],
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Make the gruel thick and slab[9]:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron[10],
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hecate. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song,* 'Black Spirits,' *&c.*

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

[1] Slow-worm's. [2] Owl's, owlet's. [3] Mummy was for some centuries in great request as a medicine. [4] Cp. III. iv. 72–3. [5] Gullet. Cp. Spenser, *Sheph. Cal.* (Sept., 184–5): 'A wicked Wolfe, That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.' [6] Ravenous. For the form cp. III. iv. 41 *n.* [7] Nipped or broken off. Cp. *Ham.* IV. vii. 174 ('sliver' = twig). [8] A time unlucky to men and favourable to witches. Cp. *Lycidas*, 100–1: 'It was that fatal and perfidious barque Built in the Eclipse.' [9] Slabby, slimy. [10] Entrails.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,— 50
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty[1] waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed[2] corn be lodg'd[3] and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germens[4] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Second Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macbeth. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow[5]; grease, that 's sweaten[6]
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. *First* Apparition *of an armed Head.*[7]

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [*Descends.*
Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.[8] But one word more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

[1] Yeasty, frothy. [2] In the blade. [3] Laid. Cp. *R. II*, III. iii. 162. [4] Germs, seeds (L. *germen*). He is willing to see all the rich generative forces of Nature huddled together in ruin rather than fail in his demands. Cp. *Lear*, III. ii. 8: 'Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once.' [5] Her farrow or litter of nine. [6] Sweated. [7] 'The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head, cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff' (Steevens). Cp. v. vii. 83. [8] Touched the note of my fear.

Thunder. Second Apparition, *a bloody Child.*[1]

Second Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macbeth. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate:[2] thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition, *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*[3]

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?[4]
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam[5] wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macbeth. That will never be:
Who can impress[6] the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature,[7] pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

[1] i. e. Macduff, untimely torn from his mother's body (v. vii. 44–5).
[2] By making it impossible for fate to break its pledge. [3] This is 'the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane' (Steevens). Cp. v. iv. 5. [4] Cp. I. v. 29. Johnson explains: 'The "round" is that part of the crown that encircles the head; the "top" is the ornament that rises above it.' 'Top' suggests also the sublimity of kingship. [5] A hill near Dunkeld in Perthshire, about twelve miles from Dunsinnan (Dunsinane), where Macbeth is supposed to have built his castle. [6] Press into his service.
[7] Cp. III. ii. 38 *n.*

First Witch. Show!
Second Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of Eight Kings; the last with a glass in his hand: BANQUO's Ghost *following.*[1]

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start[2], eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?[3]
Another yet? A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres[4] carry.
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd[5] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What! is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly[6]?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites[7],
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick[8] round, 130
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and then vanish with* HECATE.

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Lennox. What's your Grace's will?
Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?
Lennox. No, my lord.
Macbeth. Came they not by you?

[1] Apparitions of eight Stuart kings pass before him, viz. Robert II, Robert III, and the six Jameses. The last is James VI and I, who shows in a glass the image of Stuart kings still to come. Banquo was the reputed ancestor of the Stuart line, and Macbeth sees the family resemblance. [2] i. e. out of your sockets. [3] The thunder of the Day of Judgement. Cp. II. iii. 85. [4] A compliment to the reigning sovereign, James VI and I, 'who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head' (Warburton). [5] Having the hair clotted with blood. Cp. III. iv. 27. [6] In a maze. [7] Spirits. [8] Old-fashioned, quaint, fantastic: spelt either 'antick' or 'antique', and pronounced 'ántique' (not 'antíque').

Lennox. No indeed, my lord.
Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Lennox. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macbeth. Fled to England!
Lennox. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st [1] my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it; [2] from this moment
The very firstlings [3] of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him [4] in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Fife.* MACDUFF'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
Lady Macduff. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
Lady Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles [5] in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch [6]; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
Her young ones in her nest—against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for [7] your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

[1] 'To "anticipate" is here to "prevent", by taking away the opportunity' (Johnson). [2] Our deeds never keep pace with our designs unless we act on the first impulse. [3] First-born. Henceforth the first thought of his heart shall be the first action of his hand. [4] i.e. follow, succeed him. [5] i.e. his properties, all he had a title to. [6] The touch of natural affection. [7] As for.

The fits o' the season.[1] I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves,[2] when we hold rumour
From what we fear,[3] yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.[4] I take my leave of you:
Shall not[5] be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:[6]
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

Lady Macduff. Sirrah,[7] your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What! with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime[8],
The pit-fall nor the gin[9].

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.[10]
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.[11]

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

[1] Each critical turn of the disease from which the state is suffering. [2] 'i. e. when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are unconscious of guilt; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to know ourselves' (Malone). [3] When we accept rumours whose only source is our own fears. [4] i. e. each way we move. [5] i. e. I shall not. [6] i. e. I should disgrace myself, and embarrass you, by weeping. [7] A brusque term of address by masters to servants, &c., here used in playful earnest. [8] Bird-lime. [9] Trap, snare (abbrev. of 'engine'). [10] Because what is poor is not worth the catching. [11] Swears an oath and breaks it. Her little son gives the words their everyday meaning.

Son. Who must hang them?
Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow[1] to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
Lady Macduff. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.[2]
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,[3]
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime[4]
Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?
Murderer. Where is your husband?
Lady Macduff. I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
Murderer. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd[5] villain.
Murderer. What! you egg.[6]
Young fry[7] of treachery! [*Stabbing him.*
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit* Lady Macduff, *crying* 'Murder,' *and pursued by the* Murderers.

Scene III.—*England. Before the* King's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

[1] Used as plur. of 'enough'. [2] I am perfectly acquainted with your rank of honour. [3] 'To do worse is, to let her and her children be destroyed without warning' (Johnson). [4] Sometimes. [5] Shaggy-haired. [6] Implying, besides smallness, something not yet hatched. [7] Spawn.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal[1] sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom ;[2] each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.[3]
Malcolm. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,[4] I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom[5]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macduff. I am not treacherous.
Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.[6] But I shall crave your pardon ;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose[7] ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell ;
Though all things foul would[8] wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.[9]
Macduff. I have lost my hopes.[10]
Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.[11]
Why in that rawness[12] left you wife and child—
Those precious motives,[13] those strong knots of love—
Without leave-taking ? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies[14] be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties : you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

[1] Deadly. [2] i. e. stand over it in defence. 'Birthdom' = that which belongs to us by birth, our mother country. [3] So that it resounds, as if sympathy with Scotland made it re-echo each single cry of sorrow. [4] Find that I have the time for my friend, i. e. as favourable occasion shall arise. Cp. *J. C.* III. i. 143. [5] Sense requires something like 'and 'tis wisdom'. [6] Fall back, recede from goodness in the execution of a royal charge. Both Macbeth and Macduff are pointed at. He suspects Macduff of being an agent of Macbeth's, charged to entrap him. [7] Invert, alter. [8] Should. [9] i. e. gracious, like herself. [10] viz. of inducing Malcolm to receive him as a friend. [11] Referring to his suspiciously hasty departure from Scotland. [12] Raw haste, without deliberation or provision. Cp. *H. V*, IV. i. 147. [13] Which move us, which are the springs of action in us. Cp. *King John*, III. i. 313–14 : 'what motive may Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?' [14] Suspicions. Cp. *J. C.* I. ii. 71. He means : do not regard my suspicions as dishonour to you, but as safeguards for myself.

For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd![1] Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Malcolm. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England[2] have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macduff. What should he be?
Malcolm. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd,[3] black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless[4] harms.
Macduff. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious[5], avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden[6], malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my intemperance; and my desire
All continent[7] impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will; better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macduff. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny;[8] it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet[9]
To take upon you what is yours.
Malcolm. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection[10] such

[1] Tyranny may wear her wrongs and usurpations openly; for her title is confirmed. 'Affeer' is a law term = 'assess', and so, 'settle', 'confirm'. [2] The gracious king of England. [3] As buds open. [4] Boundless. [5] Sensual: so always. [6] Hasty and passionate. [7] Limiting, restraining. Cp. *M. N. D.* II. i. 92. [8] Nature hates excess: and intemperance means the tyranny of excess. [9] For all that. [10] 'Ill-c.' = composed of evil. 'Aff.' = disposition (cp. *M. V.* III. i. 63 *n.*).

A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels [1] and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that [2] I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macduff. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming [3] lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons [4] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own; [5] all these are portable [6],
With other graces weigh'd.[7]
Malcolm. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance [8], mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, [9] but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. [10] Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. [11]
Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland!
Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macduff. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed [12]? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,

[1] i. e. that man's jewels. [2] So that. [3] Summer-like. Lust is a plant that flourishes in the hot summer of life, and fades with the autumn; avarice is deeper-rooted. [4] Plenty: usually in sing. (Fr. *foison*). [5] What is absolutely your own: the orig. meaning (Lat. *merus*, pure, undiluted). [6] Supportable. [7] When the graces which you also possess are balanced against them. [8] Accented, as always, on second syllable. [9] No smack or flavour of them. [10] He is a connoisseur in crime, and would not be content with committing each sort in the one accustomed way. [11] To bring concord into hell would be to upset the universal peace; to unite the legions of hell would be to confound all unity on earth. 'Uproar' = turn into uproar, occurs only here in Shakespeare. [12] Is a slander upon his family. The orig. sense of 'blaspheme' was 'to slander'. Cp. *R. II*, 1. i. 113 ('the slander of his blood').

Died every day she liv'd.[1] Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains[2] hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Ignorant of women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,[3]
Old Siward, with ten thousand war-like men,
Already at a point,[4] was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel.[5] Why are you silent?
Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Malcolm. Well; more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay[6] his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art[7]; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently[8] amend.
Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.
Macduff. What's the disease he means?

[1] Her whole life was a mortification of the flesh; she lived every day as if it were her last. Cp. 1 Cor. xv. 31 ('I die daily'). [2] Designs, stratagems. [3] Cp. l. 148 ('here-remain'). [4] In readiness. Cp. *Lear*, I. iv. 347: 'let him keep At point a hundred knights.' [5] May the chance of success be as certain as the justice of our quarrel. For 'goodness' cp. *M. for M.* III. ii. 234: 'Bliss and goodness on you!' 'Warranted' = guaranteed, well-grounded. [6] Await. [7] Defeats the greatest efforts of medical art. Cp. I. vii. 64. [8] Instantly.

Malcolm. 'Tis call'd the evil:[1]
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain[2] in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits[3] heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited[4] people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere[5] despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers;[6] and 'tis spoken[7]
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak[8] him full of grace.
Macduff. See, who comes here?
Malcolm. My countryman;[9] but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Malcolm. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent[10] the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy[11]; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who[12]; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.[13]
Macduff. O! relation[14]
Too nice[15], and yet too true!
Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

[1] The king's evil, or scrofula. The king is Edward the Confessor, who was credited with this power. It was claimed and exercised by many of his successors, and James I took pride in practising an art that seemed to point so clearly to the divine origin of kingship. [2] Cp. l. 133. [3] Cp. I. iii. 130. [4] Visited with strange diseases. [5] Cp. l. 89 *n.* [6] A stamped coin of gold, prob. the 'angel' (cp. *M. V.* II. vii. 56–7). The coin and the ritual both belong to Stuart times. [7] It is commonly reported. [8] Bespeak, declare. [9] 'Malcolm discovers Ross to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress' (Steevens). [10] Rend. [11] A trifling spasm. 'Modern' in Shakespeare means 'everyday', 'ordinary'. For 'ecstasy' cp. III. ii. 22 *n.* [12] Is scarcely asked about, for whom it rings. Cp. introd. III. 25. [13] One day they are well and cheerful; the next they are dead, before the flowers in their caps have had time to wither. [14] Tale. [15] Too subtly worked out.

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;[1]
Each minute teems[2] a new one.
Macduff. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macduff. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macduff. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.[3]
Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, 181
Which I have heavily[4] borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out[5];
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather
For that I saw the tyrant's power[6] a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Malcolm. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England[7] hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.[8]
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd[9] out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[10] them.
Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?[11]
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe[12], though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macduff. If it be mine
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it. 200
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

[1] He is hissed as telling what is already out of date. [2] Brings forth. [3] Cp. Scroop's reply to Richard, *R. II*, III. ii. 127–8. [4] Sadly, as a sad burden. [5] In the field, as rebels. [6] Armed force. Cp. l. 235, and *R. II*, II. ii. 123, &c. [7] Cp. l. 43. [8] There is none that Christendom reputes an older and better soldier. [9] Claim, demand to be howled. Cp. I. vii. 34. [10] Catch. Cp. 'latch' (of a door). [11] 'A peculiar sorrow; a grief that has a single owner' (Johnson); fee-simple being the completest form of private ownership. [12] Feels some share of woe at such a deed.

To add the death of you.[1]
Malcolm. Merciful heaven!
What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;[2]
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macduff. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macduff. And I must be from thence![3]
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff. He has no children.[4] All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Malcolm. Dispute it[5] like a man.
Macduff. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macduff. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Malcolm. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power[6] is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave.[7] Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments[8]. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Ross pictures Macduff falling dead across the piled remains of his murdered household. [2] So in *Chevy-Chace*: 'He pulled his hatt over his browe, And in his heart he was full woe.' [3] And to think that I must be away at such a time! [4] Either of Macbeth, who was childless, or of young Malcolm, who supposes that a father can be so easily comforted. [5] Struggle against it. [6] Cp. l. 185 *n.* [7] All we need to do now is to take our leave. [8] Their agents, viz. Malcolm and his supporters.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown[1] upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching[2]! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances[3], what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close[4].

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here 's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two: why, then, 'tis time to do 't.[5] Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

[1] Dressing-gown. Cp. II. ii. 71. [2] The acts which belong to a state of waking. Cp. II. ii. 72 ('watchers'). [3] i. e. acts, as dist. from speech. [4] Concealed. Cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 131. [5] She counts the strokes, thinking of the hour when Duncan was murdered. Cp. II. i. 3, II. iii. 47 *n.*

Doctor. Go to, go to;[1] you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.[2]

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's[3] grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,[4]
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night:
My mind she has mated[5], and amaz'd[6] my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good-night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, *and* Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power[7] is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward,[8] and the good Macduff.
Revenges[9] burn in them; for their dear causes[10]
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

[1] A common exclamation, like our 'get away'. [2] i. e. well. [3] Of his. Cp. I. iii. 84, &c. [4] All means by which she could do herself harm. For 'annoyance' cp. *J. C.* I. iii. 22. [5] Confounded, overcome: an expression from chess-playing (cp. 'check-mate'). [6] Mazed, bewildered. [7] Cp. IV. iii. 185, &c. [8] Acc. to Holinshed, Siward was Malcolm's grandfather. [9] The plural indicates the several people whose revenge is spoken of. Cp. v. vii. 90 ('loves'). [10] For the sense of 'dear' cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 151 *n.*

Excite the mortified man.[1]

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well[2] meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file[3]
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough[4] youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.[5]

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.[6]

Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely[7] revolts upbraid his faith-breach;[8]
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Menteith. Who then shall blame
His pester'd[9] senses to recoil and start,[10]
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?[11]

Caithness. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,[12]
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Lennox. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign[13] flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:[14]

[1] Even the man who is dead to the world would have his thin blood stirred by such wrongs to respond to the grim call to arms and bloodshed. [2] Cp. 'well met.' [3] List. Cp. III. i. 95 *n.* [4] Smooth-chinned. [5] Their chins proclaim them striplings. Cp. III. i. 118 ('my near'st of life'). [6] His cause, or supporters, had got out of condition and control. The 'belt of rule' was become too narrow. [7] Prob. an adjective = 'occurring every minute.' [8] His disloyalty in usurping the crown. [9] By the continual plaguing of his conscience. [10] i. e. for recoiling, &c. [11] When all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation (Johnson). [12] i. e. Malcolm, the rightful king. For 'sickly weal' and 'purge' cp. III. iv. 76, and v. iii. 50 f. [13] 'Sovereign' has a double sense: (1) royal (Malcolm as king); (2) sovereign, as a remedy ('the medicine' of l. 27). [14] Bring me no more reports of fresh desertions; let all my nobles leave me (cp. l. 7).

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint[1] with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:[2]
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures[3]:
The mind I sway by[4] and the heart I bear
Shall never sag[5] with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon[6]!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Servant. There is ten thousand—
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
Servant. Soldiers, sir.
Macbeth. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd[7] boy. What soldiers, patch[8]?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.[9] What soldiers, whey-face?
Servant. The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. Take thy face hence. [*Exit* Servant.] Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.[10]
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;[11]
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny[12], and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macbeth. What news more?
Seyton. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

[1] Be tainted. [2] Pronounced me my fate thus. [3] 'The reproach of epicurism . . . is nothing more than the natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury' (Johnson). [4] That sways my actions. [5] Sink down or droop. [6] Lout; also lad, stripling (cp. l. 15). [7] Cp. 2 *H. IV*, IV. iii. 113–14: 'left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice.' [8] Clown: from the patched or motley coat of the jester. [9] i. e. they infect others with fear, who see them. [10] This assault will seat me finally on my throne, or it will dethrone me now and for ever. 'Cheer' for 'chair': spelt as pronounced. [11] The course of my life has reached its autumnal decline. Cp. *R. II*, III. iv. 48–9. 'Sear' = dry, withered. [12] Withhold, refuse.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macbeth. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr[1] the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious[2] antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff[3]
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.[4]
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast[5]
The humour of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off[6], I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doctor. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macbeth. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane[7]
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doctor. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Birnam Wood.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers *marching.*

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.[8]

[1] Scour. [2] Causing oblivion or forgetfulness. Cp. I. iii. 84 *n.* ('insane root'). [3] It is unlikely that Shakespeare wrote both 'stuff'd' and 'stuff'; but no satisfactory correction has been proposed. [4] Either (1) his staff or baton as commander in-chief, or (2) his spear-shaft (cp. v. vii. 18.) [5] Work out, by analysis. Cp. the similar language of sc. ii. [6] i. e. his armour. In l. 58 he orders the attendant to bring it after him. He was in such a state of nervous excitement that he could not decide to do one thing, or talk to one person, at a time. [7] Evil, ruin. [8] When a man will be safe in his own house (from Macbeth's spies, III. iv. 131).

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.
Siward. What wood is this before us?
Menteith. The wood of Birnam.
Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery [1]
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siward. We learn no other but [2] the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.[3]
Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,[4]
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event,[5] and put we on
Industrious soldiership.[6]
Siward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.[7]
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate [8],
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V.—*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, *and* Soldiers.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come'; our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up;
Were they not forc'd [9] with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*]
What is that noise?
Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cool'd

[1] i. e. the reconnoitring parties sent to discover their numbers. [2] No other news but that. [3] Will let us sit down before his castle, and stand a regular siege from us. Macbeth feared that if he let his men out they would desert. [4] We should probably read with Johnson: 'advantage to be gone.' Ll. 12, 13 then mean: Where there is favourable opportunity of deserting, both great and small have revolted and left him. 'Advantage' = vantage (for which cp. I. ii. 31). [5] Let our judgements await the actual result, so that they may be just. [6] Cp. II. iii. 140. [7] The approaching fight will settle all accounts. [8] Determine. [9] Reinforced.

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair[1]
Would at a dismal treatise[2] rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with[3] horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.[4]
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd towards Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee[5]; if thy speech be sooth[6],
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in[7] resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth; 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

[1] My scalp with my hair on it. Any skin covered with hair or wool could be called a 'fell'. [2] Tale. [3] Cp. IV. ii. 32. [4] As, 'the queen is dead.' Cp. *R. II*, I. iii. 152. [5] Wither, dry thee up. 'Clung' wood is wood of which the sap is entirely spent. [6] Truth. [7] Rein in.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world [1] were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness [2] on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy [3] screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; [4] worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Another Part of the Plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. [5] What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Young Siward. What is thy name?
Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell. [6]
Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.
Young Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macbeth. No, nor more fearful.
Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight and Young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman:
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

[1] The world's established regimen. [2] Armour. [3] Leafy.
[4] A division in battle order. Cp. *J. C.* v. i. 4, &c. [5] He compares himself to a bear tied to a stake and baited by dogs. The dogs came on in relays, and each attack was called a 'course'. Cp. *J. C.* IV. i. 48–9.
[6] Any that is in hell.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns [1], whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves [2]: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded [3]. There thou shouldst be; [4]
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited [5]. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and Old* SIWARD.

Siward. This way, my lord; the castle's gently [6] render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; [7]
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours [8],
And little is to do.
Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us. [9]
Siward. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? [10] whiles I see lives, [11] the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macduff. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macbeth. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air [12]
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

[1] Cp. I. ii. 13 *n.* [2] Prob. spear-shafts. [3] With no deed to its account: only here in Shakespeare. [4] i. e. where the greatest noise is (cp. l. 14). [5] To 'bruit' is to report loudly, noise abroad (Fr. *bruit*, noise). [6] i. e. without a struggle. [7] Some had deserted when the fight began. Cp. v. iv. 10-15. [8] Professes itself. [9] Either (1) that strike beside the mark, take pains not to hit us: Macbeth's soldiers fighting half-heartedly; or (2) that fight beside us, in our ranks. (2) is simpler. [10] He alludes to such famous suicides as that of Cato at Utica and Brutus at Philippi. Cp. *J. C.* v. i. 102 3 *n.* [11] For 'whiles' cp. I. v. 6. 'Lives' = living foes. [12] That cannot be trenched or cut, invulnerable. For 'trench' cp. III. iv. 27; and *Ham.* IV. i. 44: 'the woundless air.'

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macduff. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel[1] whom thou still[2] hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely torn.
Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man[3]:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter[4] with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'[5]
Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, Ross, Thanes, *and* Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siward. Some must go off[6]; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,[7]
But like a man he died.
Siward. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siward. Had he his hurts before?

[1] The bad angel. Cp. *J. C.* II. i. 66 *n.* [2] Constantly. [3] The better part of my manhood. [4] Shuffle, equivocate. [5] A picture representing the monster within was hung outside on a pole to attract customers. The Elizabethan public was passionately fond of such shows. Cp. Trinculo and Stephano in the *Tempest*, when they discover Caliban. [6] i. e. part, or depart this life. Cp. l. 81 *n.* [7] i. e. in the post where he fought without shrinking.

Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siward. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted[1] well, and paid his score:[2]
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands[3]
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:[4]
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,[5]
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,[6]
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be[7] planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands[8]
Took off her life;[9] this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace[10]
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone[11].
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] Cp. I. 65 *n.* [2] Cp. l. 68. Siward thinks of life as an inn, where men spend their time before the journey to their long home. [3] Acc. to Holinshed, Macduff brought the head upon a pole. [4] We should say, 'the times are free'. [5] 'Pearl' is collective. Malcolm is surrounded by his loyal nobles, like a royal crown encircled with pearls. [6] The love of each one of you for me. For the plur. cp. v. ii. 3 *n.* [7] Claims, demands to be. Cp. I. vii. 34; v. iii. 194. [8] For this use of 'self' as adj., cp. *R. II*, III. ii. 166. [9] Cp. I. vii. 20 *n.* [10] The grace of Divine Grace. [11] Cp. II. iv. 31 *n.*

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